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COMMERCIAL PANICS, PAST AND FUTURE

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Discussion of the nature and origin of trade depression, business disaster, and commercial panics may seem to be out of place at an hour when American finance and industry are simply repeating the story of overflowing prosperity. There is no doubt that such a discussion, at such a time, is to most of the business world unpalatable. If, however, it is true — and all experienced business men will admit that it is — that the real germ of severe financial reaction is found in the phenomena of an excited financial "boom," then inquiry into causes of such reaction ought to be particularly timely while the country is riding on the crest of prosperity's wave.

It has often been said of such familiar watchwords as "tariff reform" and "currency reform" that the trade situation itself, whatever that situation might be, was apt to be fatal to the success of the undertakings. In time of prosperity, things must be left as they are, lest prosperity itself be jeopardized. In time of adversity, business is so sensitive that tariff or currency experiments might make it worse. Hence the obvious tendency to do nothing at all. The same is true of causes imbedded in a money or investment market. This article may be useful if it can point out causes of financial trouble of a future day, visible in the present American "boom" of 1906 as they were in the "boom" preceding 1893 or 1873. We shall, at all events, after pursuing such an inquiry, be able to say whether the sequel to the existing movement of expansion and speculation is or is not likely to be the same as that which followed the similar movements of the nineties and the seventies.

Before inquiring into the causes of commercial panic, it may as well be asked just what such an occurrence is. One hears on Wall Street of "panics" which seem perennial in their occurrence. The Stock Exchange tells of its "Lawson panic" of 1904, its "rich men's panic" of 1903, its "Northern Pacific panic" of 1901; but these are obviously not what we are discussing. Commerce and industry go their way, on such occasions, with hardly a sideglance at the twenty-point break in stocks and the twenty-five per cent rate for demand loans which throw Wall Street into a frenzy of excitement.

These episodes themselves no doubt possess significance, as reflecting, under interesting circumstances, the condition of the general money market; but they rarely leave a permanent mark on commercial history. The explanation of them usually is that the speculation of a season, conducted with borrowed capital, has forced prices of securities or commodities to so extravagant a height as to invite heavy selling by real holders of stocks or grain or cotton, and that these sales, breaking down the artificial prices, have involved in loss or ruin the more reckless of the speculators for the rise. In highly speculative markets such incidents are bound to be frequent; they are accompanied by a day or two of exaggerated fright among the gambling contingent on the Stock Exchange, and by sales at a reckless sacrifice; and that is usually the end of them. An artificially inflated market has

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simply been forced into line with real conditions.

The commercial panic means a good deal more than this; though, as we shall see, many of the weather signs in a great financial storm resemble those of the Stock Exchange teapot tempests. In a true commercial panic the entire credit system of a community is shaken. Failure of certain large banking or commercial houses — usually because of undue expansion of liabilities or misjudgment of the community's consuming power — throws suspicion upon others. For their own protection banks set to work to reduce engagements; this means general calling of loans; and in the process some one who had relied on continued bank accommodation is driven to the wall. To avert insolvency, individuals or institutions involved in such a scrape endeavor to sell, at the best price obtainable, whatever of merchandise, investment securities, or other property, they may possess. But since these forced sales are at such junctures very numerous, and since they occur at a time when the usual buyers are timid and suspicious, they result necessarily in a violent fall of prices, which of itself cripples other dealers or operators, whose debts are secured by such property, pledged on the basis of the old valuations.

As this tangle of financial embarrassment grows more complicated, deposit banks go under, here and there, and the bank depositor takes alarm. If the strain continues without relief, the public proceeds to withdraw its bank deposits in the form of cash, and to hoard the money. Such a "run," on the scale witnessed in 1873 or 1893, strikes at the foundation of the credit system; it strips the banks of whole communities of their means of paying depositors on demand, and at the very moment when such demands are multiplying. The natural recourse, in the face of such depletion of cash reserves, would be a still more resolute calling-in of loans, and thus a reduction of liabilities; but in the situation existing among the borrowers such a policy would precipitate general disaster. In this way is reached one climax of a commercial panic.

The other climax is a natural sequel to it. Merchants and manufacturers, confronted with loss or ruin, make haste not only to dispose of pending engagements, but to cancel engagements involving liabilities for the future. Some of them escape by this means from the financial storm; others do not; but the net result is enormous curtailment of production, decimation of profits, discharge of workers, and, therefore, decrease in the average income both of employers and employees. Since decreased income means decreased purchasing power, the effects of the movement are prolonged; business depression, discouragement, and stagnation may continue, and indeed usually do continue, throughout several years.

There is nothing very novel in this review of the symptoms of commercial panics; but it is useful to set forth clearly each of the regular phenomena of such an episode. The mere recital of the incidents of a great panic is enough to show that they are abnormal and unnatural; that they apparently violate the ordinary laws and principles of finance. When, therefore, we ask what are the causes of commercial panics, we find ourselves confronted with another question: why should "panics" and "hard times" occur at all? And the answer to this question leads to another and highly practical inquiry: whether we are destined to repeat in the future, at similar intervals, the experience of industrial reaction, collapse, and prostration which former years have witnessed.

The "twenty-year panic," the "twenty-year cycle of prosperity," have become traditions of financial history. Emerging from one period of commercial depression and forced economy, circumstances conspire to revive the hope and confidence which had been virtually paralyzed. It is presently discovered that capital had really been accumulating, during the years of financial inertia, without being either spent or invested, and that the means for

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financing trade revival are at hand. This discovery is followed by a rush of the more adventurous spirits to profit by the new opportunities, and the profit is found to be large. Events very frequently come next which appeal to the imagination, — sometimes an abundant harvest in the face of foreign shortage, as in 1879 and 1897; sometimes a sudden and heavy European demand for our merchandise, as in 1898; often reform of a distrusted currency law, as in 1879 and 1900; and finally, as in 1880 and 1901, successful promotion of undertakings in the financial world, which both create and profit by the new wealth and new confidence of the public.

In the eager haste of capitalists, great and small, to anticipate further developments of the sort, use of credit for speculative purposes becomes more general than at any previous period. The public rushes in; the "boom" grows fairly wild. At the climax of excitement the "boom" is invariably interrupted by severe reaction, correctly ascribed to the extravagance and suddenness with which liabilities have been expanded and floating capital absorbed. This "ten-year panic" — so it has been described by high economic authority — is short-lived; it rarely, even at such times as 1884, affects the commercial situation; the "boom" is presently again under way, though not often with the former vitality, and usually with much more obvious signs of a strain on capital through the money market. The descending scale of strength and vitality — which, with various vicissitudes, and with frequent outbursts of new enthusiasm, lasts through another decade or thereabouts — ends, or at least has hitherto ended, with recurrence of the formidable "twenty-year panic," into whose real causes we are inquiring.

We have first to ask: is it true that these great commercial panics recur at fairly regular intervals, — as a rule, once in every twenty years? If this is so, it will be worth while to inquire the reason for such regularity. Are periods of commercial distress, and, therefore, the intervening periods of prosperity, thus separated? The fact seems incontestable. Our own country's record fixes the years 1837, 1857, 1873, and 1893 as the dates of our greater panics. England's record is 1825, 1844, 1866, and 1890. In each case the twenty-year interval is preserved with reasonable accuracy. It will be observed that the "panic years" in England were not the same as in the United States. Our commercial distress of 1893 and 1873 reacted, no doubt, on London, as the acute foreign troubles of 1890 and 1866 recoiled on financial New York. But the result was never a panic of the first order in the market indirectly affected.

If we grant the general uniformity of the "twenty-year interval," then what is the factor that determines it? One school of economic theorists ascribes the great forward and backward movements of finance and industry wholly to output of precious metals. Their position is thus stated by Alison in his *History of Europe*, in a passage which President Francis A. Walker deemed worthy of citation in full in his text-book on *Money*: —

"The fall of the Roman Empire, so long ascribed, in ignorance, to slavery, heathenism, and moral corruption, was in reality brought about by a decline in the silver and gold mines of Greece. . . . Columbus led the way in the career of renovation; when he spread his sails across the Atlantic, he bore mankind and its fortunes in his bark. . . . In the renovation of industry, the relations of society were changed; the weight of feudalism cast off; the rights of man established. Among the many concurring causes which conspired to bring about this mighty consummation, the most important, though hitherto the least observed, was the discovery of Mexico and Peru."

And the same reasoning applied to the great industrial depression and revival of history is also applied by followers of this school to industry's minor vicissitudes. This argument had particular vogue during the panic of 1893, when repeal of our

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silver-purchase, treasury-note-inflation act, and the closing of India's mints to free silver coinage, coincided with the hard times.

Now, the first consideration that will probably strike the reader's mind is the fact that, if the rate of production of gold, or of gold and silver, governs the alternations of trade prosperity and adversity, then the periods allotted to successive "booms" or "reactions" should bear reasonably close relation to the movements of precious metals from the mines. But no such relation can be traced, unless under vague and indefinite classifications, such as occur in the foregoing citation. For instance, in the decade ending with 1850 the world's gold output doubled as compared with the ten preceding years; yet that decade was a period marked, especially in its second half, by violent and world-wide financial reaction. The five years ending with 1855 were years of financial expansion on an extravagant scale; the gold output for the period, by the Sotbeer estimate, was $662,566,000. During the next five years the world's output was $670,415,000; yet those were years of panic and severe depression.

Coming down to later years, it is true that interruption of Transvaal mining by the war, whereby the world's gold output of $306,724,100 in 1899 fell to $254,556,300 in 1900, was accompanied by panicky collapse in Europe's financial markets. But as against this may be placed the fact that the disastrous trade years 1893 and 1894 occurred with continuous increase in the world's annual gold production and our own, — the one expanding $35,000,000 in the period, the other $4,900,000. I do not cite these figures for the purpose of economic controversy, but in order to show that if commercial "booms" or commercial panics occur at regular intervals, their recurrence can hardly be ascribed to the waxing or waning of the output of the precious metals, which is not regular at all. That sudden and large increase in such production will help along financial expansion, and that a similarly sudden decrease must emphasize financial reaction, will hardly be disputed. But if it is true that our great panics are separated by reasonably uniform intervals from one another, other principles must obviously be at work.

In the first place, there is Professor Stanley Jevons's famous "sun-spot theory," elucidated in 1875, and now almost forgotten, except by the curious. After assuming the influence of recurrent sun-spots on the weather of the earth, and hence on the earth's crops, and endeavoring to establish a correspondence between maximum sun-spot years and years of deficient harvests, Professor Jevons proceeds as follows: —

"It is now pretty generally allowed that the fluctuations of the money market, though often apparently due to exceptional and accidental events, such as wars, great commercial failures, unfounded panics, and so forth, yet do exhibit a remarkable tendency to recur at intervals approximating to ten or eleven years. Thus the principal commercial crises have happened in the years 1825, 1836–39, 1847, 1857, 1866, and I was almost adding 1879, so convinced do I feel that there will, within the next few years, be another great crisis. Now, if there should be, in or about the year 1879, a great collapse comparable with those of the years mentioned, there will have been five such occurrences in fifty-four years, giving almost exactly eleven years (10.8 years) as the average interval, which sufficiently approximates to 11.11, the supposed exact length of the sun-spot period, to warrant speculations as to their possible connection.

"It is true that Mr. John Mills, in his very excellent papers upon Credit Cycles in the *Transactions of the Manchester Statistical Society* (1867–68, pp. 5–40), has shown that these periodical collapses are really mental in their nature, depending upon variations of despondency, hopefulness, excitement, disappointment, and panic. But it seems to me very probable that these moods of the commercial mind,

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while constituting the principal part of the phenomena, may be controlled by outward events, especially the condition of the harvests.

"Assuming that variations of commercial credit and enterprise are essentially mental in their nature, must there not be external events to excite hopefulness at one time or disappointment and despondency at another? It may be that the commercial classes of the English nation, as at present constituted, form a body suited, by mental and other conditions, to go through a complete oscillation in a period nearly corresponding to that of the sunspots. In such conditions a comparatively slight variation of the prices of food, repeated in a similar manner, at corresponding points of the oscillation, would suffice to produce violent effects."

Even the eminence of its author as an economist did not avail to save this singular theory from the amused incredulity with which the practical world received it. Most readers of that economist's writings have, however, taken this explanation rather as an example of logical exercise than as a mature conclusion on a question of its general magnitude.

Among the more convincing explanations which have been offered of the regular recurrence of commercial panics is the supposition that they accompany the so-called cycle of agricultural prosperity. This theory does not, like Professor Jevons's, assume that panic periods necessarily accompany periods of deficient crops; such a coincidence cannot be traced in modern panics. What is argued, however, is that the output of the world's agriculture, in a period of general prosperity and high demand for all necessaries and luxuries, will at first have difficulty in keeping pace with consumption. But in the end, with the capacity of the earth for new producing area, and with the strong inducement created by the high prevailing prices, agricultural output increases so rapidly as not only to overtake the normal demand of consumers, but to outstrip it. From this point on, the movement is in the direction of lower prices and excess of production over consumption, with resultant loss to producers, and diminishing prosperity in agricultural states. As in 1890, when England's "Baring panic" resulted directly from the diminished profits of the Argentine Republic's grain fields, whereby London's investments of capital in that country were swallowed up, so it is reasoned that other such periods of unprofitable farming are the true cause of financial and commercial trouble.

There is some plausibility in this explanation. That the cycle of agricultural prosperity moves through pretty much the same period as the twenty-year cycle of business prosperity there can be little question. The trouble with any theory of crops as a cause of commercial panic is that it does not sufficiently distinguish causes from effects. The fact that consumption is largest during periods of a commercial "boom," and that afterwards, at the moment when production has increased most largely, consumption suddenly declines, or at all events ceases to increase at the previous rate, may be itself ascribed to the influence of commercial prosperity or adversity. Certainly a community in which employment is abundant, wages high, and confidence in the future universal, will spend for food, as well as for luxuries, a vastly greater amount than a community where labor has suddenly found difficulty of employment, and where the future is full of uncertainty. From this point of view it is quite as reasonable to ascribe the vicissitudes of agricultural prosperity to the ups and downs of industry in general as it is to ascribe commercial "booms" and crises to the vicissitudes of agriculture.

The most convincing explanation of the twenty-year interval between commercial crises is, I think, the fact that the period comprises what may be called a business generation. Men, for example, who went through the experience of 1873, and who, in that hard school, learned the lesson of caution and conservatism, would

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before 1893 rather generally have disappeared from the scene, retired from active business, or, at all events, surrendered to younger heads and hands the management of private business concerns and corporations which they themselves had conducted twenty years before. It is quite true that the younger men, under such circumstances, have before them not only the teachings of their older associates, but the actual record of the previous period of distress and of its antecedents. But as to this it must be observed that no two commercial periods exactly duplicate one another.

Invariably, when a time of commercial crisis is actually approaching, the new generation of business men will tend to the argument that certain factors and influences, which were all-powerful in the last preceding period of distress, do not on this occasion appear to operate at all. All of us, in the United States, grew familiar with this argument when the wild speculation of 1901 was at its height. Such inflation, every one admitted, was in 1872 the forerunner of 1873; but this was a very different country now; old rules would not apply. The result of such reasoning, on the community as a whole, is that the taking of risks, the parting company with conservative methods, indulgence in speculation because speculation on such occasions seems to be sure of success, become general in a degree not witnessed since the corresponding year in the previous twenty-year period.

The basis for such a "boom" is always some unprecedentedly great achievement; but, as Professor Sumner has pithily put it, "Whenever we lose our heads in the intoxication of our own achievements, and look on the credit anticipations, which are only fictitious capital, as if they were real, use them as already earned, build other credit expectations upon them, do away with our value money, and export it to purchase articles of luxurious consumption, then we bring a convulsion and a downfall. The mistake is then realized, the lesson is taken to heart for a little while, a new generation grows up which forgets or never knew the old experience, and the mistake is repeated."

The question of causes of commercial panic has, even outside of the theories already noticed, occupied many economic discussions and called forth a good deal of philosophic disagreement. As a rule these defenses extend to details rather than general principles. Clement Juglar, in his well-known *Crises Commerciales*, names as the general causes of such episodes "the character and conduct of banking institutions; fictitious appearances; mischievous use of the savings of private capital;" and further remarks that "the one cause of panics is the stopping of the rise in prices." Of these assigned causes, particularly the last, it will probably be conceded that, failing that, they still fail to bring us to the heart of the matter. M. Juglar cites as instances of other views Leroy-Beaulieu's judgment that the cause of commercial crises is the exhaustion of the community's buying power, and the fact that a necessary interval of low prices must ensue before new buyers can be brought in; this interval being what is called "commercial crisis;" Max Wirth's dictum that production and consumption are found to have broken apart; and M. Yves-Guyot's conclusion, that the commercial panic is a result, not of over-production, but of over-consumption.

The truth of these various diagnoses will be as readily recognized as that of M. Juglar's view or Professor Sumner's; but they are still too vague. To get a view of the real origin of a commercial crisis, there is no clearer statement than that written sixty years ago by John Stuart Mill, in his *Principles of Political Economy*. After narrating the sensational forward movement of commercial prices in a period of speculation and prosperity, and the reaction from that upward movement, when the buyers attempt to realize, — phenomena as familiar then as now, — Mill goes on to say, —

"Now all these effects might take place in a community to which credit was un-

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known; the prices of some commodities might rise, from speculation, to an extravagant height, and then fall rapidly back. But if there were no such thing as credit, this could hardly happen with respect to commodities generally. If all purchases were made with ready money, the payment of increased prices for some articles would draw an unusual proportion of the money of the community into the markets for those articles, and must therefore draw it away from some other class of commodities, and thus lower their prices. . . . But what they cannot do by ready money, they can do by an extension of credit. When people go into the market and purchase with money which they hope to receive hereafter, they are drawing upon an unlimited, not a limited, fund. Speculation, thus supported, may be going on in any number of commodities, without disturbing the regular course of business in others. It might even be going on in all commodities at once. We could imagine that in an epidemic fit of the passion of gambling, all dealers, instead of giving only their accustomed orders to the manufacturers or growers of their commodity, commenced buying up all of it which they could procure, as far as their capital and credit would go. All prices would rise enormously, even if there were no increase of money, and no paper credit, but a mere extension of purchases on book credits. After a time those who had bought would wish to sell, and prices would collapse.

"This is the ideal extreme case of what is called a commercial crisis. . . . At periods of this kind, a great extension of credit takes place. Not only do all whom the contagion reaches employ their credit much more freely than usual; but they really have more credit, because they seem to be making unusual gains, and because a generally reckless and adventurous feeling prevails, which disposes people to give as well as take credit more largely than at other times, and give it to persons not entitled to it. . . . As, when prices were rising, and everybody apparently making a fortune, it was easy to obtain almost any amount of credit, so now, when everybody seems to be losing, and many fail entirely, it is with difficulty that firms of known solidity can obtain even the credit to which they are accustomed, and which it is the greatest inconvenience to them to be without; because all dealers have engagements to fulfill, and nobody feeling sure that the portion of his means which he has entrusted to others will be available in time, no one likes to part with ready money, or to postpone his claim to it. To these rational considerations there is superadded, in extreme cases, a panic as unreasoning as the previous over-confidence; money is borrowed for short periods at almost any rate of interest, and sales of goods for immediate payment are made at almost any sacrifice."

This is as clear a statement of the causes of commercial panic to-day as of the causes in 1844. It will now be in order to glance briefly over some of our recent serious commercial panics, and inquire, in the light of a closed and completed record, what was the specific cause — or causes — of each. After such inquiry we shall be better able to discover if similar germs of future mischief are present in our finances of to-day. We shall find a certain similarity of origin about all of them; and in every one we shall discover the influence of that inflated credit of which Mill makes so great account. The more one examines into this subject, the more will one be impressed with the fact that, while the whole history of the world's commerce and industry is made up of alternate periods of elation and depression,— largely due to the same causes which influence them to-day, — the commercial panic, as we understand it nowadays, is strictly a modern institution. In its peculiar phenomena, described at the beginning of this article, it is, indeed, inseparable from the modern credit system.

Centuries ago a merchant might have invested all his own money in goods which

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he was unable afterward to dispose of, and might thereby have lost the bulk of his own fortune. But unless he had used the machinery of a modern money market and banking system, his misjudgment could hardly have had the instantaneous effect on an entire community which it will have to-day. In particular, the deposit of individual savings in banks, and the lending out of those savings by the banks to merchants, dealers, speculators in stocks and produce, who depend on continuance of such loans for their own financial safety, binds the community into a concrete body, each part of which must suffer with the rest. Failure of half a dozen large traders, loans to whom made up a good part of current banking assets, necessitates calling in of loans by the banks from other quarters. Ultimately, demand for repayment of obligations may become general all along the line, ending with demand of depositors for cash against their bank credits. Neither the banks nor the mercantile and financial institutions are ever prepared for such a demand, from every direction and at the same moment. If, as is highly probable, some of them show signs of unwillingness or inability to pay, the result is outright panic.

In all of our greater commercial panics it will be found that the fundamental cause of trouble was what Wall Street nowadays describes in the familiar phrase, "discounting the future." That is to say, a period of real and genuine prosperity, with promises, afterward invariably fulfilled, of vastly greater prosperity, led to the capitalizing of industry and the incurring of debt on the basis of what was expected in the future. When this process had gone to a certain extent, a situation was created in which any accident of the moment, any failure of an agricultural crop, any disturbance in a foreign market which had been a profitable customer, even in some cases an unexpected war, with its interruption to industry, would not only upset all expectations of the immediate future, but would leave an entire community with demand liabilities which it could not meet.

The story of the panic of 1837 has been told frequently, and in great detail. The country had then begun for the first time to understand the immense opportunities for internal development which have since so altered the face of the American continent. Canal building and the pushing of immigration to the Middle West had opened up new fields of wealth and production. The result, as is usual under such circumstances, was, first, a legitimate advance in the price of land, due to the enthusiasm over the new opportunities of the country; then, when the excitement had reached a high pitch, a speculation in real estate, which practically absorbed the entire surplus capital of the country. Along with this movement came an excited speculation in produce, notably cotton, conducted under the auspices of banks which were organized and managed with a minimum of conservatism. The capital of the country being already inadequate for these large speculations, capital was borrowed abroad in quite unprecedented volume. The country did not meet these new obligations by increase in its excess of exported merchandise, probably because it could not. During these years prior to 1837, the demand for foreign products and luxuries, which always appears at such a time, led to an excess, very large for those times, of merchandise imports over exports. Our foreign debt increased, and it followed, naturally, that the first sign of distress on any foreign market would lead to recall of its portion of this debt, at an hour when it could least readily be spared. This is exactly what happened; it occurred simultaneously with a rash experiment by our government in demanding instantaneous return to a specie basis on the part of banks which had recklessly expanded loans and over-issued notes redeemable in specie. With these two stocks, the whole structure of speculation went to pieces; general suspension of banks at the larger cities followed, with the disorgani-

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zation of industry and commercial panic which were the natural accompaniments.

Prior to the great reaction of 1857, the country had again been indulging in land and produce speculation, largely originating in an immense extension of the American railway system. The new gold production, following the California discoveries of the fifties, had been utilized to the full in promoting and encouraging speculation of the day. Then, as twenty years before, foreign capital was borrowed to make good the deficiency in domestic supplies. The banks, as in the earlier period, had overstrained their resources to provide the means for continuing the speculation. This was a situation in which the failure of one or two large banking institutions, unable to realize on their assets, brought searching inquiry into the condition of all the rest. The effect of such inquiry was most unfavorable; it resulted in one of those general runs upon the banks which reduced practically all of them to a position where they could not provide for even their regular customers.

In each of these panics, the reader of history is apt to be impressed with the important part played by improperly secured bank-note issues. The panic of 1857 is particularly remembered in the traditions of business history as a time when bank notes, making up the bulk of the currency in many sections of the country, became practically worthless except at large concessions from their face value. It is true that an unscientific note-issue system aggravated the troubles of those years; but it must always be kept in mind that in the last analysis the bank note is no more troublesome an obligation to the institution which issues it than is the bank deposit account on the books of the institution. It may, indeed, be said that runs of depositors are more formidable than runs of note-holders. Notes are certain to be more or less widely distributed; with the deposits no such protection exists. In either case, the question is equally one of prudent and scientific financiering, which should keep the institution always in the position where it can pay off at the shortest notice its demand liabilities.

The period preceding the panic of 1873 had been one of wild and extravagant speculation. That the excesses of the time were greatly increased by the government's paper money issues, and the speculation in gold which accompanied them, may be readily conceded; it is not, however, true that these paper money issues were the primary cause of commercial panic. As in the two other panics which we have just reviewed, the real mischief originated at a time when apparently boundless prosperity, based on genuine industrial development, was the governing influence. The country's industrial expansion in the years succeeding the Civil War was quite without precedent in our history. Within eight years after Appomattox, the railway mileage of the United States was actually doubled. Immigration from foreign countries followed this increase of transportation facilities; development of the grain-producing country came with it, and an immense increase in the country's productive capacity ensued.

This was genuine prosperity and real wealth; yet it was patent, even at the time, that absorption of capital into these thousands of new enterprises was proceeding at a rate which immediate returns from the newly opened territory could not possibly offset. In the excitement of speculation, fomented undoubtedly by the paper money issues, prices for everything were raised to extravagant heights; and all this happened at a time when the waste of capital through the Civil War had destroyed or absorbed a good part of the country's surplus wealth. The immense increase in imports of foreign merchandise gives some notion of the extent to which we were then relying upon foreign capital. In 1872 our excess of merchandise imports over exports was $182,417,000, which exceeded by nearly $25,000,000 the largest excess of the sort even in the Civil War, when our cotton exports were cut off, and the country unusually

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dependent for necessary merchandise on the foreign mills.

Even before 1872 signs of this strain on domestic capital had become manifest. They were accentuated by the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, and the enormous indemnity which, imposed by Germany on France, had to be raised from the European markets where our floating debt was heaviest. The New York money market, always an accurate barometer of such insufficient supply of capital, ranged throughout 1872 at rates which might have been considered prohibitive of progressive industry. Not only did Stock Exchange demand loans repeatedly go to 125 per cent or higher, but notes of commercial houses in good standing, discounted in New York, had to pay during a period of four months such rates as 10 and 12 per cent per annum. At the same time the phenomenon which frequently marks the culmination of a financial "boom" — a violent rise in the price of real estate — became the conspicuous movement of the markets.

Another incident of the day, interesting because of the manner in which it has subsequently been repeated, was the inability of great railway corporations, bent on immediate extension of their lines, to sell their bonds to investors, home or foreign. Coming into the open money market to procure through short-term loans the necessary funds, these companies obtained the endorsement of their notes by banking houses in the highest standing. Before the notes came due the New York money market had fallen into such a condition of disorder that neither the borrowing railways nor the endorsing bankers were able to make good their obligations. One after another, the banking houses suspended payments, and, as usually happens at such times, their failure merely served to show the extent to which the banking community at large was in the same position. So severe was this commercial reaction that fully half a dozen years elapsed before the mercantile and industrial communities regained their former footing.

The case of 1893 was in some respects unlike that of preceding financial crises. That it was a genuine commercial panic is sufficiently proved by the figures of the year's commercial failures, showing that 13 American business houses out of every 1000 went to the wall in 1893, as against only 9 per 1000 even in 1873. But 1893 did not follow quick on the heels of a wild and extravagant speculation, with a disordered money market. On the contrary, the year before the panic had been a period of uncertainty, with depression rather general in finance and industry, and with quiet money markets. Such culmination of speculative excesses as did precede that panic occurred three years before, when an unwholesome, but not abnormally violent, movement of the kind greeted the passage of the silver-purchase law.

But the abuse of capital and credit was nevertheless a factor in the reckoning of 1893, quite as much as on previous similar occasions. Railway building, and issue of new railway bonds, had gone on at an extraordinary rate, and for many years. In 1887 was attained the high record of such construction, the figure aggregating 12,876 miles, more than double the largest annual construction even in the present financial "boom." Railway mortgage bonds, issued in 1888 to foot the bill, and listed on the New York Stock Exchange, were double those of two years before, and in 1890 the listings of new stocks and bonds combined, $1,122,000,000, went 60 per cent beyond even 1888. Furthermore, these great sums of money were often invested in highly speculative railway undertakings, — sometimes in enterprises absolutely reckless. Parallel lines, built to compel the purchase of the new railway by the old one, led to cutting of rates below cost of transportation, to demoralization in railway profits, to frequent bankruptcies, and to enormous waste of capital.

What was perhaps an equally potent influence, in the strain on the country's capital, was the heavy investment of East-

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ern funds in Western farm mortgages,—a movement which had the double consequence of encouraging unwise farming ventures by people thus supplied with credit, and of tying up Eastern money in a losing enterprise. For, as it happened, this sudden increase in loans on farming property was immediately followed by a series of years in which grain was produced in excess of the world's consuming power, and when, accordingly, prices fell to a level which meant distress or bankruptcy to all heavily indebted farmers.

In the face of this situation our currency was on a basis confessedly insecure, and the country's debt to European investors larger than it has ever been, before or since. London's own financial crisis of November, 1890, led necessarily to recall, by hard-pressed English houses, of a good part of this foreign capital: that recall involved, first, sales of American securities in such quantity as to crush the market; second, export of gold in almost unprecedented quantity; third, as a consequence of this, the breakdown of the ill-guarded gold reserve against our currency. It was the final collapse of the country's expanded credit structure, under this protracted strain, which occurred in 1893.

What, then, in the light of our examination of the causes underlying commercial panics, are we to say of the outlook for the future? Exactly where does America stand to-day in the "cycle of prosperity?" Must we look for the final extravagances in use of credit which have brought disaster in other "twenty-year periods," and for the commercial panic which ensues; and if so, when is that episode to be expected? These are highly practical considerations.

Numerous conditions and circumstances, peculiar to the present forward movement in finance and industry, and differing widely from the phenomena of former periods, have encouraged at times, notably during the excitement of 1901, belief that the precedent of other decades might not be repeated. Much has been made of the facts that, between 1897 and 1900, this country had redeemed its foreign debt on an unprecedented scale; that in the last-named year our money market was itself a creditor of Europe and an investor in European public securities; that our excess of merchandise exports has reached unheard-of figures—$664,000,000 in 1901, and an average of $513,000,000 per annum for the past nine years, as against a previous annual high record of $286,000,000; that our interior communities have themselves become independently wealthy, lending money in the Eastern markets, instead of borrowing from them; that the currency is in a sound condition, as it certainly was not on the eve of 1837 or 1857 or 1873 or 1893. Finally, there is cited wholly unprecedented annual gold production of the world as a whole, and of the United States alone, both of which reached a maximum last year.

These are facts with an important bearing on the country's power to withstand reaction from an over-exploited credit. That they can, however, alter permanently the law of financial inflation and depression whose repeated operation we have traced, is not reasonably to be supposed. Arguments very similar might have been used, and indeed were used, in the decades before 1893 and 1873, to prove that recurrence of the old-time commercial panic was impossible. Belief in a radically changed condition of American finance and industry was an important factor in the excited "booms" which preceded all our years of crisis and reaction. In the fifties our gold discoveries guaranteed the American situation; in the seventies we had suddenly become the grain-producer for the outside world. Yet neither event, though each was equivalent to an industrial revolution, delayed for a year the arrival of the commercial crisis after the familiar interval.

The reason is simple. In the periods referred to, the greater the genuine basis of prosperity, the larger the balloon of

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inflated credit blown by the speculators and promoters. People who are inquiring whether another commercial crash, as a sequel to the present "boom," is or is not a probability of the future, ought to devote their investigation, not alone to the underlying elements of strength, but to the manner in which those elements have been exploited. If it were to be discovered that credit had been employed prudently and conservatively, that fictitious values had been discouraged, and that the community as a whole had not been indulging in speculation, there would then exist reasonable ground for arguing that the experience of past commercial panics might be escaped.

It will hardly be alleged that the past five years have presented any such picture. Unparalleled as were the tokens of sound and real American prosperity, the fabric of paper credit built upon it even surpassed in magnitude and extravagance anything of the sort that the world had previously witnessed. Details are hardly necessary: to enumerate them would be to tell our financial history since 1898. Speaking generally, what has happened is that American industry as a whole has been recapitalized within this period, on a basis of immensely extended debt. The country has been speculating, sometimes with extraordinary rashness, in the shares of these and the older corporations; in this race for speculative profits some of the strongest private banking houses and some of the largest banks have, directly or indirectly, been engaged.

There have not recently been repeated all the excesses of 1899, when a great industrial company, inflating its capital from $24,000,000 to $90,000,000, disposed of $26,000,000 in such ways that the courts could not afterward learn what had become of it; or those of 1901, when $50,000,000 cash was paid to the Steel Trust "Underwriting Syndicate" merely for guaranteeing the sale of the company's new stock. But we have seen the Wall Street stock market, within a year, jacked up to extravagant figures by the virtual cornering of properties with $150,000,000 stock,—this being done mainly with borrowed money, at a time when supplies of available capital were visibly running short. With all the outpour of wealth in American industry, the country's capital has on at least three recent occasions shown itself inadequate to the home demand upon it. Wall Street has seen good commercial paper, at these times, selling at 8 per cent, short time loans at the equivalent of 12 per cent, and demand loans at 125 per cent.

A few years ago it was estimated in banking circles that the American market possessed a floating credit of not less than $200,000,000 at the foreign money centres. We have very lately been in debt to these same markets, on our bankers' notes-of-hand, to a probably much larger sum. When railway companies in unquestioned credit were unable, this past year, to sell their bonds save at a heavy sacrifice, and were forced to borrow on their notes, at high rates and for short maturities, capital borrowed from European and American banks was used for concerted manipulation of Stock Exchange securities; the operation was continued at the very moment when some of the exorbitant money rates just cited were in vogue. No one familiar with the facts is likely to deny that for daring speculation, on a scale of enormous magnitude, and in merchandise as in securities, there have been few parallels to the decade in which we are living.

I do not state these facts with a view to moralizing or distributing the blame; nor have I any idea of predicting an early and serious commercial crisis. There are many reasons why no such event is considered imminent. But we are looking at our financial history, past and future, at long range; and what one must admit, in the light of these quite undisputed facts, is that financial America has, in the past half-dozen years, simply repeated the general story of those preceding "booms" which ended in commercial crisis. That

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we shall some time — probably at a date sufficiently remote — witness another violent spasm of financial readjustment, such as 1893 or 1873, seems to me to be altogether probable.

Certainly, if our study of causes of commercial panics proves anything, it proves them to be a logical result of exactly such procedure as has distinguished the American markets for half a dozen years. We have no good reason for assuming that, in the end, a similar result will not follow the similar causes in the present period. It has, indeed, been not a little impressive to see how, even with the new and portentous influences at work in the present cycle of prosperity, its successive stages, at the usual interval, have repeated the history of preceding epochs of the kind.

We have even had our "little panic," which traditionally comes midway between two larger commercial crises, and we have had it at the traditional interval. Such a year of Stock Exchange disorder, only partly accompanied by disordered trade, occurred in 1866 and 1884, and it occurred again in 1903. Whether the "twenty-year interval" between the first-class panics is to be as scrupulously observed — its exact observance would bring the next one in 1913 — is a question for the prophets.

TWO MEMORIES OF A CHILDHOOD

BY LAFCADIO HEARN

[Before his untimely death in 1904, Lafcadio Hearn had begun a series of sketches which he hoped to weld together into a kind of episodic autobiography of the mind. Six were completed, which will have place in the *Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn*, by Elizabeth Bisland, presently to be published. The two related fragments printed below have a vivid biographic significance which all readers of Hearn's mature work will recognize. — THE EDITORS.]

I

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL

Weh! weh!
Du hast sie zerstört,
Die schöne Welt! — FAUST.

WHAT I am going to relate must have happened when I was nearly six years old — at which time I knew a great deal about ghosts, and very little about gods.

For the best of possible reasons I then believed in ghosts and in goblins, — because I saw them, both by day and by night. Before going to sleep I would always cover up my head to prevent them from looking at me; and I used to scream when I felt them pulling at the bedclothes. And I could not understand why I had been forbidden to talk about these experiences.

But of religion I knew almost nothing. The old lady who had adopted me intended that I should be brought up a Roman Catholic; but she had not yet attempted to give me any definite religious instruction. I had been taught to say a few prayers; but I repeated them only as a parrot might have done. I had been taken, without knowing why, to church; and I had been given many small pictures edged with paper-lace, — French religious prints, — of which I did not understand the meaning. On the wall of the room in which I slept there was suspended a Greek icon, — a miniature painting in oil of the Virgin and Child, warmly colored, and protected by a casing of fine metal that left exposed only the olive-brown faces and hands and feet of the figures. But I fancied that the brown Virgin represented my mother, — whom

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I had almost completely forgotten, — and the large-eyed Child, myself. I had been taught to pronounce the invocation, *In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;* but I did not know what the words signified. One of the appellations, however, seriously interested me; and the first religious question that I remember asking was a question about the *Holy Ghost.* It was the word "Ghost," of course, that had excited my curiosity; and I put the question with fear and trembling, because it appeared to relate to a forbidden subject. The answer I cannot clearly recollect, — but it gave me an idea that the Holy Ghost was a *white* ghost, and not in the habit of making faces at small people after dusk. Nevertheless the name filled me with vague suspicion, especially after I had learned to spell it correctly, in a prayer-book, and I discovered a mystery and awfulness unspeakable in the capital G. Even now the aspect of that formidable letter will sometimes revive those dim and fearsome imaginings of childhood.

I suppose that I had been allowed to remain so long in happy ignorance of dogma because I was a nervous child. Certainly it was for no other reason that those about me had been ordered not to tell me either ghost-stories or fairy-tales, and that I had been strictly forbidden to speak of ghosts. But in spite of such injunctions I was doomed to learn, quite unexpectedly, something about goblins much grimmer than any which had been haunting me. This undesirable information was given to me by a friend of the family, — a visitor.

Our visitors were few, and their visits, as a rule, were brief. But we had one privileged visitor who came regularly each autumn to remain until the following spring, — a convert, — a tall girl who looked like some of the long angels in my French pictures. At that time I must have been incapable of forming certain abstract conceptions; but she gave me the idea of Sorrow as a dim something that she personally represented. She was not a relation; but I was told to call her "Cousin Jane." For the rest of the household she was simply "Miss Jane;" and the room that she used to occupy, upon the third floor, was always referred to as "Miss Jane's room." I heard it said that she passed her summers in some convent, and that she wanted to become a nun. I asked why she did not become a nun; and I was told that I was too young to understand.

She seldom smiled; and I never heard her laugh; she had some secret grief of which only my aged protector knew the nature. Although handsome, young, and rich, she was always severely dressed in black. Her face, notwithstanding its constant look of sadness, was beautiful; her hair, a dark chestnut, was so curly that, however smoothed or braided, it always seemed to ripple; and her eyes, rather deeply-set, were large and black. Also I remember that her voice, though musical, had a peculiar metallic tone which I did not like.

Yet she could make that voice surprisingly tender when speaking to me. Usually I found her kind, — often more than kind; but there were times when she became so silent and sombre that I feared to approach her. And even in her most affectionate moods — even when caressing me — she remained strangely solemn. In such moments she talked to me about being good, about being truthful, about being obedient, about trying "to please God." I detested these exhortations. My old relative had never talked to me in that way. I did not fully understand; I only knew that I was being found fault with, and I suspected that I was being pitied.

And one morning (I remember that it was a gloomy winter morning), losing patience at last during one of these tiresome admonitions, I boldly asked Cousin Jane to tell me why I should try to please God more than to please anybody else. I was then sitting on a little stool at her feet. Never can I forget the

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look that darkened her features as I put the question. At once she caught me up, placed me upon her lap, and fixed her black eyes upon my face with a piercing earnestness that terrified me, as she exclaimed, —

"My child! — is it possible that you do not know who God is?"

"No," I answered in a choking whisper.

"God! — God who made you! — God who made the sun and the moon and the sky, — and the trees and the beautiful flowers, — everything! . . . You do not know?"

I was too much alarmed by her manner to reply.

"You do not know," she went on, "that God made you and me? — that God made your father and your mother and everybody? . . . You do not know about Heaven and Hell? . . ."

I do not remember all the rest of her words; I can recall with distinctness only the following: —

. . . "and send you down to Hell to burn alive in fire for ever and ever! . . . Think of it! — always burning, burning, burning! — screaming and burning! screaming and burning! — never to be saved from that pain of fire! . . . You remember when you burned your finger at the lamp? — Think of your whole body burning, — always, always, always burning! — for ever and ever! . . ."

I can still see her face as in the instant of that utterance, — the horror upon it, and the pain . . . Then she suddenly burst into tears, and kissed me, and left the room.

From that time I detested Cousin Jane, — because she had made me unhappy in a new and irreparable way. I did not doubt what she had said, but I hated her for having said it, — perhaps especially for the hideous way in which she had said it. Even now her memory revives the dull pain of the childish hypocrisy with which I endeavored to conceal my resentment. When she left us in the spring, I hoped that she would soon die, — so that I might never see her face again.

But I was fated to meet her again under strange circumstances. I am not sure whether it was in the latter part of the summer that I next saw her, or early in the autumn; I remember only that it was in the evening and that the weather was still pleasantly warm. The sun had set; but there was a clear twilight, full of soft color; and in that twilight-time I happened to be on the lobby of the third floor, — all by myself.

. . . I do not know why I had gone up there alone; — perhaps I was looking for some toy. At all events I was standing on the lobby, close to the head of the stairs, when I noticed that the door of Cousin Jane's room seemed to be ajar. Then I saw it slowly opening. The fact surprised me because that door — the furthest one of three opening upon the lobby — was usually locked. Almost at the same moment Cousin Jane herself, robed in her familiar black dress, came out of the room, and advanced towards me — but with her head turned upwards and sidewards, as if she were looking at something on the lobby-wall, close to the ceiling. I cried out in astonishment, "Cousin Jane!" — but she did not seem to hear. She approached slowly, still with her head so thown back that I could see nothing of her face above the chin; then she walked directly past me into the room nearest the stairway, — a bedroom of which the door was always left open by day. Even as she passed I did not see her face, — only her white throat and chin, and the gathered mass of her beautiful hair. Into the bedroom I ran after her, calling out, "Cousin Jane! Cousin Jane!" I saw her pass round the foot of a great four-pillared bed, as if to approach the window beyond it; and I followed her to the other side of the bed. Then, as if first aware of my presence, she turned; and I looked up, expecting to meet her smile. . . . She had no face. There was only a pale blur instead of a face. And even as I stared, the figure vanished. It did not fade; it simply ceased to be, — like the shape of a flame blown out. I was alone

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in that darkening room, — and afraid as I had never before been afraid. I did not scream; I was much too frightened to scream; — I only struggled to the head of the stairs, and stumbled, and fell, — rolling over and over down to the next lobby. I do not remember being hurt; the stair-carpets were soft and very thick. The noise of my tumble brought immediate succor and sympathy. But I did not say a word about what I had seen; I knew that I should be punished if I spoke of it. . . .

Now some weeks or months later, at the beginning of the cold season, the real Cousin Jane came back one morning to occupy that room upon the third floor. She seemed delighted to meet me again; and she caressed me so fondly that I felt ashamed of my secret dismay at her return. On the very same day she took me out with her for a walk, and bought me cakes, toys, pictures, — a multitude of things, — carrying all the packages herself. I ought to have been grateful, if not happy. But the generous shame that caresses had awakened was already gone; and that memory of which I could speak to no one — least of all to her — again darkened my thoughts as we walked together. This Cousin Jane who was buying me toys, and smiling, and chatting, was only, perhaps, the husk of another Cousin Jane that had no face. . . . Before the brilliant shops, among the crowds of happy people, I had nothing to fear. But afterwards — after dark — might not the Inner disengage herself from the other, and leave her room, and glide to mine with chin upturned, as if staring at the ceiling? . . .

Twilight fell before we reached home, and Cousin Jane had ceased to speak or smile. No doubt she was tired. But I noticed that her silence and her sternness had begun with the gathering of the dusk, — and a chill crept over me.

Nevetheless, I passed a merry evening with my new toys, — which looked very beautiful under the lamplight, and Cousin Jane played with me until bedtime.

Next morning she did not appear at the breakfast-table; — I was told that she had taken a bad cold, and could not leave her bed. She never again left it alive; and I saw her no more, — except in dreams. Owing to the dangerous nature of the consumption that had attacked her, I was not allowed even to approach her room. . . . She left her money to somebody in the convent which she used to visit, and her books to me.

If, at that time, I could have dared to speak of the other Cousin Jane, somebody might have thought proper — in view of the strange sequel — to tell me the natural history of such apparitions. But I could not have believed the explanation. I understood only that I had seen; and because I had seen I was afraid.

And the memory of that seeing disturbed me more than ever, after the coffin of Cousin Jane had been carried away. The knowledge of her death had filled me, not with sorrow, but with terror. Once I had wished that she were dead. And the wish had been fulfilled — but the punishment was yet to come! Dim thoughts, dim fears — enormously older than the creed of Cousin Jane — awakened within me, as from some prenatal sleep, — especially a horror of the dead as evil beings, hating mankind. . . . Such horror exists in savage minds, accompanied by the vague notion that character is totally transformed or stripped by death, — that those departed, who once caressed and smiled and loved, now menace and gibber and hate. . . . What power, I asked myself in dismay, could protect me from her visits? I had not yet ceased to believe in the God of Cousin Jane; but I doubted whether he would or could do anything for me. Moreover, my creed had been greatly shaken by the suspicion that Cousin Jane had always lied. How often had she not assured me that I could not see ghosts or

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evil spirits! Yet the Thing that I had seen was assuredly her inside-self, — the ghost or the goblin of her, — and utterly evil. Evidently she hated me: she had lured me into a lonesome room for the sole purpose of making me hideously afraid. . . . And why had she hated me thus before she died? — was it because she knew that I hated her, — that I had wished her to die? Yet how did she know? — could the ghost of her see, through blood and flesh and bone, into the miserable little ghost of myself? . . . Anyhow, she had lied. . . . Perhaps everybody else had lied. Were all the people that I knew — the warm people, who walked and laughed in the light — so much afraid of the Things of the Night that they dared not tell the truth? . . . To none of these questions could I find a reply. And there began for me a second period of black faith, — a faith of unutterable horror, mingled with unutterable doubt.

I was not then old enough to read serious books: it was only in after years that I could learn the worth of Cousin Jane's bequest, — which included a full set of the *Waverley Novels*, the works of Miss Edgeworth, Martin's Milton, — a beautiful copy, in tree-calf, — Langhorne's Plutarch, Pope's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, Byron's *Corsair* and *Lara*, — in the old red-covered Murray editions, — some quaint translations of the *Arabian Nights*, and Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding!* I cannot recall half of the titles; but I remember one fact that gratefully surprised me: there was not a single religious book in the collection. . . . Cousin Jane was a convert: her literary tastes, at least, were not of Rome.

Those who knew her history are dust, . . . How often have I tried to reproach myself for hating her. But even now in my heart a voice cries bitterly to the ghost of her: "*Woe! woe! — thou didst destroy it, — the beautiful world!* . . ."

II

IDOLATRY

" Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land! "

The early Church did not teach that the gods of the heathen were merely brass and stone. On the contrary she accepted them as real and formidable personalities — demons who had assumed divinity to lure their worshipers to destruction. It was in reading the legends of that Church, and the lives of her saints, that I obtained my first vague notions of the pagan gods.

I then imagined those gods to resemble in some sort the fairies and the goblins of my nursery-tales, or the fairies in the ballads of Sir Walter Scott. Goblins and their kindred interested me much more than the ugly Saints of the Pictorial Church History, — much more than even the slender angels of my French religious prints, who unpleasantly reminded me of Cousin Jane. Besides, I could not help suspecting all the friends of Cousin Jane's God, and feeling a natural sympathy with his enemies, — whether devils, goblins, fairies, witches, or heathen deities. To the devils indeed — because I supposed them stronger than the rest — I had often prayed for help and friendship; very humbly at first, and in great fear of being too grimly answered, — but afterwards with words of reproach on finding that my condescensions had been ignored.

But in spite of their indifference, my sympathy with the enemies of Cousin Jane's God steadily strengthened; and my interest in all the spirits that the Church History called evil, especially the heathen gods, continued to grow. And at last one day I discovered, in one unexplored corner of our library, several beautiful books about art, — great folio books containing figures of gods and of demi-gods, athletes and heroes, nymphs and fauns and nereids, and all the charming monsters — half-man, half-animal — of Greek mythology.

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How my heart leaped and fluttered on that happy day! Breathless I gazed; and the longer that I gazed the more unspeakably lovely those faces and forms appeared. Figure after figure dazzled, astounded, bewitched me. And this new delight was in itself a wonder, — also a fear. Something seemed to be thrilling out of those pictured pages, — something invisible that made me afraid. I remembered stories of the infernal magic that informed the work of the pagan statuaries. But this superstitious fear presently yielded to a conviction, or rather intuition, — which I could not possibly have explained, — that the gods had been belied *because* they were beautiful.

(Blindly and gropingly I had touched a truth, — the ugly truth that beauty of the highest order, whether mental, or moral, or physical, must ever be hated by the many and loved only by the few!) . . . And these had been called devils! I adored them! — I loved them! — I promised to detest forever all who refused them reverence! . . . Oh! the contrast between that immortal loveliness and the squalor of the saints and the patriarchs and the prophets of my religious pictures! — a contrast indeed as of heaven and hell. . . . In that hour the mediæval creed seemed to me the very religion of ugliness and of hate. And as it had been taught to me, in the weakness of my sickly childhood, it certainly was. And even to-day, in spite of larger knowledge, the words "heathen" and "pagan" — however ignorantly used in scorn — revive within me old sensations of light and beauty, of freedom and joy.

Only with much effort can I recall these scattered memories of boyhood; and in telling them I am well aware that a later and much more artificial Self is constantly trying to speak in the place of the Self that was, — thus producing obvious incongruities. Before trying to relate anything more concerning the experiences of the earlier Self, I may as well here allow the Interrupter an opportunity to talk.

The first perception of beauty ideal is never a cognition, but a *recognition*. No mathematical or geometrical theory of æsthetics will ever interpret the delicious shock that follows upon the boy's first vision of beauty supreme. He himself could not even try to explain why the newly-seen form appears to him lovelier than aught upon earth. He only feels the sudden power that the vision exerts upon the mystery of his own life, — and that feeling is but dim deep memory, — a blood-remembrance.

Many do not remember, and therefore cannot see — at any period of life. There are myriad minds no more capable of perceiving the higher beauty than the blind wan fish of caves — offspring of generations that swam in total darkness — is capable of feeling the gladness of light. Probably the race producing minds like these had no experience of higher things, — never beheld the happier vanished world of immortal art and thought. Or perhaps in such minds the higher knowledge has been effaced or blurred by long dull superimposition of barbarian inheritance.

But he who receives in one sudden vision the revelation of the antique beauty, — he who knows the thrill divine that follows after, — the unutterable mingling of delight and sadness, — he *remembers!* Somewhere, at some time, in the ages of a finer humanity, he must have lived with beauty. Three thousand — four thousand years ago: it matters not; what thrills him now is the shadowing of what has been, the phantom of rapture forgotten. Without inherited sense of the meaning of beauty as power, of the worth of it to life and love, never could the ghost in him perceive, however dimly, the presence of the gods.

Now I think that something of the ghostliness in this present shell of me must have belonged to the vanished world of beauty, — must have mingled freely with the best of its youth and grace

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and force, — must have known the worth of long light limbs on the course of glory, and the pride of the winner in contests, and the praise of maidens stately as that young sapling of a palm, which Odysseus beheld, springing by the altar in Delos. . . . All this I am able to believe, because I could feel, while yet a boy, the divine humanity of the ancient gods. . . .

But this new-found delight soon became for me the source of new sorrows. I was placed with all my small belongings under religious tutelage; and then, of course, my reading was subjected to severe examination. One day the beautiful books disappeared; and I was afraid to ask what had become of them. After many weeks they were returned to their former place; and my joy at seeing them again was of brief duration. All of them had been unmercifully revised. My censors had been offended by the nakedness of the gods, and had undertaken to correct that impropriety. Parts of many figures, dryads, naiads, graces, muses, had been found too charming and erased with a pen-knife. And, in most cases, garments had been put upon the gods — even upon the tiny Loves — woven with cross-strokes of a quill-pen, so designed as to conceal all curves of beauty, — especially the lines of the long fine thighs.

However, in my case, this barbarism proved of some educational value. It furnished me with many problems of restoration; and I often tried very hard to reproduce in pencil-drawing the obliterated or the hidden line. In this I was not successful; but, in spite of the amazing thoroughness with which every mutilation or effacement had been accomplished, my patient study of the methods of attack enabled me — long before I knew Winkelmann — to understand how Greek artists had idealized the human figure. Perhaps that is why, in after years, few modern representations of the nude could interest me for any length of time. However graceful at first sight the image might appear, something commonplace would presently begin to reveal itself in the lines of those very forms against which my early tutors had waged such implacable war.

Is it not almost invariably true that the modern naked figure, as chiseled or painted, shadows something of the modern living model, — something, therefore, of individual imperfection? Only the antique work of the grand era is superindividual, — reflecting the ideal, — supreme in the soul of a race. Many, I know, deny this; — but do we not remain, to some degree, barbarians still? Even the good and great Ruskin, on the topic of Greek art, spake often like a Goth. Did he not call the Medicean Venus "an uninteresting little person"?

Now after I had learned to know and love the elder gods, the world again began to glow about me; glooms that had brooded over it slowly thinned away. The terror was not yet gone; but I now wanted only reasons to disbelieve all that I feared and hated. In the sunshine, in the green of the fields, in the blue of the sky, I found a gladness before unknown. Within myself new thoughts, new imaginings, dim longings for I knew not what, were quickening and thrilling. I looked for beauty, and everywhere found it: in passing faces, — in attitudes and motions, — in the poise of plants and trees, — in long white clouds, — in faint blue lines of far-off hills. At moments the simple pleasure of life would quicken to a joy so large, so deep, that it frightened me. But at other times there would come to me a new and strange sadness, — a shadowy and inexplicable pain.

I had entered into my Renaissance.

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CAPTAIN CHRISTY

BY HENRY MILNER RIDEOUT

I

THE harbor, brimful with the tide, was blue as morning sky, and motionless as high summer clouds. Along the grass-grown wharves, — silver-gray piles which crumbled at the ends into a jackstraw heap of rotting logs, — there was no human stir. Over one gray shanty the red ensign, a fold showing the yellow crown of Her Majesty's customs, hung limp from the staff. The thirty-foot flood had moved in imperceptibly, and lay, from the wharves to the distant islands, like a floor of steel. The masts of pinkies at their moorings plunged in deep, straight lines of black reflection, save where some profound, mysterious tremor of the tide shivered the mirror, and sent the phantom spars in wriggling fragments to the depths. A lone sandpiper, skimming the surface, mated with a flying shadow; and two or three, wheeling together, doubled into a little flock that swerved, divided, and rejoined. The long water-front of gray houses, and behind them the treeless, empty street of pink sand, lay asleep in peaceful desolation.

The hum of voices, however, came, from on board a small two-masted schooner made fast to a mouldering wharf. And on the sunny side of the mainsail, that was half hoisted to dry in the morning air, sat a little group of men in varied postures of idleness. A tawny-haired youth in a Scotch cap straddled the rail, spitting overside, kicking the woodwork sonorously, and fingering off the flakes of blistered paint. The others, all old men, basked on the cabin roof, sat on the bleached and ancient boom, perched on a coil of frayed hawser, or tilted back on chairs and boxes. All, except one, were men of a bygone generation, whose faces, placid and weatherseamed, and whose beards, of every cut, from the white, wide-forked whisker to the fiery chin-strap of Ireland, marked them for men who kept the ways of the old country. The one exception sat in a kitchen chair by the wheel, — a long-limbed old man, of quick eye and humorous wrinkles, by every feature a Yankee among Canadians. His big, brown, cramped hands, tattooed with a blue five-spot at the fork of either thumb, whittled busily at a peg.

"Harbor-master sayed so, too," the old man with the forked beard was declaring, from his perch on the main-boom. "Sayed, ain't no vessel o' tonnage worth countun' ever clearrs out o' this porrt nowadays, or enterrs. An' it lies right in my own memory when they used to come in, brigs an' ships an' all, crowd-ud: carrgoes an' settlerrs!" The speaker waved his hand slowly, as in admiration of a broad picture. "An' the Loodianah would be sailun' from Liverr-pool, bang up again this w'arf as ever was, a-landin' swarrms; an' Danny Eustis had a barr an' lodgun's right on ut, there where the timberr's sunk in. Times has changed." He sighed, and letting his head sink, spread out the white flanges of his beard across his chest.

The youth who straddled the rail turned his freckled face toward the company, grinning malignly, as one adept in putting his finger on the main trouble.

"This schooner's the only thing bigger'n a pinky that's seaworthy in the whol' bloomin' harbor," he sneered. "An' she ain't left her pier fer — how long is it, Cap'n Christy? — fer" —

The old Yankee at the wheel caught him up.

"Look here, Master Kibben," he said mildly, "I'd ruther you'd let that paint

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alon' there on that rail. Wear an' tear'll take it off in time, 'thout you pickin' at it." The captain turned again to his contemporaries, sweeping their semicircle with candid blue eyes. "I hate to see folks frettin' an' piddlin' with their fingers," he explained. "If a man 'ain't anything to make, let him set still an' not distroy."

The youth, abashed, was left to drop pebbles overside and watch the circles that widened on the water and set the sunlight fluttering in oozy, volatile spots of brightness under the vessel's quarter. But his question had started other circles widening in the conversation.

"Why don't you let her out to some one?" asked an old man who sat, with upright dignity, on the coil of hawsers. Of stiffer carriage than the others, and dressed in worn tweeds, with a stock collar, a rusty black string tie, and across his stomach a small cable of blonde hair braided into a watch-guard, he had an air of faded and uncouth smartness. His formal face, red nose, and smug white mutton-chop whiskers, wore the slow importance of the old school.

"Why don't you let her out?" he repeated. "Provided you're not going to sea yourself, Captain Christy, if you understand me."

The captain understood. He bent over his whittling till only his white beard showed below the brim of the rustic straw hat. Now he looked up, quick and shrewd. The boy in the Scotch cap was grinning once more. Deliberately the captain pulled his tall body from the chair, walked to the cabin door, fitted the hasp on the staple, thrust in the half-finished peg, eyed it with displeasure, and tugged it out. Then he turned to the company. Under shaggy white eyebrows, a curious fold of wrinkles in the upper lids gave his eyes a triangular appearance. They were very blue, and sharp, and whimsical.

"Mr. Beatty," he said to his questioner, "ye ain't cal'latin' to let any rooms to boarders an' mealers up to your house, are ye?"

A slow shock ran through the group. This question to the chief gentleman, of the chief residence, in the seaport! Mr. Beatty, outraged, sat glaring and pursing his mouth rapidly in a bewildered effort to frame the reply tremendous.

"No?" the captain resumed kindly. "No. Now I thought ye would n't, somehow. Well, ye see, same way I would n't let no one else take this schooner a v'yage. She 's mine, has be'n so thirty-seven year; an' Zing Turner an' me has sailed her everywheres coastwise, an' for a bo't o' her tonnage, consid'able deep-water." The captain's glance wandered off, across the sunlit floor of the harbor, past the dark fir-crowned islets, toward the dazzling path that led to open sea. "No, sir," he concluded calmly, "if I can't take her out, no one else ain't goin' to." He sat down again by the wheel, and cut critical shavings from the peg; and when Mr. Beatty would have pursued the subject further, he stopped it coldly. "If she went to sea, we all would n't be sittin' here enjoyin' life, for one thing."

Feet scuffled along the deck, and a new-comer, skirting the cabin, halted in the open space. He was a brown little man, of sun-dried aspect; under a drooping black rat-tail mustache, his teeth gleamed in a row of golden "crowns;" and the dismal, hollow contour of his face seemed to denote a weary cynicism, until one saw the dull good-humor of his eyes. Sunken and opaque, they contained a smoky gleam like bits of isinglass.

"Mornin', cap'n," he saluted, with an auriferous grin. "Say, the' ain't no weeck in the big lantrun. Kin I git one ashore, s'pose?" He spoke as if this schooner, idle for years, had just tied up at some bewildering foreign quay.

"Well, Zing," responded his captain, "you'd ought to know by this time. But I guess you can git a weeck;—what between Tommy Carroll's rum-shop an' the town lockup, I guess you might git a fortni't."

A heavy chuckle moved round the

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company, ending in a belated explosion of laughter from Bunty Gildersleeve. The mate was puzzled, then aggrieved.

"I don't touch a drop, cap'n," he appealed; "you know I don't, well enough."

"Course ye don't, Zing," the captain soothed him. "That was a joke."

The other returned serenely to his proposal: —

"Well, then I'll git one fer the lantrun?"

"Do so, Zing." The captain, solemnly ratifying it, returned to his peg.

The lean little man hopped from rail to wharf, and shuffled off toward the street.

After him Mr. Beatty stared with disapproval. "There goes the biggest fool in town," he dogmatized.

"Oh, no, he ain't," objected Captain Christy. "Beggin' your pardon, he ain't. The 's lots bigger fools, an' worse men, than Zwinglius Turner. He ain't quick, but he sticks by ye. He's ben with me ever sence he was a orphan boy. An' while he ain't no navigator, he 's able, fer things aboard ship, ropes an' taykle an' gear, right under his nose. O' course" — the captain smiled indulgence. "Well, Zing Turner has be'n sailin' round here an' — elsewhere," — the captain waved generously towards the world, — "sailin' round for over twenty year, an' he don't know a landmark yet 'cept Hood's Folly Light, and that's because his uncle kep' it all his life. I says to him one mornin' 'fore daylight, 'Where's she layin', Zing?' an' says he, 'I-god, I dunno, cap'n, guess we're off the Oak Bay River.' We was just passing L'Etang!"

His listeners laughed, slowly, incredulously.

"He don't so much as know their names yet," Captain Christy went on. "But for all that" —

The hollow bumping of an oar, and a hail from alongside, stopped the defense of Zwinglius.

"On deck, Rapscull'on!" croaked a hoarse voice. "Finnan haddies, all ready for the butter! Lobsters, praise the Lord, that'll put hair on yer chest and joy in yer soul! Cap'n Christy-God-bless-ye-brother-how-de-do? — Fresh clams, baked yisterday and dug to-morrer! — Ahoy!"

"Fisherman Gale 's in," said the captain.

The hoarse roar, which shattered the silence of the harbor, and reverberated along the water-front of gray shanties, came from a grizzled fisherman sculling a boat shoreward. Bending to his sweep, straddling a thwart smeared with blood and scales, a filthy giant in the bright sun, he stared up at the schooner's company, with black eyes shining fiery from an obscene tangle of gray elf-locks.

"The Good Lord bless ye," he croaked with a voice of despair. "May He keep ye all, bretherin. Haddick?"

The boat, rocking past, left a wake of ripples and a smell of fish stealing over the pale, hot surface of the harbor; the fisherman, bellowing to the empty street ahead, shot his offal-smeared craft under the Rapscallion's bowsprit, and made fast beside a rickety stair that mounted from the water into a patch of dusty burdocks. The men on the schooner left their host, the captain, and dispersed slowly, each one rising, stretching, clambering to the foot of the shrouds for a clumsy leap to the broken string-piece of the pier. Lazy and old, they straggled away to group themselves again in the burdock patch; unmoved by the fisherman's harangue, they deliberated over their fish for dinner; and presently, in a slow and scattered file of ones and twos, through the wide, glaring street of pink sand, moved homeward, each swinging by a bit of rope-yarn a scarlet lobster or a pale, limp haddock.

All but Captain Christy: he remained leaning with elbows on the schooner's rail, staring hard into the green depths, where sunfish wavered past, vague disks of bending pulp. Once he shook his head as if something would never do; once he cast a slow survey over his vessel, from stern davits to round, apple bow, from the gray old planks underfoot up to the

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drooping dog-vane; but for a long time he leaned motionless, looking down at a black tress of seaweed in the water. At last, with something like a sigh, he turned away, and walked over to the cabin door.

He was staring at the finished peg in the staple, when Zwinglius Turner swung himself aboard, flapping a white strip of lantern-wick, and grinning.

"Zing," the captain began with a stern face; then stopped, and winked as if a weighty joke were to follow. "Zing, that's a fine mornin's work for a grown man."

The mate broadened his shining grin, much as a sleepy dog hastens the wagging of his tail at a word from the one beloved master. Then, after labor, —

"Better'n nothin', cap'n," he retorted cheerfully.

"Yes, that's it," said Captain Christy; "better'n nothin'. Well, let's lower away, Mr. Turner."

Together they lowered the dark mainsail, and made all snug. Deft, serious, a transfigured helper, Zwinglius was everywhere at once, working with swift economy of motion. When he had carried the boxes and chair into the cabin, shut the door, and hammered the peg home with his fist, he turned to find his captain waiting at the side. The old man ran his big, brown hand, in one passionate gesture, down over his bearded cheeks. Under the jutting penthouse fringe of white brows, his eyes were like dark pools with fire in them, — brightness playing over depth.

"Look here, you Zing Turner," he demanded harshly. "What d'ye mean by stayin' round here, marooned-like in this sort o' town, doin' nothin'? For four year you ain't done a tap, 'cept this kind o' foolin' — playin' at ship — for four year. What d'ye mean?"

The poor mate was stunned. He shifted his feet, looked up, down, and sidewise, fear slowly erasing his smile.

"Why, cap'n," he stammered. "Why, cap'n" — This sudden examination of a latent leading motive seemed to torture him. "Why — I dunno — why, I was jes' waitin' round till we went another voyage, cap'n — jes' kind o'"—

"That's it!" cried the old man. "There ye are, again, waitin' round an' waitin' round. 'Tain't no use, an' you know it. This schooner'll never put out no more, nor me neither. What's the use o' pretendin' to wait? You know how She feels about it."

The tirade stopped short, the fierce look vanished. "Ye see, Zing," he continued, with gentle gravity, "we could n't go, very well. She would n't want to be left, sick an' all. Women hev some queer idees, an' hev to be humored. Ain't like ships. You 'ain't no wife, Zing, now, hev ye? — An' I've kind o' promised. — It's stay here, I guess."

As they left the wharf, a bell, somewhere in the town, broke into loud clamor. At the sound, a rusty Newfoundland dog, sole figure in the street, roused himself from a sunbath on the pink sand, howled funereally, and slunk off among the gray buildings.

"Noon — most dinner-time," said Captain Christy. "Good-by, Zing. Same time to-morrer mornin'?"

"Yessir," said Zwinglius, cheerfully. The sore subject would not be touched on for another fortnight. Where land and wharf met the two men parted.

"Pollick, cap'n?" roared Fisherman Gale, from his deserted market among the broken fish-flakes. He mopped his forehead with a red bandanna, then whisked away the flies. "Pollick? Mackereel? — Glory amen! Shell clams an' finnan haddie! God bless ye, brother Christy! For His mercy indooreth forever!" he chanted in a hoarse rapture, to the silent village. "Satisfieth my mouth with good things, so that my youth is renooed like — like the American eagle, hey cap'n? — I al'ays loved the dear old stars 'n' stripes. What'll ye take home this noon? An' how's yer wife, that blessed sister? — lookin' young an' handsome as a wax doll, but a dear true follerer."

The captain approached, dredging

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from a pocket his meagre handful of coins. He eyed the dirty fanatic with a mild pity.

"What's a haddie to-day, Cap'n Gale?" he said. "The Black Hawk minds her hellum just as clever, I s'pose?" And, by the habit of patience, he listened through the fisherman's wild outpouring, — each symptom of his crazy schooner, and body, and soul.

. . . "Doubts an' backslidin's, an' turrible cracklin's in the drums o' my head, like fish a-fryin'. But I persevere a-sailin' alone, an' keep her on the lubber p'int for heaven!" Gale concluded, and mopped his dirty beard.

Captain Christy nodded. Thrusting a big forefinger through the rope-yarn ring at the apex of the finnan haddie, and swinging his purchase meditatively, he moved away.

"Hold her to it, cap'n," he assented gravely. "That's the course for all of us."

In a grass-grown lane among the side-streets he clicked a wooden gate behind him, traversed a gravel path between two rows of conch shells, and stood upon his own doorsteps. At the sound of his tread a woman's voice called fretfully from within the house, —

"So you're back at last, after your gadding and gossiping? Time, I should say! Hope you've enjoyed yourself, because I've got a piece of news for you."

The captain shook his gray head wearily. On the iron bootscraper he cleaned his soles of imaginary dirt, and then entered the "front hall," stepping lightly on the checkered oilcloth.

In the sitting-room, from her pillowed chair beside a window-sill lined with vials, his wife turned on him her heavy, sallow face and malevolent eyes. To her hooked nose she held a camphor bottle, which she fitfully lowered and clapped into position again.

"I've made up my mind," she declared, between whiffs. "Now hark! You've wasted enough time among those good-for-nothings. You must sell that old hulk of a schooner."

II

"Well, just keep on as you do, then," shrilled his wife, at the close of a week's debate. By main force of nagging she had beaten down the captain's good-humored defense and reduced him to a state of unnatural brooding. "Keep on." She raised pious glances to the ceiling: "You'll only bring my white hairs to the grave."

They were really of a yellowish gray, screwed tightly up in unreverend knobs and horns; nor did their descent to the tomb appear more imminent than ever before in thirty years of hypochondria; but they served her rhetoric.

The captain, studying the fluffy plumes of dried pampas grass over the mantel, was moved to take a rare measure, and to his mind an ignoble.

"I don't want to talk about — anything I've done, Carrie," was his apology; "but after stayin' home from sea so many year to please you, it ain't likely I'll go leave you now. I ain't a boy," he suggested, with another vain appeal to humor, "I ain't a boy that can run away to sea no longer."

"Hark!" cried the invalid sharply. "Now who's saying you were? What *I* complain of, and any woman *would* complain of, is for you to spend all your time aboard her, idling and gossiping, and leave your wife here alone at home."

This was Position Number Two. If he should reply that every morning, after an hour of frustrate conversation, she told him to clear out and let her rest a while, then the discussion would shift to Number Three: "A woman can't always sit and hear the same person saying the same things." This would lead easily to Position Four: "Neighbors? A fine lot of neighbors! — Why did I ever come to live in this place, among such a set of people?" And that would be the last move; for Captain Christy, knowing the neighborhood opinion on this very point, had never found the heart to answer.

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Thus the game would end in a kind of stale-mate.

"It ain't worth arguin'," he sighed.

"Of course not," snapped his wife. "It's only a question of my peace and health, or your idle pleasure."

And therefore, through another week of dreary weather, among her vials, and beside window-panes laced with raindrops or blanketed with white fog, she sat and argued sourly.

To know the forgotten, obliterated motives which, in that other world of the past, had joined these two in mutual captivity, would be to read tablets long expunged, to trace beach-wandering footprints after many tides, to restore the drifted volutes in last winter's snow. "How did *he* marry *her?*" was an old question of indignant, amused, or speculative neighbors; with no more answer than neighbors have ever found to that mystery which — *saevo cum joco* — has for ages paired and shackled the unmatched of body and of spirit. Mrs. Christy herself wondered about it openly, redundantly, and with self-reproach; but her husband either saw no disparity, or was loyal to some youthful belief, some illusion of Rachel in the days before he woke to find that it was Leah.

Only once had he allowed himself a retort. As an exalted "U. E. Loyalist," the invalid passed all her reading hours among courts and coronets. Declaiming a paragraph about the Marquis of Lorne, she drew from the captain a cheerful admission: —

"Never heard of him."

"Never heard —!" she sniffed contemptuously. "Next you'll say you've never heard of the Queen!"

"Oh, yes," said the captain, "yes, I have. By all accounts, she must be a real nice old lady."

"You! — you!" cried the reader, choking. "You dare to speak of Her Majesty so! You — oh! You miserable — Yankee!" A wild torrent of words followed: an angry lecture on irreverence, a more angry history of "my Family, the Defews," and how they had left "your vulgar Yankee colonies, to be loyal to the Crown." — "Oh, why did they let me marry such people?"

"People?" smiled the captain. "That's bigamy, my dear."

"Oh," she moaned, "if I'd only known what I was about!"

"Well," he replied slowly, "*I* had no idee I was marryin' the whol' Royal Family."

As days passed, the argument over the schooner grew acute and dangerous. Perversity, it may have been; or a cruel whim of the spleen; or, perhaps, that veiled force which moves below so much of human action, — jealousy. The captain was seen no more about the wharves; now and then, in brief appearance on the streets, he trudged heavily, like a workingman at the end of day, and studied the pink sand before his path, with a gaze deep, introverted, unseeing. There at his feet lay in question the last surviving joy of his life.

Once he stopped his former mate before the post office.

"Zing," he said pointblank, "what d' ye say if we'd sell the vessel?"

Zwinglius looked at him shyly, embarrassed, silent, as at some high priest who might propound a sacrilegious riddle.

"Why," he faltered, "I dunno — What fer, cap'n?"

"May come to that," rejoined Captain Christy, and passed on, cloaked in sorrowful enigma.

The increasing storm in his house, and distress in his mind, made him spend a serene morning of Indian summer in painting his front steps. The house, shipshape with white clapboards and green shutters, stood out so trig and Yankee-fashion among the dove-gray houses of the town, that it might have looked too virtuous, too spruce, had not a vine traced runic patterns over the windows, and the sunlight, through a stalwart yellow birch, poured flickering changes along the whole front, like the play of kindly expression

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on a plain face. Nor did the steps, that mounted from between the files of pearl-mouthed conch shells, need even a touch of restoration. But the captain worked slowly, painting them a vivid azure.

Tapping two brushes against an axe-helve, he had begun to spatter thick dots of black and white, when a voice calling made his tall frame straighten and turn toward the gate.

"Good-morning, Captain Christy!" Against the pickets leaned the slim body of a girl, and over them, like a hardy, trim-poised flower, her bare head, — a sun-browned face, gentle and serious, but lighted with merry eyes, and breezily crowned with willful brown hair.

"Mornin', Joyce," replied the captain, fixing on her a whimsical look, at once benevolent and stern.

"What are you doing that for?" she asked reproachfully, and pointed at the brushes and the bedaubed axe-helve. In guilty silence the captain laid them athwart his paint-bucket, and approached the gate.

"Oh, nothin'," he answered, looking paternally down at her face of mischief, and then up airily at the heavens. "Sort of a kill-time. Lovely mornin', ain't it?"

"You bad old man," laughed the girl, threatening with a graceful finger. "'I have heard of your paintings, too.' Every time you paint, Father Captain, there's something up, is n't there? — What are you fretting about now?"

"Oh, nothin'," repeated the mariner, like a schoolboy. With great artfulness he inquired, "What's that book under your arm, Joyce? More fiddlesticks, I s'pose?"

His big, tattooed thumbs split open the stubborn pages.

"Humph! Verses," he commented. "Tell by the way they're printed, — loose ends all to sta'board. What's this?"

"It's about a great sailor," said Joyce. He read aloud: —

"I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move."

"Why, that's *true!*" cried the old man. This, his tone implied, was the last thing to have been expected. As he turned back and read the noble lines from the first, his eyes glistened, and above the white beard his cheeks slowly flushed.

"One o' the best things I ever read!" he declared recklessly. "Don't care if 't is a poem!"

At the close he sighed.

"Why, anybody might think just like that, — a little fancy, p'raps, but — just like that."

His brown fingers, bent over many a rope, cramped at many a helm, closed the book gently.

"Read as much o' him as you like, my girl."

Joyce laughed, but her brown eyes, watching the heavy-hewn old face above her, shone as with young love and worship of a sage. These chats with the captain were somehow like glimpses of communion with the father and mother whom she had been too little to know; in her vision he remained, through the faith-shaken trials of her youth, "like a great sea-mark standing every flaw."

"Father Captain," she said, after a silence, "what *were* you painting again for?"

"Oh, well," he answered, with an uneasy shift, "ye see, She's kind o' poorly. Took to her bed again."

"Oh, I'm sorry," replied the girl. Her manner became constrained and timid. "Is — is there anything I can do? I'd come in and see her if — if there was."

Both understood the futility of that offer.

"No, thank ye, Joyce," said the captain. "Don't know the' is. Thank ye. How 's the organ play now, sence I mended it?"

"Oh, it's beautiful," she cried, with evident relief. "You made it almost like new. There's only one bad wheeze now. You stopped the worst rumble."

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"That's good," he said. "I'll come hear ye play nex' Sunday, — if She's all right by then."

He watched the girl as with light-footed swing she passed down the grass-grown street. "Clears the ground like — like a filly," he grumbled, his eyes twinkling affection.

"It makes me want to cry!" Joyce told herself, while she hurried along, her cheeks glowing and her fists clenched. "Taken to her bed! That old Dragon! Ugh!"

When she had turned a corner, the captain moved heavily back to the steps and bent again to his task of spattering.

Once he straightened up, to look dreamily toward the harbor, where aslant a sunken ridgepole and tumbled chimney rose a well-beloved topmast.

"Hmm! That sailorman," he mused, — "Ulysses, she said it was, — would n't mind doin' like him. . . . Left his wife, though, did n't he? Humph! Not for me, no more."

The careful process of maculation finished, he made a barrier of two kegs and a plank, with large letters — "P-A-I-N-T" — to warn a neighborhood whose habit of calling there had ceased years ago.

When he entered, a peevish voice issued from the open door of the bedchamber.

"I s'pose you expect me to sleep all this time? — Tap-tap-tap! rap-rap-rap! — what were you puttering about?"

"Paintin' the steps," said the captain serenely.

"Painting the steps!" came a scornful echo. "Hark! — They don't need it more 'n the cat needs another tail!"

The captain maintained a long silence. He added a stick of maple to the parlor fire, then took a letter from his pocket, and stood reading. The single sheet appeared to require study; at last he shook his head and drew a weary breath. His next attempt at cheerfulness was plainly forced.

"Might be kind o' fun to have it, though," he remarked.

"What?" called the invalid; and after a pause, fretfully, "Have what?"

"Another tail," said the captain, in an absent voice, scanning his letter again.

A mutter of impatient words — "sense" . . . "second childhood" . . . "idiot" — came from the sickroom. The captain's great shoulders squared in a slow, patient heave, as he smoothed the page. It ran in crabbed scrawl, along guide-lines ruled in pencil: —

SQUAW POOL
Mascarene isld.

CAPT. CHRISTIE, ESQ, —

dear sir, yrs. of 16eth to hand and contents noted, in reply will start wensday fortnit per stmr. Auroaria and take schr. at yr. termes as per yrs. of 16eth. and wd. say, wd. hev ansd. soonar but ben suffring from stummick troble but she will suit me fine for smoakwood trade so hopeing you are well I will close from

Yr. Obdt. Servt.
JNO. FOLLANSBEE.

To every man, except smug and petty persons ignored by destiny, comes at least one message — a friendly letter, a passing whisper in a crowded room, a shrewd, cold document clicked off in purple type, the word of a breathless runner, a speech-mangled telegram, or a shout from a boat alongside in the dark — to strike a blow which is the be-all and the end-all for some cherished way of life. More than once he reads the written decree, or in echoing memory hears the spoken; and while coming to believe and deeply understand that a strange hour has struck, that his life has swung into a new cycle whose grief lies onward and whose joy behind, he must — alone, with the thing in his pocket or the words in his head — work at a desk, or navigate a ship, or chat with strangers, or walk floors, or sit in theatres, or paint steps. Slowly, therefore, but with fixed heart and equal mind, the captain had accepted his message in its finality.

"I don't see exac'ly how I'll do with-

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out her," he reflected. His tall bulk filling the little window, he looked out once more at the distant topmast, and summarized the remainder of his old age. "It'll be like — like haulin' in on a slack rope — with nothin' at the end. But I must 'a' been kind o' selfish, frettin' Her about it so long."

Treading lightly, he entered the sick-room, to make his offering.

"Well, Carrie," he announced jovially, "guess this'll interest ye."

"I'm not deef," replied his consort, who sat propped among pillows, her sallow, hostile face appearing, under a white nightcap, like the sinister freak of some ill-omened masquerade. "I'm not deef. You no need to shout so." She frowned upon the letter for a space. "Well, you're lucky," she continued. "He must be a fool, to want that hulk. What a scribble! — Take it away; it hurts my eyes. Ever going to bring me something to eat? If I can have anything that's fit to touch, I may get up this afternoon."

Thus, past the grimace of many a strange idol, the smoke of sacrifice mounts to the true acceptance.

III

Inside the cabin, neatly sombre with dark brown woodwork, it was neither day nor night. An old brass lamp against a bulkhead, stirring in the gimbals at the petty shock of harbor waves, cast a tremulous evening glow on the Mongol face of Zwinglius Turner, who sat on the lower stairs; but the venerable rough head of the captain, who stood upright, caught a dull gleam — slanting down from tiny barred windows frost-white with fog — as from some wintry, dungeon-like dawn. The captain's air was of business and reflection; the mate's that heavy, embarrassed gloom, half melancholy decorum and half fidgets, seen in figures who line the walls at a rustic funeral.

His master contemplated a picture that he had just unscrewed from the bulkhead, — a discolored likeness of a patient, heroic face.

"Abra'm Lincoln," he said, laying it on the table. "Follansbee won't want him. I do."

He stooped into the warm lamplight and shadow of the lower level, rummaged in a locker, and, drawing out various treasures, heaped them on the table.

"Now this" — it was an ancient swallow-tail burgee, red and white — "I'll ask him if I can keep this. . . . Spare lead-line, — well, that's part o' the fittin's; that's his." A bundle of old saffron pamphlets thumped the table, and sent up a thin cloud of dust. "Leave him those for readin', — Farmer's Almanacs: the back of 'em has rafts o' good riddles and ketches." Then followed a small graven image in black tamarind wood, handfuls of cowrie shells, a shark-tooth necklace, a fly-whisk, the carved model of a Massoola boat, a Malay kriss, a paper of fish-hooks, and a brass telescope. The captain's hands ransacked the farthest corners of the locker; they stopped suddenly; his face became very grave.

"Can't have this, anyway," he said, in a voice changed and troubled. He drew forth a red and blue worsted doll, badly stained, with one boot-button eye. "No, by James Rice, he can't!" muttered the captain passionately. He sat down on the edge of his bunk, as in the black mouth of a crypt, and, bunching his beard in one gnarled fist, regarded sadly the absurd puppet in the other.

"I never expected to take this out again, somehow," he said, in a vacant tone of soliloquy. "She put it away in there herself — nigh on to forty year ago. You don't go so far back, do ye, Zing? I remember when it fell overboard; young Kit Chegwidden over after it. My, how Eunice cried! Then she kissed him for savin' it. A clever boy, Kit: master o' the Jennie Gus now, and children of his own. Time goes quick" —

The old man, still grasping the doll gently, stared downward as if through

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the floor shadows he saw into the deep void of the past.

"Don't think I could 'a' stood ever seein' St. Thomas again after that" —

He was thinking of the only voyage his wife had made with him, and of Eunice, their only child. With solemn inward vision, evoked by the touch of a lank worsted doll, he recalled the sultry nights of watching and heartbreak in this very cabin, the flush of the fever in the child's cheeks, the gleaming disorder of her bright hair on the pillow, the glare of tropic sun on a white-hot deck, their silent group at the rail, the trembling of a little black book, the lofty words of consolation, so hard to read aloud, so much harder to believe when that frail object, intolerably precious, was committed to the unstirring, blank, august emptiness of ocean.

"Zing, I can't bear to sell her," whispered the old man. Fumbling as if blind, he put away the doll in a breast pocket. "I can't bear to."

Zwinglius cleared his throat, said nothing, shifted his boots. In a heavy silence that grew tangible, he rose and slowly withdrew up the stairs, disappearing in a cloudy square of white which the closing door blotted out noiselessly.

The captain, alone, sat staring down into the dark pool of bygone years.

Outside, stumping hoofs passed slowly down the pier, a clatter of loose planks, and the doleful mooing of cattle. Shouts rose: "Gangway there! Hurrup!" Footsteps pounded the deck, and past the window broad shadows flitted, swiftly intersecting. But Captain Christy sat oblivious; not until the door flew open with a resounding jar, and in the haze above stood a pair of short, heavy-booted legs, did he slowly rise from his dream.

"Sour and thick!" shouted a hoarse voice. A burly little man began to clamber down, driving before him into the lamplight a thin aureole of fog. "Sour and thick!" he muttered, as he gained the floor. Unwinding a shepherd's muffler, he disclosed a swarthy, black-bearded face and twinkling eyes. "Sour and thick, Cap'n Christy! A spewy day. Joe 'eenamost drove his cows over the bank. But I'll get her off now — ketch this ebb — drop down's fur as Lord's Nubble: one cow for the lightkeeper there — find my way that fur blindfold, so long's she can cut the fog, hey?" He laughed, as if at a pleasant fancy.

These plans for an alien future seemed hardly to touch the captain's mind.

"The 's some things there on the table, Cap'n Follansbee," he said quietly. "Anything you don't want kep', I'll take home."

"Curios, hey?" boomed the new master. He grinned at them like a good little pirate disdainful of plunder. "No, no, cap'n! Souverins o' foreign parts, eh? No, no, you keep 'em all. Good snug cabin, this, — fustrate!"

"Well, those almanacs," urged the captain, stowing the keepsakes away in spacious pockets. "Now you take those, go ahead. Ain't noo, o' course, — ketches and rebuses just as good, — lots o' facts, too."

"All right. Thank ye," said the other heartily. "I don't care. They'll keep my mind from evil thoughts."

"Time I was ashore," Captain Christy mumbled. He searched the cabin with one long look, as though to add this last to the scenes that thronged in his old memory; then preceded his brother mariner into the fog.

At the rail the two shook hands. Captain Christy looked down, with lips compressed, as if something hurt.

"She's a clever bo't, Cap'n Follansbee," he said. "Treat her kind, now, won't ye?" And he swung himself over to the pier.

"Like — like a kitten!" shouted the younger man, already busied with ropes. "Here, Joe, ye stootchit, bear a hand with the spring!" The gap widened between her side and the pier-spilings. "Like a kitten!"

For the first time in years the schooner moved slowly outward along the wharf.

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A tow-rope over her bow rose taut, fell slack, — jerking from out the heart of the fog the smoky outline of a boat with waving oars, — rose dripping, and ran taut again into blank whiteness. Captain Christy, Zwinglius, and a knot of loungers, walked alongside the ship out to the final snub-posts. Her stern loomed large, grew veiled and insubstantial, dissolved; and with the "chock-chock" of oars and lowing of disconsolate cows, the Rapscallion had become a name and pictured vanity of the past. The breath of her departure swept their dim group on the pier, in ponderous-rolling smoke as of some cold, noiseless battle.

"Why did n't ye go with her, Zing?" said the captain suddenly. "Follansbee promised me to offer ye the place."

The mate turned his face away; but for the first time in history he made a blunt answer.

"Did n't want to," he declared. This plunge made him dare another boldness. "Come on home now, cap'n. No more to see."

"Well, cap'n, all over," called Bunty Gildersleeve, lurching up beside them, his beard a frosty silver with the damp. "Ye know, I kind o' miss her already. W'arf don't seem the same."

"Do ye?" replied Captain Christy, in a dazed fashion. "Yes, that's so." He stared into the fog. "All over," he repeated mechanically.

As he tramped homeward, the noon bell tolled dismally. School children, cowed by the cold mist, pattered by in a solemn little flock. Through the obscurity heaved a larger blur, — Joyce, their teacher, herding them.

The captain's vacant answer to her hail, his apathy as they walked on together, made Joyce linger at the gate to ask: —

"How is Mrs. Christy to-day?"

"Better, thank ye. 'Pears to be all right now, for some little time. Thank ye. Up and about, ye know."

"That's good," said Joyce. After a pause she asked: "Oh, captain, is it true, what they tell me, that you're going to sell the schooner?" Her tone and aspect were of the utmost innocence.

"Hev sold it," he replied curtly. As she had hoped, he caught no drift between her two questions; but the cloud that settled over the kind old face made her repent of the strategy. "She went out this mornin's ebb," he continued. "Got a fair price, though."

Joyce had to break the silence.

"I'm glad Mrs. Christy's feeling better," she ventured lamely. "Has she — did she get outdoors on any of those pleasant days last week?"

"She don't go out much any time," said the captain with regret. "That's why she seems so much better now — better'n I've seen her for a long time — talks o' goin' to visit Up the Line."

As this phrase meant anywhere between Cape Sable and Toronto, Joyce looked puzzled.

"Her fam'ly, the Defews," he explained. "She's kep' writin' to 'em — I mean," he added in confusion, "they've kep' writin' to her to come up and visit. She says we can afford it now that — afford it better'n we could."

The girl's eyes grew very wide and round.

"Of course you'll be going too?" she conjectured.

"Me?" said the captain, amazed; "Lord, no!"

Some strong emotion, following all this enlightenment, compelled Joyce to cut their interview short.

"I hope she'll enjoy it." She spoke stiffly, and turned away, prim with self-restraint. "Good-morning, captain."

"Now what did I say to make her mad?" wondered Captain Christy, watching as the fog veiled and enveloped her. "I'm sorry — Humph! — Funny critters."

Still perplexed over this, and downcast from the morning's work, he navigated among the autumnal stalks in the little garden, stopped to see if his hydrangea had shaken off its last petals,

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and then, skirting round to the back door, entered his workshop. Here a bench, of spinster-like neatness, ran athwart a noble confusion: old coats, oilskins, boots, lined the walls like votive offerings after shipwreck; in the window a frigate-bird, badly stuffed, perked a vicious bill as if to puncture the balloon breast of a dried sea-robin; and in the corners, over the floor, on shelves, lay heaps of nautical rubbish, — bits of chain, pots of dried paint, resin, and tar, broken oars, coiled ropes, and a mound of gear, — double, clew-line, long-tackle, and snatch-blocks, — like a cairn raised to mark an ended activity.

The captain had emptied his pockets of their "souverins," and, with one hand thrust in breast-high, was considering where to bestow the worsted doll, when the door from the kitchen opened, and Mrs. Christy stood looking in. Fortune, good or ill, had chosen this heavy-hearted moment of the captain's meditation.

"Who was that you were talking to?" she demanded, curiosity qualifying the wonted disapproval in her tone.

"Oh, that was Joyce," replied the captain, from a distance of thought.

"Again!" snapped his wife. A shadow of ill-will gathered on her heavy features. "Always gadding round with her, or some young woman. At your age of life, too!"

For the first time in many days, the captain's temper sounded in his voice.

"Come, Carrie, don't be foolish," he commanded sharply. "Don't say things you don't mean." He spoke more gently: "Joyce is a fine girl, and I'm master fond of her. Seems like a daughter, — a'most."

"Oh, so I'm a fool, am I?" inquired Mrs. Christy with bitterness. "Thank you. And next I s'pose you'll remind me that we have n't any children of our own" —

"Carrie," interrupted the old man, with a sad look, indescribable and penetrating. The faint color of aged, wintry emotion flushed in his cheeks above the white beard. "I did n't think you'd speak like this — rememberin' — well, rememberin' little Eunice."

Thus began another causeless battle, obscure, long-drawn, unworthy, involved in everyday matters, acts, words, looks, silences, petty in themselves, but — as hovel, or hedge, or waterhole in greater warfare — invested with the unhappy dignity of conflict. The captain craved only peace; it was his wife who found the pretexts and broke the truces, with the aimless, chronic hostility that had become her nature and occupation.

The townspeople had already discussed her projected visit "Up the Line;" as bare autumn was freezing into winter they learned, with the gradual shock of placid minds, that she had gone, declaring her purpose never to come back. "If she said it, she'll keep her word," the gossips decided, with deep knowledge of her character. Witnesses who had watched her embark in Sam Tipton's stage proved that she had said it repeatedly, loudly, in glib succession.

"She won't come back," Sam deposed, with a valedictory oath. "Am I sure? Hope so, anyway. I hat to drive her twenty mile."

Zwinglius Turner, when first cornered, was unsatisfactory. "No — that's right — she's gone fer good," he stammered, with a shy, golden grin. But his wish was too plainly father to that thought.

The captain himself supplied the final evidence. One chill and sparkling November day Mr. Gildersleeve found him pacing the empty wharf. His step was laggard, his carriage perceptibly older, and, though on a week day, he bore his Malacca stick with the carbine-cartridge ferule.

"The sea is powerful callin', ain't it?" he asked thoughtfully. Side by side they looked across the dancing sunlight of the harbor to the black fir islands patched with snow. "Powerful callin'. The's lots o' clumsy beggars aboard o' bo'ts, too. — Ye know, Bunty, the roughest

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part is, I might jus' as well kep' the vessel, *after* all."

It was the first time that his friend had ever heard him speak bitterly.

IV

The swift invasion of winter had changed the cosy village, and the autumnal land whose Northern strength was more than beauty, into a huddling camp, a bare, angular outpost against cold desolation. The harbor lay dull and blackened, as though winter-killed; scattered islets shone like alabaster domes of drowned mausoleums; along the foreshore the wharves ran in bony snowbanks across gleaming slopes and valleys of thin, sallow ice, which at the hidden work of tides in clear morning silences surprised the bleak solitude with little, far-heard noises of straining, crashing, tinkling, as if invisible wanderers among the hummocks were to smash through areas of glass. At long intervals the dirty sails of a schooner crawled along the lifted skyline. The ragged granite of the mountains, sharp against an Italian blue of winter skies, bore white symbols, gigantic and undecipherable; their sides were burnt brown, charred bitterly, cut with long scars of snow; from their bases the bare hills, ridged with undulating spines of buried fences, and rearing now and then the Christmas spire of a lonely evergreen, sloped away to the glitter of the fields and the pink haze of lowland alders. Only the promontories ran their great nebs down into the sea, steadfast in stern verdure, scorning to change with seasons or with centuries.

For hours, for half-days, nothing stirred in the main street of the seaport, except a wraith of powdery snow. The ocean wind, on howling nights, had by the freaks of its own will heaped drifts against windows, or swept the frozen road bare to the fossil hoofprints from the age of summer. Rarely, and strangely, as if down and out from the painted vista of a stage background, appeared a man trudging, a mittenful of snow held to his ear, and his beard fringed with shapeless beads of ice. Such figures, without exception, paused under a barber-pole that threatened the path from above a window where a lighted lamp kept the frost melting. They kicked the snow from their boots, and entered.

Mr. Laurel's shop, or parlor, was a winter club by day and night. He was a ruddy, solemn little Figaro, whose apron bulged over a comfortable stomach, and above whose ear perched always his professional comb. Inordinate smoker and debater, local authority on music, he shone in these long days when — as Bunty Gildersleeve expressed it — there was "nuthin' but sit by the fire and drink whiskey and tell lies." Whenever discussion drooped, someone called out, "Give us a toon, now, come." And Mr. Laurel, washing his hands with an extravagance of soap and drying them fastidiously on the shop napkin, opened an ancient case in a corner, and sat down before his musical glasses. He waved circles of practice in the air, bent over, and, touching the clustered rims reverently, drew forth thin, vocal harmonies of surprising sweetness. The concert always began with *Home, Sweet Home*, or *Forsaken;* always ended with *Old Black Joe*, when the artist, swaying backward, was lost in his work. "You can hear ut sayin' the words," he breathed, yearning with tearful rapture toward the ceiling. The audience, respectful, soothed, in wreaths and layers of thick smoke from clay pipes, formed a circle of serious, weatherbeaten faces, of big legs crossed luxuriously, of protruding boot-toes that gently waggled to the rhythm of the harmonica.

Their talk circumnavigated the realms of free speculation:—what best cured the bots; whether King Solomon might not have known about electricity; whether hairs could be changed to water-serpents; whether heroes of the Fenian raid should have medals; what might be the properest way of building a weir; whether ministers were better than other folks; and

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what place good dogs have in the Hereafter.

Frequently upon these abstract thoughts broke in a loud scuffle and a hoarse muttering at the door, and old Gale the fisherman stumped in, filthy, red-eyed, bearded with icicles, strangely invested in a chafed leathern reefer and a bell-crowned silk hat, like some Ancient Mariner of low farce.

"Hallelujah!" he croaked inconsequently, shifting a feeble glare about the room. "Rejoice, bretherin!"

"Mornin', doctor," they replied. "How the patients this cold spell?"

"Healt the sick and cast out divils," recited the old man, as if struggling hoarsely against a storm that defeated his shouts. "Causin' the blind to walk and the lame to clap their hands. No credit to me, bretherin. Providence done it. Praise the Lord! Who's got a fig o' tabacca?"

To become a doctor was the fisherman's mode of hibernating. A fat book — "Cost me five dollar!" he roared — which contained as frontispiece an M. D.'s diploma perforated at the edge, to be torn out and framed; a black oilcloth bag, holding bottles and boxes, — "Opydeldock, hartshorn, medder-sage, black cohosh, tinction o' nitre, arnicky;" and a tall, rusty silk hat which called forth reminiscences of Mr. Beatty as a young bridegroom, — with nothing more, he annually joined the noble army of Hippocrates. The wonder was that, although these sources of his dignity were simple and known, the doctor found a patient or two nearly every season. The first reproach of all physicians he had silenced this winter, by healing himself: "them turr 'ble cracklin's in the drums o' my head, I stopped 'em all with the marrer of a hog's jaw."

"Jawbon' of an ass, ye mean," growled Bunty Gildersleeve.

But even he was impressed by the historical fact that old Mr. Lightborn, a farmer Up the Line, had sent down a home-made diagnosis of his daughter's case, when she had shown a distressing fondness for "a idel, dangers man, a drunkart and a gamboler."

"I sent 'er a love-philter," bellowed the doctor. "Took it in her tea and knew no better! Fixed 'er up! Hallelujah!"

And indeed, all knew that Miss Lightborn had shortly transferred her passion to a quiet young man of considerable property, out on the Ridges.

Or perhaps, when the medical fisher had been quieted with the loan of a tobacco-pipe, their talk wandered into foreign lands. Captain Christy came in seldom now, and said almost nothing; so Mr. Gildersleeve, second only to him as a great traveler, bore off the honors.

"And so we run clos' in, and fired our muskuts right amongst the bazarr there on the shore, and wore ship and stood out to sea," he would conclude.

"But how could ye git along," propounded the skeptical Mr. Laurel, "in them foreign places where they dunno how to talk?"

"Learnt the lingo," drawled the storyteller scornfully. "Wha'd ye think? Follerin' the sea, a man picks up lots o' the dead languages."

"Give us some Dutch," challenged a listener.

"Wee gates," said Bunty, with readiness. "Much as to say, 'How's the boy?' — I know some Spanish, too."

"Let's hear ye," scoffed the barber, in a tone of profound unbelief.

"Addy Oats," was the reply.

"Who's she?" asked several voices.

"Way them Dons says 'good-by,'" he explained. "And they go fricasseein' round with therr hats, so — Many the time I watched 'em doin' ut in Barrcelony."

"What's the French like?" another demanded.

"Quiddlety," pronounced the linguist.

"Oh, get out with ye," cried Mr. Laurel, honing a razor contemptuously. "'T ain't. I've heard 'em myself, up at Troy's Pistols one summer. 'T ain't the least bit like ut."

"Captain Christy," appealed Mr. Gil-

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dersleeve with dignity, "ain't that how the Crapos ask ye what time o' day ut is? Come, now."

The captain roused slowly from another revery; his vision returned to present objects, and with absent-minded tolerance he replied, —

"Yes, that's right, so fur 's I know, Bunty."

But his face seldom lighted nowadays; he soon withdrew into caverns of deep-eyed silence; and perhaps would neither speak nor stir again until the clangor of the noon bell startled the winter air and broke up their morning session. Even when he returned to the cottage, which he and Zwinglius now kept together by strict rule of shipboard, his unshared thought still enfolded him as clouds about a mountain castle.

Though all the village noticed this change, none grieved so heartily as Joyce. On Sundays, from the tiny organ-loft of the church, she looked down with ineffectual pity on the tall figure below, the broad, spare shoulders slightly bent, the great white head, anointed with a wine-red stain from a window-shaft of sunlight. And when at her touch "St. Ann's" quavered from the doddering organ, she listened for the brave old bass that vibrated beneath the other voices, strong as a deep-sea current: —

> "Time like an ever-rolling stream
> Bears all its sons away:
> They fly forgotten, as a dream
> Dies at the opening day.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "O God, our help in ages past,
> Our hope for years to come,
> Our shelter from the stormy blast,
> And our eternal home."

Yes, thought the girl as she played, he was without fear and strongly comforted; but the youthful sense of justice rebelled within her, and, forgetting the stern conditions of this our race, she wondered why he, who kept the faith, could not finish the course without the burden of a late sorrow. She longed for a chance to lighten it.

And so when one day the captain, chopping a frozen log, cut his foot with a glancing blow, it was not wholly a misfortune. With an excuse to leave her lodgings at Mrs. Gildersleeve's, she at once moved into the captain's house, took charge, and managed the restless prisoner like a child.

"Now don't you dare," she commanded, before each morning tramp to school, "don't you dare take it down off that chair! Stand by!"

"Aye, aye," returned the captain comfortably. He sat by the window, the bandaged foot elevated on cushions, and one of her books at his elbow. "Stand by it is, marm!" And when she reached the gate again at noon, a big hand waving in the window showed him still at his post.

It was a happy time in the little house; the cloud descended sometimes on the captain, but more rarely and briefly. There were long evenings when Zwinglius rolled out to gather news at Laurel's; when age and youth sat together trading confidences, slowly, with many intervals; when the clock ticked, the Northern Spies roasted sputtering between the andirons, the wood fire purred for snow, or a frosty nail started like a pistol shot in the night.

"And now why," Joyce questioned, as if their talk had not faltered, "why do they seem to think young people are always happy, and all that? I think we're more perplexed and troubled than older ones, and selfish — Yes, I do — and — and often cruel."

"Oh, that's all right," declared the captain, nodding wisely, as if to dismiss a trifle. "Ye must enjoy yourself while you're young. 'T ain't right not to. And then when ye git to be old — well, the's lots o' nice things about bein' old, too. Lots. Only fault I got to find with it is that things won't stop a while for ye — only a — sort o' — breathin' spell while ye can set and watch everything jest as 't is — and see friends happy, and — No; things clip right along. That's all seems hard. They don't stop nor stay for ye."

The hand of the tall clock crawled

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through a quarter circle before either spoke again.

"Now me," the captain mused. A burnt log crashed into a ruin of rosy coals that lit up his whimsical smile. "I be'n master sulky these days. Ever sence I sold the vessel — and She went."

Joyce reached up from her hassock, and captured one of his big fingers on the chair-arm.

"Master sulky," he continued. "The Book says, 'There remaineth a rest.' I know, too. That's so. But not yet, ye see, not right now. Work — that's what I want. As young 's I ever felt, and can't give up the sea yet a while. Why, ye would n't think, Joyce, the time I lay awake nights thinkin' how much I want to go another v'yage or two."

"I wish you could," said the girl sorrowfully.

"P'raps I may, some time," he responded. "Kind o' hev a feelin' it 'll come about. Now, if I had a ship this minute a-layin' at the foot o' King Street in St. John, why, Wood and Guthrie 'd give me a cargo. Yes, sir! They know me. That's what 'ud happen. Hmm! So good 't won't come true."

Although the lame foot soon grew sound again, they found their evenings too pleasant to forego. The captain begged, worthy Mrs. Gildersleeve took his side, and Joyce was glad enough to remain in what seemed to be her first home. The winter crept along, through blind storm and freezing brightness.

One day, as Captain Christy sat at breakfast, Zwinglius darted in, stuttering, —

"She — she — she — she 's nosin' round galley-west and crookit, cap'n! Nobody can't make out what she 's aimin' fer to do!"

"Who?" the captain asked severely.

"Why, this here ship," stammered the mate. "She 's a-gormin' round the bay, — three ways fer Sunday."

The captain strode to the entry, fought his way into an overcoat, hauled down the ear-laps of his enormous cap, and marched outdoors. The mate trotted behind him down the windswept road, dangling a brace of fat overshoes, which he begged the captain to put on.

Puffs of light breeze chased thin snow-veils along the petrified ruts, twirled them upward in faint spirals, strewed them suddenly broadcast. A white hill that bared its smooth contour beyond the town, smoked with vapors of snow that — clinging close as the steam about the body of a sweating horse — rose slowly, and shifted against the lemon glare of an arctic sun. Beyond the foot of the slope, where the dead vista of the street broke wide upon the harbor, a brigantine lay motionless, in stays, her scant canvas sagging in black-shadowed wrinkles.

A knot of men watched her from the verge of the yellow beach ice.

"What d' ye think, cap'n?" called Bunty, as the two approached. "What kind o' didos they cuttin' up aboarrd her? See, there they go ag'in!"

The brigantine fell off on a short, aimless leg as if to run down a group of landward isles, slatted up in irons again, came about on the opposite tack, made nothing but leeway, and at last, — when the company of numb watchers, beating arms and stamping, had turned away in disgust from her drunken repetition, — she suddenly went off, caught the wind abaft her beam, and stood out to sea.

All morning speculation ran riot at Laurel's; and when, that afternoon, the brigantine reappeared, to knock about as before, they could have pitched their excitement no higher for Captain Kidd and his Jolly Roger.

"If she wants to stave a hole in her bottom" — began Captain Christy; he stopped short, and spoke no more that afternoon, but with shining eyes paced back and forth, fidgeted, chuckled strangely. His conduct, amazing his friends, added to that day's mysteries.

While the sun was still two hours aloft, a boat put off from the brigantine, pulled shoreward, and landed a solitary passen-

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ger, — a mean-faced little man in pea-jacket and hip-boots. He asked scornfully for the telegraph office, cursed it for being twenty miles away, bought a pint of whiskey, and drove off with Sam Tipton's boy in a pung. The two sailors who had rowed him were of the city-bred type, and remained unsociable even after rounds of drink. "Yes, he's mate o' the Amirald," they said gruffly. "An' a bum one, too. An' she wants a tow, an' he's gone to telegraph up-river for a tug, an' by God, that's all you Reubens pumps out o' us. Hey, whiskers?"

When nine o'clock passed, and no captain came to supper, Joyce began an anxious expedition. A piercing sea wind, in sudden, wrestling gusts, filled her cloak, raged at her skirts, checked her as though against the bellying of an invisible sail; then dropped, was gone, and left all things without breath or movement, except the high stars racing through rifts into blackness. In such pauses she caught now and then a hoarse bellow, a deep, throbbing bass note in the distance.

In the pathway of light from a window she met the captain, marching with head erect and face radiant.

"You sinner!" she scolded, taking his arm. "Why did you worry me, wandering round on such a bad, raw night?"

"That's all right," he boomed, in a voice of exhilaration. "She's never showed a light, — nary a flicker! An' there's the tug tootin' round for her! Not a flicker!"

The hoarse whistle sounded again in the stillness. Far out, a green coal moved over the face of the waters; a red coal joined it; both gleamed lustrous for a moment; then, with a bellow, the green vanished.

"Try again!" the captain advised satirically. "P'raps the Amirald 's short o' karosine!"

"What's it all about?" asked the girl, tugging him homeward. "What have you been up to all this time?"

"Moon-cussin'," explained the culprit. "Jest a little moon-cussin'. In a few days I'll tell ye, p'raps." He listened for sounds in a chill gust that staggered them. "Good noos, I think, Joyce girl. Aye, aye, home it is, then."

V

On calm April days, — when the buff fields, restored to sunlight, began to be furred with a faint green; when the last forgotten snowdrifts were sparsely inlaid in the dark north banks of nook-shotten isles, mountains, or headlands, and over the black bay cakes of river-ice floated seaward; when the lee of every gray house sheltered a patch of reviving turf spangled with the broad goldpieces of dandelions, and every flaw of wind brought smells of wet earth and brushwood smoke, — a visitor might have thought that the past also had been reborn. For alongside the wharf, in the Rapscallion's bed, lay a vessel, from the deck of which, on warm noons, rose the hum of voices. The men were as before, and above them, as before, reared the massive head and shoulders of Captain Christy. But time had not been cheated: things were not the same. Slanting yards crossed the vessel's foremast; her lines were bolder, more dashing, than those of the beloved schooner; and on board, instead of holiday chat in the sunshine, there sounded busy hammering, pounding, overhauling.

Up from the black yawn of the main hatch swarmed Zwinglius Turner, grinning and active, like a Chinese pirate in blue dungaree daubed with filth. A thin gray cloud of dust rose after him.

"Whee-e-e! Stinks down there!" he cried joyfully. His voice, movement, and whole aspect were those of a man intoxicated with delight.

So had they been ever since that famous winter day when, like a bomb in the main street, burst the news that Captain Christy had bought the damaged hulk of the Amirald, formally abandoned on an outer ledge of the Little Wolverines. All that fortnight the village had tossed

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in a delirium of happenings. Strangers had walked the streets. Every day brought more events than talk could keep pace with. Even cynical Mr. Laurel agreed that such a winter had not been known since the Lord Ashburton went ashore in the Gale; even now mysteries remained, enough for years of argument; and factions still discussed whether the Amirald had been wrecked for the insurance. The company — not without suspicion — had paid it, and had sold at auction, on the underwriters' account, both the brigantine and her cargo of phosphate. Bids had been few and low. An old man and his money, the village agreed, were soon parted; but Captain Christy thought otherwise.

"Joyce," he had declared solemnly, "it's a godsend. It's a godsend, girl. D'ye mind, I told ye I had wha'd-ye-call-ems — prognosticates — in my bones, ye know — that somehow I'd git another ship." He chuckled, then laughed as heartily as a boy. "When I see 'em keep lights out so, I knowed what their game was! Pack o' rascals! — Well, Joyce, the' won't be no more such sea-lawyer work aboard o' her now!"

His ready laughter, the free flow of his talk, his buoyant stride and shining countenance, seemed to the girl another marvel of the returning spring. It was as when a frozen brook, at some final touch of the thaw, moves downward, crashes, leaps into full-bodied torrent. Happiness mounted within him like sap in a giant maple.

Often at breakfast he put down his cup untouched, to explain in a tone of wondering delight, —

"Ye know, to be real downright honest, I suspicioned 't was all over, and — and here 't is jus' beginnin', eh, Joyce?"

Or, as she prepared their supper in the little savory kitchen, he came in, humming, from the workshop, his eyes alight, his fingers tarred, a curly shaving of clean pine caught in his beard.

"Well, here goes to wash up!" he announced, as though that were an ecstasy. And later, sitting by the stove, he might break out with: "Yes, sir! I'm good for ten more years' hard work easily — easily!"

Meantime the crumbling wharf and the deck of the Amirald became a littered meeting-place, where the captain, Zwinglius, and Bunty directed all their able-bodied friends in a labor of love. At first a joke, the repairs engrossed the village. Even Mrs. Gildersleeve's summer boarder, a mouse-like little man, said to be a musician somewhere in the world of cities, came to lounge in sunny corners. With meek and sensible questions, he slowly won friendship of the captain, and so of the captain's Joyce. And friendships had been rare with this tired stranger.

The northern summer had sped away, before Captain Christy pronounced the Amirald fit for sea. He had changed her rig to fore-and-aft: "for," he said, "I can't carry no crew to be squarin' yards all day long." On her trial sail as a schooner she behaved handsomely in the bay. Her foresail, it is true, provoked smiles; for — as the captain had stubbornly kept both spar and shroud — the baby square of white canvas reached only to the original foretop. The gap surprised one, as though the vessel had lost a front tooth.

"Diaper on a broomstick!" jeered Master Kibben, at a safe range. "Jigger on a yawl!"

"Ketches wind, anyway," observed the captain, ignoring him. "Big enough to keep me and Zing busy. She's took nigh all my money as 't is. O' course," he added regretfully, "she ain't up to my own — the old schooner. Else I'd swap back with Follansbee."

Having dispatched his letter to Wood and Guthrie, he hardly ate or slept for impatience.

"You and Zwinglius Turner," Joyce chided him, "are bad as children before Christmas. Now finish breakfast. Letters can wait."

At last the answer came, and the cap-

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tain was singing as he brought it home. A cargo ready in ten days, promised the firm; they wrote kindly, offered their old friend terms better than he had hoped. Laughing, planning like a boy for his first voyage, the captain packed his old canvas bag. His deep chant filled the house:—

> "As they was walkin' on the green,
> *Bow down, bow down,*
> As they was walkin' on the green,
> *The bow is bent to me.*
> As they was walkin' on the green
> To see their father's ships come in. . . .

"Joyce, there's mittens you wanted to mend — By gorry, don't seem real, does it? No, sir, like a dream:—

> "*Oho, prove true, prove true,*
> *My love, prove true to me.*"

The squealing wheel of Zwinglius Turner's barrow, piercing the town as he trundled the last supplies to the wharf, made music to the captain. And then, suddenly, an unexpected hand rent the whole fabric of his joy.

He stood one morning beneath a naked balm-o'-gilead on a knoll, overlooking the ruddy, sun-bright sands, the stilted wharves, the patched but shapely body of the Amirald. On the brown-spattered leaves a footstep crackled, and beside him halted the trim, prosperous little figure of the Gildersleeves' lodger.

"Good-morning, captain," he saluted. "Mr. — ah — Bunty — tells me that he's going with you this voyage."

"That's right," replied Captain Christy. "Along for comp'ny. Talks real clever. Help, too — fust-class seaman, Bunty is."

They chatted of indifferent matters.

"You know, captain," began the stranger at last, rather shyly, "I'll be going back to town myself soon, worse luck. You two have been kind to me. Yes, you have," he insisted quickly: "most people find me too crotchety to bother with. You've both — been strongly in my thoughts of late. I've grown very fond of that child." He gave a quiet laugh. "Yes, captain, if I were young and a bachelor, it 's probable I'd have tried to rob you of her by now. At least," he added soberly, "I think I desire her happiness almost as much as you. Almost, captain. — Do you know, she's a rarity."

Captain Christy appeared doubtful of this term.

"She's a good nice girl," he amended heartily.

"By Jove she is!" agreed the other. "But I meant — another aspect." He twisted the point of his gray beard, then fluttered the dead leaves with his cane, as though they hid the right words for his purpose. "She's that, and more — We've all three talked together a good bit this summer, and you remember I gave her a few lessons — No, no! a pleasure, I can tell you! — It's made me think about her future. Now this town: I'm very fond of it, but" — he glanced up quizzically — "how about opportunities?"

The vista of gray, pointed gables, the street, vacant but for the rusty Newfoundland perennially asleep on the pink sand, stretched away dead and silent toward the taut skyline of the bay.

"Opportoonities ain't blockin' traffic there, are they?" drawled the captain.

"I should n't say all this," continued the musician, "to a man of your — your active service in real life — except that I know a very little about one subject. That girl, as they say, has music in her. You knew that?"

"She plays real lively, my opinion," ventured Captain Christy.

"More than that," the other assented. "When you think of that old chest of whistles" — With his ferule he transfixed a leaf, twirled it, studied it, then looked the captain in the eye. "She's a wonder!" he declared fervently. "Mind, I don't say she'll be a great player, and that nonsense, — but a good one. She has — the gift. I'm not an enthusiastic man, you know — less than ever. There are so many thousand fools, masculine, feminine, but mostly neuter, all busy learning the cant, the mechanics, the wise chat-

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ter — faugh! when they can't *do* a useful hand's turn in life, or even read and write the English language, or think beyond their Selves. — To get away down here, it's like emptying my pockets, airing the room, brushing my clothes of 'em! — But Joyce is real, and has that rare thing, a Mind. It will take patience, hard work, study, breaking in — You see, she's in the rough, like — like" —

"A barnyard colt," suggested the captain, all serious attention.

"Ye-es," laughed the musician. "Something not quite so shaggy. I'll try to be plainer. She has the 'heart that watches and receives,' that's certain; lacks only the chance. I've said nothing to her, don't know what means may be at her disposal. But if she could have one year in the city, there's start enough. With her quickness, we'd go far. I've stopped taking pupils: all the more time for her. Of course, my reward would be the fun itself, the pride, seeing the girl forge ahead, shoot up — by Jove!" — he speared the ground recklessly, — "shoot up into a constellation!"

"Thank ye, sir," mumbled the captain. His uncertain fingers combed at the white beard; his eyes contracted, musing, among the kindly wrinkles that told of distant things long watched. "You're master gen'rous."

"After the first year, — well, for example, I'm trustee and Musical Grandpa to a school; teaching kiddies there, she could turn a handsome penny. What do you think?" Forgetting his mouse-like ways, eager with his project, the little man unfolded it as they walked homeward.

In the workshop, now almost bare, Zwinglius stooped about, despoiling another barrow-load.

"Zing!" the captain, entering, exploded wrathfully. "Come here! Hit me a handsome kick, will ye? H'ist me one good and solid! Lambaste my jacket!" The mate stared. "I'm a selfish old — old — old — customer! Always thinkin' o' Jack Christy fust and foremost. Nothin' else, by James Rice!" He stood regarding Zwinglius, like an aged schoolboy, disgraced, dogged, angry; then swung muttering into the kitchen.

"Hello, Joyce," he said gently. The girl, kneeling before her oven, turned with a smile. His scrutiny was strange, as though he saw in her face some quality never seen there before.

He was silent at dinner; through the afternoon paced the floor, sat figuring on a slate, with the air of a gloomy, patient dunce; but in the yellow glow of the supper table blossomed out so cheerfully with chuckles, laughter, far-fetched jokes, that Joyce's brown eyes were wide and puzzled.

The mingled emotions of that evening she was not soon to forget. As she sat alone by the lamp, the captain — whose heavy steps had creaked across the room above — came slowly downstairs, and paused in the doorway, smiling, with a book in his hand. His voice rang oddly.

"Joyce, I've got something to give ye, and somethin' I want to say."

To the apprehension in her look he answered quickly.

"It's good noos. I be'n a thoughtless old coot, Joyce; but after this I'll do better by ye. Ye know, before buyin' the Amirald, I laid the future all out, as I thought. I did n't, not half; but I figgered I had. Well, I wrote Her, Up the Line, and says, 'bout like this: 'If you cal'late to come back some time, as I hope, write me, and I won't buy this brigantine.' 'Bout like that. Well, she never answered."

The tall clock, ticking heavily, marked the stillness of the room.

"She never answered. That — kind o' — set me loose to buy, 'cause ye see, I felt I had n't a fam'ly no more. But" — he halted anxiously.

"But you have!" cried the girl, springing up. She clasped the big, bent shoulders, hugged him. "You have, have n't you? You have, Father Captain!"

His free hand clumsily patted her.

"All right, then," he growled, in great

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relief. His old, familiar manner returned. "Now we can set down and talk."

The girl perched on his elbow-chair, the white head and the brown tousled one together.

"So I want ye to hev this. I'd saved it for her, waitin' for her to grow up, — like you."

The proffered book, a little black Bible, opened at the fly-leaf. Above a date forty years old, they read, in the captain's crabbed antique hand: —

> For Eunice Christy
> from her loving father.
> "*Man cannot live* by bread alone." Matt. iv, 4.
> "I would have you wise unto that which is good, and simple concerning evil." Romans xvi, 19.

"Oh, Father Captain," faltered the girl, between long silences. She stroked the hard old hands, corded with veins, tattooed with the blue quincunx. "I'll feel better about your going away, now you've left me this."

"No, girl," he said gravely. "Ye don't understand. This goes with ye, to steer by when *you're famous, and a great lady,* and all."

Laboriously he revealed the musician's plan. After the first shock, the leap of her unbreathed ambition, she listened — motionless, pale, large-eyed, as in a dream.

"So, ye see, the cargo's Nova Scoshy coal for Noobryport. You'll sail that fur with me, and take the cars from there." He touched the book in her lap. "Now we've adopted each other, I can pay the fust year or so."

Joyce started again.

"How?" she asked, with vague misgiving.

"Oh, I'll git the money, dear," he answered, gay and elusive.

"But how?" she insisted.

"Why, I can sell the vessel handy, up in those parts, at a profit, too."

Easy, tremendous, untimely, the sacrifice overbore her: as when a friend, laughing, flushed, his cheer cut short, falls beside his friend in the moment of victory. Here, like a broken trifle, her old hero cast away his final dream and happiness.

"Oh, captain," she cried, choking, between tears and feeble laughter. "Oh, you — I could n't! I could n't! Don't you see — you never asked — I have plenty for the first year myself — more than four hundred dollars that I've saved. You old angel! No, I won't listen; it's wrong, wicked."

"No, Joyce," objected the captain sturdily; "the world's for the young, ye know."

"It is n't, either!" she protested, shaking him. "It's for all kinds, and you're the best in it! Now listen, you dear old goose." . . .

It was a long combat; but happy, resolute youth, guided by woman's wit, at last conquered. "So," she concluded, "we can both be independent. And whether I fail or go ahead, I'll come home when you — when you've had voyages enough. So we can each have our wish, father."

"Why — I guess — you're right!" declared the captain. "So we can!" Transfigured, he swung her in his arms, high to the crossbeams of the ceiling. "Both of us! Hooray!"

And Zwinglius, to whom this world was never clear, entered upon a mad scene of double jigs and capers before the fire.

On a clear September evening the Amirald put out to sea, before a dying wind that veered among the black fir islands. Bunty and Zwinglius stood amidships, watching the infant endeavors of the new foresail. By the cabin door sat Joyce, bareheaded, her hair darkly ruddy in the level glow of sunset waves, against which the captain, a giant silhouette, revolved a quick pattern of radiating spokes. Down the vastness of

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the sky astern thin arcs of cloud, white overhead, pearl, rose, and saffron toward the west, curved from the zenith like frail ribs of an infinite vaulted aisle spanning sea and land.

"Wind to-morrer, likely." The captain turned his head, and looked down the enormous nave toward the sinking glory. "Might be his arch, — your sailor man's. 'All experience,' eh, Joyce? Well, we're goin' through it together."

And to them, as to Ulysses, the deep called round with many voices of the past and the future.

AUTUMN MAGIC

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

Soon as divine September, flushing from sea to sea,
Peers from the whole wide upland into eternity,

Soft as an exhalation, ghosts of the thistle start:
Never a poet saw them but ached in his baffled heart.

O what a nameless urging through avenues laid in air;
Hints of escape, unbodied, intricate, everywhere;

Sense of a feared denial, or access yet to be won;
Gleams of a dubious gesture for guesses to feed upon!

Flame is flying in heaven, the down on the cool hillside:
Earth is a bride-veil glory that cannot conceal the Bride.

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SOUTHERNER SINCE THE CIVIL WAR

BY "NICHOLAS WORTH"

XIV

WE WHO ARE A PROBLEM

We decided — my wife and I — when the Spring came, that we would spend the summer farther north. My friend, Cooley, had made us a visit, and I had promised to attend a reunion of our class at Harvard in June.

Thus it came about that we spent most of the summer in New England. My old friends there knew, of course, little about me now. My little struggles and efforts had been made afar off. In those years "the South" was as remote from New England as Australia itself, except for the New England interest in the cotton crop and in the welfare of the Negro. But, as my little career became gradually known to my old acquaintances and to some new ones, they took not only a kindly, but, it seemed to me, an almost morbid interest in it. I discovered that I was invited to dinners with the expectation that I would talk about "conditions in the South." I was invited to address several clubs on the subject. Of course I declined. I shrank from having myself or my friends at the South regarded as "a problem." Doubtless we were a problem, but not for parade. I was alternately amused and humiliated. Several times Lee proposed that we go home and "enjoy our sorrows" by ourselves.

But one day I received an invitation to meet at dinner a number of gentlemen who were particularly interested in the "Southern problem," and who had much to do with the distribution of a large sum of money for educational work in the South. I soon discovered that I was expected to make an informal address. They were very earnest men. Among them was a bishop. I saw at once that he was among the most difficult to deal with of all the hindrances to human progress. A parasite on a rich community, sleek, satisfied, and self-righteous, — that man's condescension put the severest tax on my patience that I can recall. He was a member of a missionary board which maintained a number of schools for negroes in the Southern states, most of them theological schools; and he regarded the Southern whites as a race of cutthroats and murderers. He told stories of the oppression of colored friends of his, all true, I have no doubt; but there was a tone in his telling that first suggested murder to me and then gave me a feeling of despair.

Fortunately there were other men, and better, in the company. They frankly confessed that they had not seemed to find a way to give the help they wished. Could I show them how? Here was a new chance for usefulness. I told them what I knew and what I thought. I pointed out the need of help in educating the blacks, — the needed millions and millions of dollars and of thousands and thousands of men and women. I told them the need also of help to the whites, — the neglected, backward country population. The story of Professor Billy's college interested them; and before I went away that evening one man gave me a check for a thousand dollars to send to Professor Billy, to "do with as he saw fit."

One good and definite result came of this dinner. A week later I was asked if I would visit the colored schools in the South that were maintained or helped by

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this missionary organization, and make a report of my observations and conclusions. My expenses and an honorarium were to be paid by a layman (the man who had given me a check for Professor Billy), and I was to visit and report also on such schools for the training of the rural white population as I thought most worthy of help. For, the written request went on, "we are persuaded, as you have so clearly expressed it, that permanent and normal results can be achieved only by the simultaneous development of both races."

"Yes," I said, "I will do that, gladly, but I will accept no money for my services. The work must be my own contribution to the cause."

I confess that I had not thought to learn anything from these men or from this summer's experience about "the problem in the South." I had shown, perhaps, a closed mind. What could they know about it? But I now began to ask myself the question, what did *I* know about the training of the negroes? Surely I had suffered enough for my insistence on fair play to them. But I did not know what chances they had — except certain wholly inadequate chances in my own state — to train their children. More than that, I did not know what was being done in other Southern states for the whites. Outside of my own state, and outside of my personal acquaintance, I knew nothing; and I was now ashamed of my ignorance. Surely I had lived a narrow life not to have thought of these things before. It would be worth while, it seemed to me, to interrupt my work on the history long enough to make this investigation for my own instruction. We soon came home, and I went about it.

During those first weeks after my return, I had a keen longing for New England. Wherever I had been, there were orderliness, thrift, frankness; a clean land, clean towns, open minds, a frank and unaffected interest in public affairs, men and women who read books, who talked well, who knew what other interesting folk were doing in every part of the world. They got pleasure from the arts; they lived an intellectual life; they had frankness of expression and of opinion. Whenever they forgot, or were kind enough to seem to forget, that I was a Southerner and, therefore, a problem, I felt intellectually at home; and I wished that I could stay on among them.

We talked — Lee and I — of going to Massachusetts to live. But, in all truth, we were ourselves a part of the Problem. It enmeshed us. It was the background of our life. There was no escape from it. Duty called; and even more powerful than the sternest sense of duty was the innate feeling of home. We could not get away from our task, because it was a part of ourselves. Dead men's hands held us, too.

I had my moods when I frankly envied a man born in Massachusetts. He could choose his career, and go about it with directness and energy. The community was organized so as to make no demands on him but the demands of good citizenship; and its orderly ways to achievement were straight, if not easy. Of Ohio or Illinois almost the same thing could be said.

But in the South there was ever the shadow of the Problem. What did I owe the Negro, or the Negro owe me? Yet old Stover, Doak, Locke, the Daughters, the pressure of dead men's hands everywhere, thwarted my efforts. The building up of the community superseded every other duty and every private aim. It seemed a hard lot. It *is* a hard lot, a sad inheritance.

Oh, free men, wherever you live and toil and think, you who believe in the triumph of our democracy, my fellows and I do not ask your pity; but we do ask your sympathy and your understanding, — we of the post-bellum South, who had nothing to do with its old misfortunes, but whose lives must be spent in the struggle out of the shadow of them.

And yet there came other moods. A man who had only his personal career to work out, a mere personal success to

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achieve, a fortune to build, a professional standing to win, or even a larger problem to solve in an orderly and free community, where public opinion had its normal action, — how unsatisfying seemed so small a task! The glorious thing is to do a larger service, and the greater the difficulties the greater the service. Let us go on, then, for we may be the real builders of the largest House of Freedom in the whole wide reach of democracy.

In the city, the little capital near which I had spent most of my life, was one of the schools for negroes which this missionary society had established and helped to maintain. The state had for several years made a small appropriation to it because teachers for the negro public schools were taught there. I knew the principal of the college, — that is, I spoke to him when I met him on the street. He had been a preacher in New England, and he had taken up this missionary work in a zealous and self-sacrificing spirit. He had won the respect of the community, but, of course, not its social recognition. I felt ashamed that I had not known the man better, and that I had not even been inside his college. I began my investigation there, and — my own education.

Merciful God! the pathos of it!

XV

THE COLONELS' SUCCESSORS

I confess that I had little stomach for the task I had undertaken; and whenever I visited my brother, indecision renewed itself. There the river ever ran and turned the mill. The spindles and the looms knew no weariness. There was no dark problem in this village. Women and children worked in the mills, but they led their simple, laborious lives without serious problems of any sort. The children had good schools, the people good houses; nor was there any of that sadness that hangs like a cloud over many mill-towns.

Most of all was I cheered by a sight that I had never then seen elsewhere. My brother insisted on cultivating the land, and he was a cotton-grower, as well as a spinner and a weaver. There you could see the cotton planted, see it bloom, open, ripen; see it gathered, ginned, and sent straight into the mill. This pleased him, and his satisfaction was contagious. You could hear his enthusiastic sayings repeated often: "We care not who makes the laws of a people, if we may clothe them." "We have a monopoly of one of the essential products of the earth." "Here we grow cloth cheap enough even for the Chinese." All this was fundamental. He stood on the solid earth, and he got the fullness thereof. Would the cotton plant and the river, after all, not solve all our problems?

I visited one colored school after another, in half a dozen states. I found many that were better than the pathetic "college" I had first visited; but most of them were too near the pulpit and too far from the cotton field. If the white people were profoundly ignorant of what the colored schools were doing, — and that they certainly were, — the men who conducted most of these schools were equally ignorant of the life that lay about them and of the problem that they had in hand. Their work was in no way related to the present or to the future, but only to a theory.

Inefficient in other respects, and quite as pitiful, were most of the schools for the "common people" of the whites in the rural parts of the South. "Education" was thought of as being chiefly for boys. If a lad was to become a preacher, he went to a church college. If he was to become a lawyer, or a physician, or a public man, or if he were a rich man's son, he went to the "University." The rest went to no college. A struggling multitude filled the schools of low grade; but these taught little that a boy would use or hear of after he began to earn his living.

The schools for girls were the "female seminaries," under church direction. The

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less said of them, the more we may cherish the memory of our predecessors. Of course, I did not visit the best schools in these states,—schools like Graham's and the better colleges,—for my task was to find out what schools most needed help in reaching the neglected masses. The first trouble with the masses was the lack of desire to educate their children.

I made my report first to the Sunrise Club; for I wished to hear what other men who thought as I did would say about it. We had previously worked out a plan for a state school that should teach white boys how to grow cotton and bale it, how to run looms, how to mend wagons and to build roads,—plain things that it was the fashion to call "agricultural and mechanical." The project had been put one side till Professor Billy should get his school for young women established. That had now been done; and the Scrub Legislature, finding cotton warehouses impracticable, had spent its energy for two winters in helping the public-school system. There was the beginning of a real popular awakening. We decided to renew our attack on the legislature for an agricultural and mechanical college.

But something must be done for the negroes also, if what I had learned were to bear fruit at home. We made a plan for a similar school for negro boys and girls; and we called the president of the college at the capital into conference with us. No, he could not, under his aims and instructions, change the character of the college. Its main object was to train young men for the holy ministry.

How time helps to solve all hard problems! The very next winter both Colonel Stover and Colonel Doak were gathered to their fathers. The wounds of war hastened the death of one I was fond of, Colonel Stover; and this sentence is written in sincere regard for his memory. As for old Doak, strong drink gave time good help in ripening him for the grave. It was hard to feel grief at his passing. Pretty soon Captain Locke, too, showed signs of worry and age, and it looked as if the state might be left to the care of the "incompetent." His paper had never paid its expenses; and when both Colonel Stover and Colonel Doak were gone, he found it harder to get contributions from public-spirited citizens to keep it going. Important changes seemed imminent.

It is enough to say that the Agricultural and Mechanical College came quickly. The beginnings were pathetic, as the beginnings of the college for women had been. But its beautiful buildings now crown a noble hill; and five hundred youth are in training there,—good training; the state is proud of it; there are good roads; and the cotton fields which these young men work yield twice their former crops.

I reported to my New England missionary friends the sad things that I had seen; and I asked them to take counsel of the one man in the world who was a great master of the subject that they were studying,—a man of imagination and of genius, a man who found the path through universal darkness to everlasting hope, a man who had shown the way to solve the most difficult problem that our democracy has encountered. I reminded them of his name and address,—Samuel C. Armstrong, Hampton, Virginia. For the day I went to Hampton was a day of new hope. There the Negro was and is taught to be a man or a woman, and trained to do something in the world. No one is ignorant of this now.

In a few years the ecclesiastical president of the negro college at the capital died. The honor that was his due was never paid him. But his removal helped the march of events. The aid that death brought us in all our plans suggested the benefits of discriminating assassination to some wag in our increasing company; for the Sunrise Club was now a popular organization, and there was need to be careful lest its membership become unwieldy. The property of the negro college had increased in value as the town had grown. The society that owned it sold it, and proposed to give its whole

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fund to the state, if the state would build and maintain an agricultural and mechanical school for colored youth.

Thus came into being three most useful institutions, — Professor Billy's college for white girls (that, too, is in great measure agricultural and mechanical, and in every way practical), and the two state colleges of the practical arts, one for each race.

There ought to be a thousand schools, it seemed to me, that should have the aim of Hampton. Else how could the negroes — even a small percentage of them — ever be touched by any training at all? And if they were not to be trained in a way that would make the cotton-fields cleaner and more productive, how should our upbuilding go on? For it must never be forgotten that the very basis of civilization here is always to be found in cotton.

At no time have there been fewer illiterate negroes in the Southern states than there were in 1865, when they first became freedmen. All the educational activity has not been able to keep up with the increase of the population. The missionary societies and all their schools cannot, then, solve the problem. Let us welcome them, and guide them right. But if the negroes are to be trained by schools at all, the schools must be maintained by the states. No other agency can reach any considerable number of them. The education of the negroes is not a problem by itself, and we shall go wrong if we so consider it. It is part and parcel of the education of the whole Southern people. We might as well, then, turn our full strength at once to the larger and more inclusive problem, maintaining, as must needs be, separate schools for each race, but admitting no distinction in opportunity.

I could not, therefore, become interested in negro education as distinguished from the education of the whites, nor in white education as distinguished from the education of the negroes. Yet this difference had to be considered, that the negroes did not yet anywhere receive equal consideration in the Southern states. Nor will they, for that matter, for a long time to come. The whole problem took its place as a part of the larger problem, — the need of seeing things as they are and of discussing them freely. There must be no closed subjects in Southern life, — that sums it up.

The fate of the *News*, therefore, now that the old political oligarchy was dying, was a matter of some concern to us. Two rich men, it turned out, held a sort of mortgage on it, one a railroad "magnate" and the other a successful merchant. They would do whatever was best "for the party." The party fetich was persistent and powerful. The upshot of it all was that a younger man became editor, of whom we had hope, but in whom we could not place complete confidence.

Objection arose to what had been called such large appropriations to negro schools. The cry was raised: "Let each race have school money in proportion to the taxes that it pays." Old Colonel Doak had used the Negro as a card in his game of politics. So, too, had Colonel Stover, and most of the other Colonels. They felt no personal hostility to the Negro. But "what are our niggers for," they used frankly to ask, "if we can't beat the enemy by using the nigger as a boogy?" And the "enemy" used them simply as tools.

But now came a generation of men who all their lives had read and heard that the Negro wished to subvert our social system; and they believed it. The new editor of the *News* was one of these. He believed that it was a crime — a dangerous thing — to educate a negro; and he championed the movement for dividing the school taxes in proportion to the sum that each race paid. We had thought that we had gained much. But now we must halt and fight it all over again.

A bitterer feeling grew up between the races, — indeed, was deliberately fomented, it seemed to me and to many other men. And an election was coming on. The cry was taken up of restricting

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the suffrage, — "putting the nigger out of politics," as he had been put out in some other Southern states. There was no need of it to keep white ascendency, for the whites had a large majority in the state. But the plan did have advantages. It would prevent ignorant black men from being led, in a mass, to the polls; and it would, it was hoped, cause white men to discuss other political subjects than this wearisome race question.

Very quickly the campaign waxed hot. There were "race riots" (that is, drunken fights) at places where no such things had happened before. One Saturday night there was such a fight at a railroad village not far from my brother's mill-town. A drunken negro badly cut a white man. He was caught the next morning (Sunday), in a cabin a few miles from my brother's, and he was brought to the mill-town to be locked up to await trial. The white man was yet alive, but he might die. The doctor gave little hope of his recovery. This enraged the white friends of the wounded man, and the rumor came on Sunday afternoon that a mob would that night take the negro from the flimsy jail which, in that peaceful town, was called a "lock-up," though it had never held a prisoner but once before.

My brother heard the rumor, and he discovered that there was small doubt of its truth. A little branch railroad ran from the mill-town to the county-seat of the next county; but no trains were run on Sunday. The railroad belonged to the owners of the mills. My brother asked the town marshal to bring the prisoner quietly, just as it became dark, to the engine-house. He had a locomotive ready. The engineer, the marshal, the handcuffed negro, and the fireman got into the locomotive and were ready to begin the journey to the county town of the next county. My brother would have no lynching in his town, nor murders to prevent lynching.

In a few minutes the news spread that the lockup was empty, and a crowd gathered. They found their way to the engine-house just as the locomotive came out. In the excitement every man asked every other one, "Who is taking the nigger away, and where are they carrying him?" One rumor was that he was to be rescued — set free. Any foolish rumor will spread in a gaping crowd. One thing seemed certain to them, — he was in the locomotive, and the locomotive was moving through the dark.

My brother, having seen the prisoner fairly started, jumped from the locomotive as it moved slowly away. A shot was fired, — perhaps it was thought that the negro was making his escape, — and my brother received a mortal wound, from which he died a month later.

XVI

A BUILDER AND HIS DREAM

The horrifying frequency of murder in the Southern states during these years is the most discouraging measure of social wrongness. Life was held so cheap that the death of a man — of any man — was regarded merely as a more or less inevitable incident, as railroad accidents are regarded in other parts of the country.

My father and my brother both had been men without enemies, men who were universally beloved in the community, as they deserved to be. They were men, too, of proved usefulness. Neither had been in public life. Yet both became in their prime the victims of violence. Unreasoning and promiscuous danger stalks in any community where life is held cheap by even a few, and where the laws are enforced by privilege or race. In such a community there is no sufficient defense against a mob, or even against a drunken fool; and the act of a fool may rob the community of its best man. In the bitterness of my grief, I could not forget that the community, and especially those who made the bitter campaign, were responsible for this crime. But, universal and sincere as the sorrow

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was, nobody put the blame where it really belonged.

Now, surely, I should have gone away, — for what hope was there even of safety to human life? — but for a compelling reason. The whole family's business interests fell to my care. My sister-in-law, unlike my mother, was not an heroic woman in this practical way, though in her own gentle fashion she stood in the forefront. Incompetent as I might turn out to be at such a task, I could not shirk what became my plain duty. The problem was much larger and more difficult than it had ever been before. There were now three mills, a railroad, and many allied enterprises; and the investments of other persons were involved.

As the task became gradually familiar to me, I had moods when I regretted that I had not taken it up with my brother years before. He had done the only wise thing, — stuck to the earth. Yet he had met his death, and I, who had made enemies, — and had accomplished what? — was left to reap the fruits of his labors.

I settled down to the task of a mill-owner and man of affairs. My history of the state was well along toward completion, but I had no time to think more about it now. I soon discovered that my brother had been an even wiser and greater man than I had supposed. He had worked out solutions while I had been studying problems. Plans that he had often talked over with me now took a new meaning when I approached them by work rather than by discussion.

Cotton is King, and will here be King forever. He knew that fact, and he had built securely upon it. He had begun in the fields themselves; and they, I discovered (I must have known this before, but I had not seen its full meaning), were really experimental farms. He had tried selected seeds. He had, in fact, bred what might be called a new variety of upland cotton, very much more productive than the kind usually grown. He had made experiments with much machinery for cultivating the plant; for there is not enough labor to cultivate it in the old wasteful way. From plant to finished garment, he had studied every process, and made improvements and economies wherever he had touched the long series of processes and of crafts. He saw room and healthful work for an enormously increased population; and he would have them avoid the social and sanitary dangers of the great mill-towns in England and in New England. He would have manufacturing villages, not towns; and the village that he had built showed everywhere, as I became more intimately acquainted with it, evidences of his constructive work. If he had not given his time to the discussion of schools, he had done better: he had built a village that was itself a school. He had even foreseen the time when negroes would work in the mills. The objection to them was a social, not an industrial, objection; and he had made a plan for a mill, apart, wherein negro labor only should in time be used. For already there was visible an insufficient supply of mill-workers.

And his mind had wandered to other problems, of a different sort. He had kept an inventor busy for more than two years (he had never spoken to me about this) trying to construct a machine that should gather the cotton from the plant: the one machine that is needed to reduce cotton-culture to a scientific basis.

He had studied markets, too, as well as a man may who spends most of his time at home. Many great markets for cotton products had not yet even been found; and those that were open to the Southern mills were supplied in an awkward and expensive and indirect way. When the best breeds of cotton are grown on lands properly fed for its culture, and when it is worked and gathered by perfected tools and handled intelligently and spun and woven near the fields, and when all the mechanism for the sale and distribution of its products is made smooth and direct, then — such was the plan that he was proving — the South will become one of the most fascinating and prosperous workshops in the world. There will be room

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here for every pair of hands to earn plenty, and under conditions that make life worth living.

It is a marvelous fact, unmatched anywhere under the sun, that these Southern states have a practical monopoly of one of the most valuable staple products of the earth. No other land has such an advantage. Wheat grows on our great prairies; it grows in many other countries also. So corn; so cattle; so wool; so even the minerals, gold and silver and copper. No one land has a monopoly even of tropical products. But the South is, and always will be, the great source of cotton. And, with all this, it is a fair land to live in, with its forests, — such as are left, — its mountains, its streams, whose falling water would turn mills enough to spin and weave a cotton crop tenfold as great as has yet been grown, and with its fruit, and with a soil that brings forth all growths of the temperate zone. Merciful Heaven, for what sin of our forefathers were they smitten with such blindness as to make the one great structural mistake in building the great House of our Liberties, — the capital mistake of keeping slavery — of all conceivable uses — for cotton-culture! Slaves would have done anything else better than they did this. It was a blight of the land; not a mere waste and not a mere delay in its development, but a blight. For, if men of England and of New England had come to the cotton, instead of having slave-grown cotton sent to them, every mill of Old England and of New would have been founded in these states; and the world's great trade routes would have led to Southern ports. The English race would, by this great industry, have by this time developed here better, perhaps, than it has yet developed anywhere; for in no region of the world has it such an economic advantage as, with an exclusively white population, it would have possessed in the South.

Instead of such a result my brother, who was helping to regain this loss, lies dead; the state is ruled by men who do all they can to keep the kingly staple shackled to ignorant labor; the very social organization reveres the defenders of the greatest error in our history; a sleek bishop in New England condescends to regard the theological needs of a population that is untrained to work; we are a great backward province, apart, without influence or character in the nation. And even the best and wisest men are prating about formal "Education!"

I became ashamed of the little oratorical part that I had played. I was ashamed too, of my whole country. Where are the men who see this great subject in its largest aspects? A thousand such men as my brother would change the course of history in a generation, for they would be the rebuilders of society, — every sound society must rest on productive work, — the organizers of industry, the emancipators of thought, the pilots of a new world-commerce.

XVII

THE BROADENING DAY

My sister came home from China, sweetened, saddened, carrying about with her a steady glow of benignity. Hers was a life given to others, without reward except the kindling of her gentle spirit as it gave forth light. No she would not go back. She would help rear my brother's children. Again the people of the mill-village became her spiritual and social charges. Whenever I have lost courage, I have looked at her and been ashamed. Whenever the sweetest part of the past has become dim, I have looked at her, and seen my mother.

There were other springs of courage, too. Never failing among them were my own wife and children, — there were two now. Sometimes I thought I saw in my boy's features and motions a hint of my grandfather; for the memory of that old man yet held a strong place in my life. I sometimes drove to the Old Place and spent a night there, telling the children stories of the two old men who lay to-

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gether in the garden; and Uncle Ephraim and their great-grandfather took places in their minds, as I was glad to see, among their heroes. Sometimes they kept company, in their little memories, with Agamemnon, sometimes with George Washington. No matter: they were safely placed in those galleries of the great, down which we can look all our lives because we looked down them first in childhood.

The river flowed on, and it not only turned the spindles and the looms, but it also lighted every residence in the mill-village, even the humblest. Cards and spindles and looms and sewing-machines, which also the river turned, changed the cotton into garments. So well had my brother laid the foundations of every part of the business that I deserve no credit, except in the matter of industry, for becoming a successful man of affairs. There was a kind of satisfaction, which I had not before felt, that came from doing something that you could see and touch. It must be true, after all, that a man in action is the noblest work of God.

But I discovered, as a new reason for amusement and sometimes for chagrin, that our social organization is a most curious growth. I had spent my early years as a champion of democracy, — for the lack of the better word, — for that state of things wherein every man may have a fair chance. I had faith in the forgotten and neglected man. I worked to enable him to discover his mind, his opinions, his voice, and freedom in the use of them; for it was the suppression of opinion that suppressed men. Cotton had been made a tyrant, while it had itself been shackled and mangled and despoiled of its kingdom. To restore it and its slaves both to freedom, that was the task for which I had labored. I was laboring for it yet.

But during these later years I had not held educational positions or commissions; I had not been a candidate for office; I had not often spoken in public; and I discovered that my early work was soon almost forgotten. It was even taken for granted that I had recanted, that I was no longer especially concerned about the building up of the forgotten and neglected masses; that I was no longer a "fool friend of the nigger." True, I was now a member of the Board of the University, — the board on which Colonel Stover and Judge Thorne had sat before they had gone to their eternal Confederate camping-ground. I was a member of the boards also of most of the other state institutions, including the Agricultural and Mechanical College for negroes. And, although I served all these as well as I could, the public regarded me chiefly as "a substantial citizen," as a man of affairs, even as a rich man, modest as my income was.

The pendulum had swung to the other side. I was become — so the public seemed to think — a pillar of society, one in the row of pillars that holds up the House of Have, rather than, as before, a discarded stone of the House of Must Have. This change in the public toward me was, no doubt, natural. I had quietly given these years to solutions rather than to theories. The men in the public eye were still the oratorical men, an inefficient, noisy group on one side, a wicked and noisier group on the other. I had — I must confess — become tired of noise and oratory, and distrustful of talk; in the men who work constructively and intelligently I saw the best hope of the future.

Besides, I had been much away from home. We had gone abroad one year. Several summers I had spent in New England. I had become much interested in the world-wide organization of the cotton-trade, — or the lack of its proper organization. Although I had never been conscious of losing interest in the deepest needs of the state, — for I was, in fact, more deeply absorbed in the task of developing the people, and more intelligently and effectively absorbed than I had ever been before, — the people did not know it. The problems that I worked at lay outside the range of their talk.

But during those years. wretched as

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the lowland South yet was, great changes had come in our upland country, changes wrought chiefly by industry. There was now a great system of railroads; towns had doubled and quadrupled their populations; schoolhouses had been built everywhere; the colleges, of all sorts, were turning out young men and women who were better trained than their predecessors had been, by far. Poverty had yielded to industry, and men had money. This was a startling change from the days of my boyhood. There were many reasons why we should be hopeful.

But the politics of the state was yet in the hands of a wretched crew. How wretched they were, I confess I did not know till another absorbing public event revealed their character. Everybody knew and felt the shame of the commonplace men who held public office. But they were, at least, not personally corrupt. True, they would steal ballot boxes, if need be; but that was not counted theft. And they would not take bribes; their hands were clean of this low crime. They displayed a fervent state pride. Those of us who believed in revolution through industry had, in fact, paid too little heed to our political matters. Their oratory was tiresome, and we kept to our own tasks.

Liberty of opinion had broadened its area, too. It was well-nigh unthinkable now that a man should be dismissed from the faculty of the University as I had been. Such a thing could not happen in our present free atmosphere. Even the tyranny of the religious sects had been relaxed. The Baptist members of the Legislature were now never called together in caucus to discuss a plan of opposition to the public schools, — "irreligious education," as they called it. Both in politics and in religion a man might hold almost any opinion he chose, if he expressed it decorously. I could look back and see how very far we had traveled in my lifetime. Time — surely, a little more time — would bring us to ourselves and to our own.

Still two things disturbed us. Many of the best trained youth sought their fortunes elsewhere. The flow of emigrants was steady, but of immigration there was no flow. In spite of our industries, young men went away. I knew why men had gone away in previous years. If I had had more courage, — or less, — I should have gone myself. I should have gone, as I was, but for the accidental change in my career. Did these young men to-day feel the same repression that I had felt?

And now a new political campaign came on. The man who had been governor had done his task ill. Several state enterprises had been mismanaged, and the state's representation at Washington had become disgracefully antiquated and inefficient. Two old men sat in the Senate ("two noble Romans," the party organs and platforms always called them), who did not know that the years had brought changes in the world. The public sentiment of the State had outgrown them. There was a still rising tide of revolt against the old machine, and now a dramatic plan was adopted to save it, a plan that the ghost of old Colonel Doak must have suggested; for "what are our niggers for if not to win campaigns with?"

XVIII

THE SHADOW AGAIN

I pray you now read with patience, if you care to read farther at all; for this is the most tiresome and discouraging chapter in the recent annals of our country. We had, as I said, come to the Mount of Hope, and the prospect was fair in our upland South. We were freeing our old King from the fetters of slovenly work and poor land and primitive manufacture, and we were regaining our own liberties, — prosperity, right training, free thought. A man was a man, white or black. We had our own ways of life, to which custom and convenience had shaped us. But we were men who lived without bitterness and hatred. Under the fairest land, I suppose, if one could dig deep enough, volcanic fires are somewhere smouldering.

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The hard-pressed political machine was willing to loose even volcanic fires, if it could thereby save itself. And the machine now was not run by the old Colonels; for they were nearly all gone to their eternal rest, or to the half-way house of state pensions. Men of my own generation — some younger than I — were come into political management. They had seemed to us hitherto to be commonplace lawyers without clients, editors of newspapers that did not yield a profit, hangers-on to legitimate industry. They were not thought to be burdened with convictions, nor had they received credit for sleepless vigilance in "saving society." But suddenly they assured us that they were its most zealous guardians, and they came forth with social and political convictions, which, they declared, they would stand for to the death!

We were about to be engulfed in a flood of African despotism, they said. Our liberties were in peril; our very blood would be polluted; dark night would close over us, — us, degenerate sons of glorious sires, — if we did not rise in righteous might and stem this barbaric flood.

Whatever all this meant, it was certain that the full stream of oratory was again flowing. It was at first received with incredulity. The plain fact was that the Negro did not threaten the white man. Life was going as peacefully as at any time in the history of the state. The negroes did not even take a very active part in politics; and when they did they were defeated, by fair means or foul; and they had lost interest in this form of activity. So, in truth, had many of the whites, too; for politics had become a small section of life. We had larger tasks in hand. But the cry continued that something must be done, unless Anglo-Saxon civilization was to be abandoned, and our homes ruined.

In several lowland states, the negroes had been disfranchised by amendments to state constitutions. There, I think, such an action would have been wise if it had been fairly done, — if the ignorant and the thriftless had been deprived of the ballot without distinction of race. But in our state there was no such necessity. The whites had a large majority of votes, and there was no danger of negro rule. Six months before the time of which I am writing, nobody would have pretended that there was such a danger in our state. But the campaign was precipitated on this "issue:" the white man against the black man. The Negro was a savage, a brute, a constant menace. Educate him? Then you only make him more cunning for evil. He must be put down, and kept down.

The political expression of this crusade was a disfranchising amendment. But the oratorical expression of it became a cry of race-hatred. Men whose faithful servants were negroes, negroes who had shined their shoes in the morning and cooked their breakfasts and dressed their children and groomed their horses and driven them to their offices, negroes who were the faithful servants and constant attendants on their families, — such men spent the day declaring the imminent danger of negro "equality" and "domination." "We must put them out of politics once and forever." The old Colonels had been more frank when they said, "What are our niggers for but to win elections with?" This was an election that must be won. The governorship and a senatorship were at stake.

And the volcanic fires were found. The race-difference became in many minds a fierce race-hatred. There is no way to know how many crimes were provoked by this outburst of race-feeling. But every crime, little or big, that was committed was described again and again, and commented on. The newspapers became unreadable by decent women. Conversation ran to criminal talk. The political orators talked crime. The redcoats of the ku-klux era reappeared. Negroes were threatened and intimidated. Even the pulpit took up the cry, "Our homes must be saved!"

Of course there were protests; but they came too late. Many men who

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understood the insincerity of it all, and saw the harm that it was doing, — for such a crusade provokes the very evils that it cries out against, and all other evils of social disorder, — such men declared their objection. But they had feeble voices, because they spoke late. The volcano was in eruption. It was too late to say that there was no volcano.

I was thrown into a sort of stupor. A thing had happened that I thought never could happen again. I had deceived myself into a belief in real progress, when we had slipped back whole decades — whole centuries, it seemed to me. I could not sit in silence longer. There was soon to be a big political rally at the capital. When the time for it came, I went. As a "prominent citizen" I was invited to the platform. Perhaps not a man in the audience recalled my long-ago brief period of political oratory. I had become "a captain of industry," a "solid man." Nor had I for many years been a "traitor" or a "bolter" in politics. Between two bad parties, I had voted with the one whose hands were at least clean of bribe-money; and I had been silent.

The speaking began. It was inflammatory. Most of it was a horrid lie from beginning to end. A state of society was pictured which every man who heard it knew, when he was in his senses, to be a horrid lie. Yet for the moment they believed it. For there is a dark and unfathomable abyss of race-feeling. Look into it, and you cannot say surely what you see. What may the future contain? A race that is only a few generations from savagery, — is the savage extinct? Can you be sure of that? Men's fears rise as children's in the dark. Nothing that they *have* seen frightens them. It is what they *may* see.

While the ceiling was resounding with applause of the violent speech of a young fellow who had never known such a man as old Ephraim nor such a relation as that which he bore to my grandfather, to my father, and to me, I told the presiding officer that I should like to say a few words to the audience before the meeting broke up. After a while he introduced me in his fulsome way. I said frankly, and as quietly as I could, that the best proof of the freedom and strength of a people was their willingness to hear all men speak freely. I told them that I differed from the other speakers, and that perhaps I was not fairly entitled to be heard further. "Go on!" they cried. I went on. There were hisses, but there was some applause also. I spoke what I felt, and the wild orgy of race-hatred ceased for one moment, — only for one moment. An "orator" came next. He aroused it again.

I was pleased that many men spoke to me afterwards and thanked me. I had pleaded only for moderation. I had even commended a restriction of the suffrage, if no distinction should be made between the races; but I expressed regret that the campaign had taken so violent a turn. The next morning the newspaper grossly misreported what I had said, and reminded its readers that I had been "irregular" before, — "an unpleasant reminder made necessary with great regret."

I received invitations from "the enemy" — the frightened Republican machine — to make addresses; but if I accepted them I should have no audiences but negroes. Besides, I should throw away what influence I might have by "going over to the enemy." But the old oratorical habit was asserting itself. How deep the impulse must be in our Southern blood! I made appointments myself to address the people at several places. They came to hear me, some from respect for me, more from curiosity. What could be my motive? Was I a candidate for the senatorship?

The party organs looked up their files of years before. They retold the story of my dismissal from the University, of my campaign (as they now expressed it) "for negro education." Ever since I had attended Harvard College, I had been "tainted" with a wrong view of the Negro. One paper published this inquiry

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addressed to me, "in sorrowful emphasis:" "Would you marry your daughter to a nigger?" And it added: "Until the gentleman answers that test question, we need not pay more attention to what he says."

Evidently I had mistaken the effect of industry on men's character and judgment. Or else industry had yet touched too few of them. The same temper prevailed that I had encountered nearly twenty years before; the same or worse. For not only was the election won by the "white man's party," — for the time that name took the place of all other names, — but the race-feeling that had been stirred up remained. The young had been fired with it. It became a part of the general notion, a kind of creed, that the Negro was likely to efface the white man, if he were not repressed. A literature grew up, explaining the necessity of preserving "Anglo-Saxon civilization." Men wrote about it in the newspapers; preachers preached about it; young men chose it for the subject of their graduating orations, young women as the subject of their essays. Novels appeared describing the crimes and social aspirations of the Negro, and they became popular; a code of personal conduct toward the Negro was set up, even for Northern men, to which they must conform. While I write, my hope recedes, and the pathos of my country deepens. A large part of the Southern people have persuaded themselves that the Negro must be kept to a level reminiscent of slavery, forgetting that on this level he can be only a burden. Thus they hold down all the people in economic ways. Nor is this the worst result; they hinder the free play of thought.

Yet I cannot get rid of the conclusion, the only conclusion that right reason leads to, that sanity will triumph at last. The Negro is not a menace, at least in the upland South. He is only a burden, and a burden that has become less and less since slavery. But he will forever remain a burden if he is repressed and left without training. Yet, clear as this conclusion is when it is reasoned out, what are we to expect of the emotional qualities of Southern life? Have slavery and the presence of the Negro caused a permanent loss of white character in the South, so that fear rules where reason ought to sit? The Negro brought a century-long blight to the land. Did he bring a blight also to the white race here?

But I will not forget that the river runs, the spindles turn, and the looms are at work; and every year they are fed by better cotton, — better handled, better sold, for a higher price; and unnumbered millions of human creatures wait for the cloth that is woven of it. We weave more and more; and some time, if we are efficient men, Old England and New England may bring all their looms and all their weavers here, — if we are patient and wise. Patience — sweet Heaven, infinite is the patience called for. For we are yet "apart," oratorical, emotional, "peculiar," in spite of the incalculable progress that we have made in the little time covered by this story of a life spent without large result. A well-rounded life surely it has not been; for it has been too volcanic. Perhaps there can be no well-rounded life in this land — except a few unusual women's lives — within a century of slavery.

Patience, then, is the word, — a long, long patience. Changes have come and are coming. In these forty years they have been many. The people rise; our lands become richer; our vision wider; our temper more tolerant. The South is not a "problem." It is a social and industrial condition. You cannot solve a condition. You can only gradually improve it. And no social condition is either so bad or so good as any one man guesses by the small section of it that he sees. We hope to see great results from one campaign, from one lifetime of effort. Great results are visible only generation by generation.

Thus it is that we who sometimes feel the deepest despair at other times feel

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the highest hope. We cannot get away from our love of the land and the people. Those that work only for themselves seem to us to miss the larger inspiration of our democracy; and we do get at least — certainly we get at times — the triumphant sense of working at a hard task which is well worth doing. And so we go on, betwixt high hope and weariness, as I dare say men have gone on since human society began. If the bigness of the task is appalling, and the time required to do it indefinitely longer than our day of labor, so have all men found all grave social problems.

XIX

WHERE HOME IS

But, as I was about to say before this last oratorical depression seized me, when my son became old enough to go to college I said to him what my grandfather had said to me. Nicholas Lee — for that was his name — had been about the world, as I had not while I was a lad; but he had so far lived in this corner of a big planet, and I wished his horizon to be wider. He took the cue. I was a Harvard man; so would he be.

He knew of the revival of race-feeling, and of my occasional despair. He, too, felt some repression and lack of companionship; but he had always known a freedom of opinion that I had won only after many a hard battle. I had made plain to him my own struggles; and I had told him, as well as I could, what he might expect. He must live where he would. He need not inherit our misfortunes. I wished him to be free.

Now he was soon to be graduated. What he would do, and where he would live, I did not know. His mother and I went to see him in his day of bloom. He was now become a man, and he seemed well-balanced and quiet in spirit. Ah, how that wild night of my oratorical triumph, and of my cousin's presence, came back to me! Had this boy emotions, or was the stock breeding down to calmness?

That night, when I came in from a dinner with some old friends, the boy sat in his mother's room, at our hotel. "Nicholas Lee tells me," said his mother, in tears, — I think they were tears of joy, but you cannot always be sure of a woman's tears, — "Nicholas Lee tells me that he wishes to live in the South; he wishes to serve his own country."

I fell into a dream — afar off.

"Yes, sir," he was saying, as I awoke the next second, "there is nothing so noble as the work you have done to build up our people. It is the great task of our time. I should not do my duty to seek a career elsewhere."

Patience — a long patience! For we do believe that the democratic idea has healing in it for all social conditions. Is it not a proof of a fine quality of manhood that the lad should hear and heed when a hard, long, high task calls him? How long, how hard, no one can tell him.

And the mill-village this very autumn, with the fields about it white with cotton, and in the soft air that invites to easy labor, is a place that much-traveled men might envy us. I hear the falling water in the river. These are fundamental forces, and for us they mean home; and, however far a man may wander, I suspect that his home is where his duty abides.

XX

A SHADOW BEHIND THE HEDGE

Early in the winter, when the quail were plenty on the Old Place, I went there with my son and a group of his friends for a few days' sport. One day it was dark; I was sure it would rain. The weather did not deter the young fellows, but I decided to remain at home while they went shooting. I had some time before found a copy of *Cotton is King and Pro-slavery Arguments*, which I had brought to the old house as I might bring back an old piece of furniture that belonged there; and I was sitting by the fire, reading the argument of a once famous bishop to

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show that slavery was divinely ordained. The colored boy came in, and told me that a lady had driven to the gate and was coming toward the house. I went to the door and met her.

"If I am not obtruding" — she began, in some confusion. "Is this place for sale?"

"No, madam," I replied.

"Perhaps — I must have been misinformed. It is the old home, is it not, of Mr. Worth?"

"Yes," I said; "I am Mr. Worth. Will you come in?"

She had not told me who she was. Her manner was confused. She wore a heavy veil. I confess that I was puzzled. It had, I dare say, been many a year since any strange lady had come here.

"Mr. Nicholas Worth?" she asked. "Yes, I will come in, I thank you. I am Mrs. Wheelwright of Pittsburg. You do not know me?" Then, with a sad smile, she lifted her veil, and said, "I am Milly — Jane's child."

She had come to see her birthplace, this elegantly dressed woman, and to visit Uncle Ephraim's grave.

She told me her history. I felt ashamed that I had forgotten her. Tom Warren had again fought fair, as our "code" goes. He had given her mother money to educate her. They went first, after Uncle Ephraim's death, to Nashville, Tennessee. There Jane died, soon after Milly had been graduated at Fiske University. Milly then went to Oberlin College, in Ohio, still as a "colored" girl; but her "color" would never be detected outside the South. From Oberlin she had gone to one of the smaller cities of Illinois, where she "passed as white;" and there she became a teacher in the public schools. The only person who knew her whole career was a good woman in the Fiske faculty. "I tell you," she said, "what nobody else knows."

She had married a mechanical engineer, many years older than she, who by an invention had become a man of considerable fortune; and they now lived in Pittsburg. He had gone to Denver on a business errand for several weeks, and she had decided during his absence to visit her birthplace, with no idea that she would reveal her identity to any one. She had arrived at the little capital city the day before; and, after this pilgrimage she was going home the next day.

We talked long, and with the utmost frankness. We went into the garden to see the graves of the two old men. Often her eyes became moist as she recalled this or that incident of her childhood; and so did mine. At dinner time, — we still have dinner in the middle of the day, — we sat down and ate together, the servants wondering who she was. When they were present we talked guardedly.

No sooner had she driven away than I sank into as deep a reverie as ever overwhelmed a man. This was her childhood's home, and there was no human being but me to whom she could tell so simple a fact without risk of wrecking her own life and her husband's; she had, in a sense, stolen away from home and made a long journey to see the place once more; and she was the daughter of a man to whom she would not reveal herself, for her own sake as well as his. He had other daughters now, — very like her, I noticed, and, I dare say, no more cultivated,

The young men came in from the hunt. While we were at supper, I told them, so that the servants would hear me, that a strange thing had happened. "A 'Yankee' woman called to ask if the place was for sale; she looked over it, and I kept her to dinner, and found her a very pleasant lady indeed. Shall we sell the Old Place, boys?"

They looked up with wonder at so absurd a question; and we passed from the subject with a laugh, as we pass by many dark tragedies that lurk just behind the hedges of our Southern life. But it may be that all gardens have sad, shadowy dwellers on the other side of their walls of roses.

(The end.)

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NEW YORK AFTER PARIS

BY ALVAN F. SANBORN

To the Parisian who sees New York for the first time, it must appear a wilderness of sprawling ugliness. He is shocked rather than dazzled by most of the things with which he is expected to be impressed; and his eyes, nose, and ears are constantly and cruelly assailed by sights, smells, and sounds to which New Yorkers through long familiarity are oblivious. "A big iron bazaar, and dirty beyond belief!" was the verdict of a Frenchman who fled from it in dismay and disgust at the end of twenty-four hours; and while not every Frenchman who arrives in New York takes to his heels in this inglorious fashion, the criticism is fairly typical of the way New York strikes the fastidious Gaul.

To the American returning to New York with a point of view gained by a long residence in Paris the New World metropolis must spell disillusion. The squalid, sagging, lurching wood-and-iron wharf line — the thing above all others he would most willingly have missed — confronts him on his arrival practically unaltered, except that it seems to him, in comparison with the trim and tidy banks of the Seine and the clean, substantial stone docks of Havre he has just left, more insufferable than his memory pictured it. Everything else has changed, and changed, it seems to him, for the worse.

Trinity spire and the Produce Exchange tower, which used to refresh his vision down town, are hidden by a score of nondescript sky-scrapers, and the beautiful lines of the Brooklyn Bridge are broken by these same intruders. The exquisite City Hall suffers likewise from their proximity, and will soon be perceived but dimly, like a jewel at the bottom of a well. The Bowery, which was erstwhile gay and piquant with glitter and gaud, has degenerated into sodden commonplaceness. Broadway (from City Hall to Fourteenth Street) has become completely Semitic, without having acquired thereby a scrap of Semitic charm.

The old-fashioned dignity of Washington Square has been irretrievably compromised by a modern corporation building which adds insult to injury by wearing on its façade the Latin motto *perstando et prestando utilitati*. Furthermore, this insolent structure so dwarfs the Washington Arch as to give it the artificial air of the frosted show-piece of a confectioner's window. Union Square, which could never pretend to gentility or beauty, but which had, notwithstanding, an agreeable little presence of its own, has been rendered positively uncanny by the erection of a number of lean, spectral horrors. The symmetry of somnolent, unpretentious Stuyvesant Square and the cosiness of Gramercy Park, where "The Players" live, have each been sadly marred. Madison Square, which was long, and with reason, the most loved spot in the city, is now (with its pagan temple bearing Christian symbols, its brown-stone church in a marble pen, and its far-famed Flat-Iron Building) a fit subject for colossal laughter.

Fifth Avenue (below the Park) has lost its restful, if sombre, brown-stone unity by its unconditional surrender to retail trade. The formerly compact "Tenderloin" has been harried into spreading its unsavoriness over an indefinite area. The ancient slovenliness of upper Broadway has been emphasized instead of relieved by the gorgeous caravansaries with which it is dotted.

The limitations of the narrow Park, which used to be rather successfully dis-

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guised, are now perpetually in evidence, by reason of the multiplication of soaring apartment houses along its sides.

Venerable Columbia, which forsook, perforce, its sleepy, artistic Madison Avenue quadrangle when it decided to become aggressive, appears callow and crude in the splendid isolation of its windswept hill, and must continue so to appear until it can contrive to conceal its pathetic, almost indecent nakedness by trees, or can persuade the city to move up around it.

The Hall of Fame, which has refused to open its doors to such world-glories as Whitman and Poe, is as unimpressive as this provincial attitude demands.

The Bronx, though happily saved from annihilation by the Park Department, is no longer the ideal and idyllic refuge it was of yore. Long stretches of the palisades have been quarried out of existence. Brooklyn, always a desert, has expanded into a limitless desert.

In a word, this returned New Yorker finds few familiar landmarks; and the few he does find seem to have lost most of their original meaning. He is as much dazed and puzzled by his surroundings as Rip Van Winkle after his twenty years' sleep. Nobody resides, does business, dines, or drinks in the same places as before. Nobody frequents the same pleasure resorts. Nobody saunters along the same walks. It is not safe for him to make a business or social call, or to set out for a restaurant, a chop-house, a theatre, or a club, without consulting the Directory in advance; and, even so, he risks having his trouble for his pains, inasmuch as there is more than a chance that a move has been made since the Directory was issued.

After he so far recovers from the shock of his initial disenchantment, however, as to be able to take note of details, he finds that there is some balm in Gilead, after all. At the end of a month he begins to catch the spirit of New York; and at the end of six months he has come completely under its spell, and loves it, as Montaigne loved the Paris of his day, "with all its moles and warts." The radiant white city by the Seine still appears to him at intervals, like the memory of a favorite picture or poem; but it has lost the power to disquiet him with desire. Paris is no longer a perpetual obsession, — the absolute norm by which he judges everything he sees. Indeed, it has passed so far out of his life that he is in danger of being as over-lenient in his judgments as he was at the outset over-severe.

He has become callous to dirt, disorder, ugliness, and vandalism. He takes philosophically the wobbly and cavernous sidewalks which render hazardous, especially in wet weather, some of the most attractive promenades; the overflowing garbage-boxes which pollute for the greater part of the day the approaches to even the most pretentious houses; and the tardy emptying of ash-barrels, with disastrous results to eyes, lungs, and raiment, — abuses which would not be tolerated for a week in the poorest working faubourg of Paris.

He accepts as a part of the divine order of things the presence of bent, battered, decapitated lamp-posts, of sagging hydrants and hitching-posts, of ragged, discolored awnings, of clogged gutters and leaking waterspouts; and the absence of *vespasiennes*.

It no longer occurs to him to compare the insistent shabbiness of the elevated roads with the sober massiveness of the elevated portions of the Paris Métropolitain and Ceinture; the gruesomeness of the subway stations with the cheeriness of their Parisian counterparts; or the misshapen, rusty, street-front fire-escapes with the graceful Parisian balconies. He is no longer scandalized at beholding a shanty and a palace, a flaming billboard and a public monument, a squat stable and a sky-scraper, side by side. He is no longer annoyed by un-named streets, barn-like ferry stations, rattling, reeking, unpainted horse-cars, and steam railway tracks where steam railway tracks do not belong. He no longer complains of being forced to choose, in the business sections, between a detour into the street

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and a running high jump over the bales, barrels, and boxes with which the sidewalks are encumbered during the unloading of trucks. And he forgets to be wrathful over the wanton mutilation and slaughter of precious trees.

More than this. When he has got himself into tune with his surroundings, he discovers a thousand and one reasons for downright joy.

Trolleys have been pretty effectually kept out, except in Brooklyn; and, except in Brooklyn again, most of the telegraph and telephone wires have been put underground. Engineering schemes which reflect credit upon the imagination as well as the ingenuity of the age have been conceived and executed. The streets, however much they still leave to be desired, are, on the whole, better paved, better swept, and better lighted than they used to be; the night views up and down Broadway and Fifth Avenue are superb. Half-way refuges for pedestrians are being gradually introduced into the busiest thoroughfares, and the shape of the electric light mounts has been decidedly improved. A green square has here and there supplanted a slum. The wealth run wild of upper New York ("the new New York") has achieved more than one architectural triumph. St. Patrick's is finished; a colossal new cathedral is being built; and Grace Church, which closes the vista up Broadway from City Hall Square so effectively, has guaranteed itself for a long time to come against being engulfed, like Trinity, by purchasing the property adjacent. The atrocious painted-iron hotels and office-buildings erected a generation back are rapidly being replaced by structures of light-colored brick or stone. At the same time, artistic wrought-iron work is coming rapidly into vogue, particularly for the portals of the more luxurious private dwellings. A few of the newest sky-scrapers are designed to be seen from all four sides, which is certainly an improvement, if they are to be seen at all. Considerable attention has been paid to architectural effect in the more recent municipal buildings, several of which would do honor to any capital in the world.

The glory of Paris, architecturally considered, lies less in the multitude of its beautiful features — though it does undoubtedly possess this advantage — than in the intimate relation these features bear to the whole city and to one another, in the mutual consideration and deference, so to speak, that they display. It is by virtue of its unity and symmetry that Paris is supreme. The beautiful features of New York, on the contrary, turn their backs most impolitely on each other, paying no more attention to symmetry and unity than a woman's watch pays to time. An arch that closes no vista, for instance, however admirable an arch it may be, is, in such a position, little better than an architectural joke. A façade that might be grandiose if provided with a fitting approach is merely elephantine without it. A marble masterpiece in a setting of dilapidated tenements is anything but a vision of delight, since it is "matter out of place," and matter out of place — we have the authority of Emerson for it — is but another name for dirt. A jewel in a pig's snout ceases to serve a decorative end, even though it does not cease to be a jewel.

The truth is that New York is in the throes of creation. With infinite travail it is taking on a body adequate to its needs, — a feat Paris long ago accomplished. The operation necessarily involves disagreeable surprises, and the immediate result, viewed in its entirety, is, it must be confessed, much more grotesque than impressive. An orchestral performance in which each and every performer played a different tune could hardly be less prepossessing.

There are many unmistakable signs that New York is trying to create for itself a new mind as well as a new body. It is plainly striving to attain to intellectual self-consciousness; to develop a richer, fuller, and more coherent intellectual life.

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It is rapidly regenerating its public school system, which was long justly held inferior; and its Board of Education, by founding neighborhood libraries and utilizing the school-buildings, evenings, as lecture-halls for adults, is showing a certain comprehension of the intellectual needs of the community, and a commendable desire to render culture popular.

By the fusion of the Lenox, Astor, and Tidlen foundations, it is in a fair way to wipe out its long-standing disgrace of having no library in any degree commensurate with its metropolitan rank, though it will be a far call, of course, from the New York Public Library, even with all its projects realized, to the Bibliothèque Nationale, — since libraries, like violins, wine, and good fellows must have age to be at their best. New York's principal university, while not to be mentioned in the same breath with the University of Paris, whose history is well-nigh identical with the intellectual history of France, seems destined to an honorable place ultimately among the institutions of learning of the world.

The scientific spirit, however, is a well-nigh meaningless phrase in New York. The pursuit of knowledge for its own sake is scarcely yet a dream. The bare mention of such quixotism evokes an incredulous, pitying smile. The splendid consecration of a Pasteur, a Roux, a Curie, a Duclaux, a Berthelot, a Paris, or a Bréal, would be considered insanity, even in scholarly circles. New York professors aspire to social prestige. They wish to be considered men of the world. They cannot put up with the simple, modest manner of living of French savants and scientists. Although better paid than the men in similar positions in Paris, they esteem their appointments inadequate, and count that year a bad year in which they do not make as much or more than their salaries "on the side." The very form of our language, if present indications are to be trusted, is at the mercy of the whim of a king of finance.

New York is a lodestone to the literary talent of the entire United States. As a centre for the printing and distribution of books and magazines it has no New World and few Old World rivals. Where publishers are gathered together, there authors likewise must reside, or at least possess what the French call a *pied-à-terre*. New York's literary activity, therefore, is tremendous; — shoals of new books greet the view on every hand; — but this activity does not induce a literary atmosphere such as exists in Paris, because it is not coherent. The authors are scattered, like the tasteful buildings of the material city. Hence they do not make themselves felt. They have no common meeting-ground geographically or intellectually. They are lost amid the environing hosts of Philistines who have no literary sense and no literary interest. They are scarcely conscious of the existence of one another, except as they see the wares of the most popular of their number boomed on the billboards alongside patent medicines, cigarettes, and complexion powders. They do not rub elbows. They exert no more influence on one another than the pebbles buried in a pudding-stone.

New York has neither a literary press nor a literary stage, in the sense in which both the press and the stage are literary in Paris. It has nothing to correspond with the open-air bookstalls along the quays of the Seine, before which thousands of bibliophiles pass their lives browsing among the classics and turning the leaves of musty old folios, — nothing to correspond even to the arcades of the Odéon, whither every one who makes or loves a book in Paris saunters to sip the sweets from the freshest blooms of literature. It has no literary Bohemia, like Montmartre and the Latin quarter, where impecunious geniuses spur each other on to chase chimeras (New York litterateurs sternly disapprove of chimeras) and to hearten each other when the chase fails; and no literary court quarter, like Courcelles, Ternes, and Passy, where the smug *arrivés* review together their early struggles

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against obscurity and poverty, and gloat together over their successes. Indeed, it is the spontaneous and splendid literary solidarity of the French capital, rather than the quantity or even the quality of its literary output, that makes it an almost ideal place of residence for a literary man.

In the absence of the sympathy and support of his fellows, the New York writer would be helpless, probably, against the city's insistent and omnipresent commercialism, if he tried to resist it; but there is very little evidence that he tries. He seems to prefer to make a part of it. It is not that the New York writer is avaricious. No genuine American is. In a way he sets less store by the dollar than his Paris confrère, — the dollar is so much harder to get in Paris; but he is possessed of an inordinate desire to display the dollar, for the simple reason that it is the dollar which determines his literary rank. Literature is its own best excuse in Paris. In New York the only excuse for literature is an income. Not what he has done or is doing in a literary way, but what he is earning, gives the New York writer his rating, even with the members of his craft. The literary career is adjudged a dismal failure, if it does not procure a man as good a living as a business or professional career; and when it does not (and it rarely does) he who has chosen it must make it appear that it does. Live in a garret he may, by cunningly disguising his address; but he must dress and act before the world as if he were drawing at least a beggarly five-thousand dollars, — the "minimum wage" which the New York conception of respectability tolerates, — under pain of being discredited utterly. While the New York writer strives thus to hide his penury as if it were a badge of shame, the Paris writer flaunts his as a badge of honor. The latter does his utmost to differentiate himself from the bourgeois; the former offers the bourgeois that sincerest of all forms of admiration, imitation. In New York the man of affairs "patronizes" the man of letters. In Paris the rôles are reversed. There it is the man of letters who patronizes the man of affairs. To tell a New York litterateur that he looks and acts like a business man is to pay him the highest possible compliment; to tell a Paris litterateur the same thing is grievously to insult him.

New York is a great picture mart, and it has attracted to itself, in consequence, a few remarkable, and a multitude of clever, sculptors and painters. Sculptures and mural paintings abound in the more luxurious of the new buildings. Statues of real artistic merit are being erected in the public squares and parks. Art exhibitions are numerous and meritorious. The Metropolitan Museum has become a collection of world-wide importance, and is keenly alive to its educational opportunities and responsibilities. The Municipal Art Society is doing much to elevate the taste of the public. Notwithstanding all this, New York is as far from having an art atmosphere as it is from having a literary atmosphere. There is no such diffused, fiery glow of artistic fervor as there is in Paris. Its art activities, like its literary activities, are fragmentary and discursive, and its artists, though more gregarious than its writers — through the compulsion of the studio building — are not more recalcitrant to commercialism. They, too, make it a point of honor to compete with money-makers on their own money-making ground.

The abundant and vigorous, but haphazard, intellectual activity of New York results, like the haphazard building of the city, in much that is grotesque. The big, sprawling, ill-balanced New York Sunday paper, for instance (whose few excellences are buried under so much trash as to be like the proverbial two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff), is the most perfect conceivable expression and emblem of intellectual incoherence, at the same time that it is an admirable counterpart of the sky-scraper of the material city, — between which and it an ingenious psychologist would probably be able to establish a subtle vital connection.

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Alongside the Sunday papers, and, in a way, consequent upon them, have sprung up a number of magazines which are likewise indifferent to literary form, and which have succeeded, incredible as it may seem, in outdoing the Sunday papers in scrappiness. Indeed, one of these bewildering publications advertises not only the number of pages, but the number of words — why not also the number of letters? — it contains. Now the man, woman, or child does not exist who can read week in and week out, month in and month out, year in and year out, such a motley array of totally unrelated facts as the Sunday papers and these magazines provide, without becoming afflicted ultimately with locomotor ataxia of the mind through the gradual loss of the power to coördinate ideas. Reading that thus disintegrates the reasoning faculties is several degrees worse than the no reading at all which the purveyors of this sort of literature would convince us is the only alternative on the part of those to whom they cater. It is vastly better to be ignorant than to be imbecile.

As the scrappy, scatterbrain magazine has appeared on the scene to supplement the scrappy, scatterbrain newspaper, so the yellow weekly and the yellow magazine have appeared on the scene to supplement the yellow newspaper. Several weeklies and monthlies, flying, with a vast display of superior virtue, the audacious flags of "the new journalism" and "the fighting journalism," are taking it upon themselves to do the work of the courts and the police. The first duty of their editors and contributors is to provide sensations, — sensations at any cost. If they can write also, well and good. But if only they are expert detectives, — one is tempted to say "spotters," — it matters very little whether they can write or not, since they have at their beck and call plenty of penny-a-liners who can be counted upon to lick their material into printable shape.

Paris also likes sensations, — but in its own peculiar, cheery, Parisian way. Paris, although quite capable on occasion, as history has shown, of transforming a "sensation" into a tragic revolution, does not as a rule take "sensations" too seriously. It has seen too many of them. A Paris "sensation" is usually launched in a highly artistic fashion (even Zola's *J'accuse*, for instance, was a little masterpiece of invective rhetoric), and is judged by Parisians as a form of art. Their mocking skepticism refuses to see anything more formidable therein than a *jeu d'esprit*. If it is artistically promulgated, it is a welcome break in the monotony of existence, a thing that provides a new topic of conversation, and so helps to pass the time agreeably; an event equally important with the *apéritif*, perhaps, but not nearly so important as the dinner. If it is not artistically promulgated, it is dismissed with a shrug, and that ends the matter.

In New York, on the contrary, sensation-mongering is not a fine art, but a trade; and a New York sensation is usually a mighty grave and ponderous affair, — to be taken angrily or apologetically, as the case may be, but never flippantly. Consequently, the first impression of the New Yorker who returns here now from abroad, even though he comes from sensation-loving Paris, must be that New York has gone sensation-mad. And it may be that it has.

Certain it is that New York has latterly taken to reckoning time by its sensations, like the village gossip. When one counts the number of murders, kidnappings, abductions, and marital scandals which have held the front of the stage in quick succession; the number of demagogues who have advertised themselves into office; the number of leaders, wearing the halo of reformers, who waited for the psychological moment to arrive before they espoused reform; the number of fortunes that have been piled up by the exploitation of "exposure;" the number of philanthropists who have used the Devil's own weapons in fighting the Devil; the number of terribly energetic women who "know so many things that ain't so,"

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and make so many bad matters worse by acting accordingly; and the number of would-be exquisites who wax lyric over "the City Beautiful," — shall we have violets beautiful, women beautiful, and babies beautiful next? — when a little more attention to their ash-barrels, and a little less tax-dodging on their part, would go far toward making New York a beautiful city; when one recalls the sorry, spasmodic efforts to establish a censorship of the stage and to compel Sunday observance; the society "revivals" from which sinners without invitation are excluded; the preponderant rôle of profanity in police reform, and of theology in maintaining race-track betting; the laughable spectacle of the enforcing of the anti-spitting ordinance by expectorating policemen; the rapid rise and spread of the Socialism of the boudoir and the Anarchism of the drawing-room; when one recalls, further, the ease with which the public has been stampeded for mutually antagonistic men and measures; for the most unrighteous and irrational as well as the most righteous and rational causes; for bonanza speculations and denunciations of speculation; for lavish generosity in providing campaign funds and for opposition to the use of money in elections: when one thinks of the frequency with which this same public has raised the savage cry "Crucify him! Crucify him!" — when one considers all this, and more to the same general effect, it is impossible not to be indulgent to the person who affirms that New York is suffering from one of the worst cases of extreme nervousness on record, and that, having formed the sensation habit, it can no more get along without its daily sensation than the dope-fiend can get along without his daily dope. Walt Whitman's memorable query, "But say, Tom, is n't it" (New York) "a sort of delirium tremens?" appears almost dismayingly pertinent at this time.

On the other hand, it is possible, and even probable, that this singular, turbulent city which is straining to take on an adequate body and acquire an adequate mentality is straining also to develop a moral personality. The bizarre spasms which appear to the superficial observer to be caused by disease may be incident not to the workings of toxins in the system, but to the expulsion of toxins from the system. The ethical upheavals, which are as graceless and unimpressive in their way as the most grotesque excrescences and eruptions of the material and intellectual city, may be the signs of an awakening to moral self-consciousness which will result eventually in a comprehensible and consistent moral code. The first flower to bloom in this latitude, when the winter frost loosens its grip upon the sod, is not the fragrant arbutus, nor the delicate hepatica, nor the waxen bloodroot, as the poets would have us think, but the gross, uncouth, and noisome skunk cabbage; and this same skunk cabbage is, for all its grossness and noisomeness and uncouthness, at once a product and a prophecy of the oncoming spring. If a great moral transformation is really going on in New York, it is only natural that it should be attended, as great moral transformations nearly always have been, with unlovely excesses.

The genuineness of this moral awakening would be less dubious, however, if it were marked by a general renunciation of the worship of the Golden Calf which lies at the root of the evils against which it claims to protest; if the public at large, instead of putting the cart before the horse, as they are doing now, were as eager to reform themselves as they are to reform the erring financial magnates and political bosses and grafters, of whose success they are unquestionably jealous. In every stratum of society a man wears a financial tag; he is a $500, a $1000, a $5000, a $10,000, a $30,000, a $100,000 man. So that he be strenuous (and strenuous in this connection is invariably given its lowest and narrowest, sordid, money-grubbing meaning), nothing else matters so very much. Even petty clerks and laboring men talk "finance." They

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are amusingly contemptuous of low figures, and compute in millions as glibly as if they possessed millions. The very youngsters lisp in millions. They will name you with gleaming eyes the whole list of money kings, and tell you more about them than these celebrities know about themselves.

Prosperity exhibited in Board of Trade tables is the only prosperity that is generally understood in New York. "That conception of social progress," to borrow a phrase of Herbert Spencer, "which presents as its aim increase of population, growth of wealth, spread of commerce," still holds the field against all comers. Money has not been displaced as the supreme object of desire. The Dollar has not been dethroned as the New York divinity. Life has not become more sane and equable. Quite the reverse.

To the hard, metallic accompaniment of the tramway gong, the telephone bell, and the clicking telegraph-machine and typewriter, the toiling for the dollar goes on, quite as if there had been no mention of such a thing as reform. The toilers themselves have taken on a metallic look, and seem to be moved by invisible wires rather than to move of their own volition. The set, blank faces and fixed gaze of the men and unsexed women, as they rush silent and smileless to and from their offices and workshops, justify the remark of the Frenchman who, contrasting these expressionless New York throngs with the laughing and chattering throngs of Paris, said that the streets of New York were full of "dead persons running and walking;" for dead indeed do they appear to sunshine, to beauty, to suffering, to sorrow, to everything human and divine except the immediate business on which they are bent. Their thoughts and their hearts are where their treasure is, and their treasure is where the money-changers most do congregate. They are flawless money-making machines, — their very aspect is machine-like, — and they merit the admiration that is accorded to any other ingenious and effective mechanical device; but if they possess any of the finer attributes of our common humanity they keep them carefully out of sight.

The typical New Yorker is always in such a hopeless hurry to make his fortune that he is impatient of small things in every relation of life. He has no time to eat or drink like a civilized being, — witness the barbarous noon-lunch counter and the still more barbarous bar. He has no time for the little courtesies which go to make up manners; for the reading and reflection conducive to culture; for edifying conversation in which no "promoting" is involved; for discrimination between comely splendor and vulgar display; for the whole-souled expansiveness which is the zest of good-fellowship; for the services and self-sacrifices which are the warp and woof of friendship; for the delicate attentions and tender ministrations indispensable to the rich and full emotionalism without which the family and the home are doomed.

The Londoner is said to take his pleasures sadly. The New Yorker takes his hurriedly, as if — rush is so much second-nature with him — he were anxious to get them off the docket as expeditiously as possible. In short, he has no time to live a well-rounded life. He uses up so much energy in getting together a heap of dollars that he has no energy left for living. And yet he looks down upon the Latin as an inferior, and pronounces him a decadent because he holds that "work is for life, not life for work."

The Parisian is as superior to the New Yorker in the ability to organize intelligently his individual existence as Paris is superior to New York in its ability to direct properly collective activities and growth. And the wonder and the glory of it are that this is quite as strikingly true of the Parisian laborer as of the Parisian man of means and culture. Whatever his station in life, the Parisian possesses a fine sense of proportion, grounded partly in a highly developed social instinct, and partly in a wholesome social philosophy. It is this sense of proportion, this appre-

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ciation of what the French call *nuance*, which the New Yorker almost utterly lacks (because he has allowed all his faculties but his money-making faculty to atrophy through disuse), that explains the Parisian's well-rounded manner of living, and that renders Paris so much more democratic than New York, in every sense of the word democratic but the narrow political one.

New York's disconcerting sky-scrapers are vastly picturesque, and even grandiose in certain lights. On winter afternoons, when the dusk comes early, their myriad lamps afford a spectacle which outclasses in brilliancy the grandest electric displays of the greatest world's fairs.

Athwart the moonlit or starlit sky, their soaring masses stand forth black and ominous, like the donjon keeps of colossal castles; and, under these conditions, the lower end of Manhattan, where they most abound, might almost pass for the Mont St. Michel of the New World. In a night of rain, the ruddy reflections of their lights incarnadine the clouds till the entire city appears to be the prey of a monster conflagration. Under the slanting glow of the rising or the setting sun their tops take on the gorgeous iridescence of the peaks of Mont Blanc, the Rigi, or the Matterhorn, and one quite forgets, as in the Alps, to be critical of imperfect form. Finally, a fog softens their hard and crude lines into a close approach to cathedral lines, lending them thus a poetic charm, an air of mystery that becomes them well, and that puts them into harmony with one another and with the city as a whole.

Similarly the most sprawling and grotesque intellectual and moral manifestations of this big, inchoate city take on a species of grandeur and beauty under certain lights, and it may be that it is these lights which reveal them most truly. With the aid of a bit of propitious haze, for example, they assume their fitting places in a really, impressive ensemble.

Materially, mentally, and morally, New York is growing helter-skelter, very much as the untouched forest grows, — big trees and little trees, straight trees and crooked trees, saplings, bushes, brakes, ferns, flowers, mushrooms, and toadstools in a bewildering tangle, — and it exhales a similar aroma of unjaded life, which cannot fail to thrill every man who has a drop of red blood in him.

It is not to be expected that a new civilization should be as coherent as an old civilization; and it would be surprising, indeed, if New York were either materially, intellectually, or morally as coherent as Paris, which is so thoroughly organic that it has not so much as a vermiform appendix, so to say, to spare. Formlessness is a reproach only when it is a finality, the end of a devolution instead of the first stage of an evolution. This glorious earth itself — both science and revelation are agreed — was once upon a time "without form and void;" but there was unexhausted energy, and the rest came in good time. New York, whatever its defects, is not lacking in energy, and here too, in good time, the rest must come. Confusion worse confounded may be the order of the hour, but sooner or later this seething chaos is bound to become splendidly articulate. Exaggerations may be rife, — the earth also, during a long time, dealt freely in exaggerations, going in for bigness rather than symmetry, very much as New York is going in for bigness rather than symmetry now. No one doubts that unity of language will one day supersede in New York the present diversity of tongues. Why, then, be skeptical regarding the ultimate triumph of unity in the other fields where diversity now prevails? It is not optimism, but simple good sense, to expect such a result.

New York may not plead its youthfulness forever in extenuation of its vagaries, of course; but it may plead its youthfulness legitimately for some time longer. It is still, whatever airs of manhood it may assume, in the awkward "high-water-pants" age of its career, and it is folly to denominate such a callow youth as this

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an utter reprobate because he displays a tendency to sow wild oats. At his age it is his privilege, if not his function, to be "fresh."

New York can be appreciated only if it is viewed less as a city than as the force of nature which it really is; one of "those great blind forces which are so much more perspicacious than the petty, peering, partial eyesight of men," — a sort of first cause, irrational, irresponsible, and reckless in outward seeming alone. In the presence of a phenomenon of this order dogmatic criticism is out of place. A force of nature cannot be put into cold type, nor be measured with a tape measure. Its present cannot be understood, nor its future divined, by a finite intelligence. Its equation cannot be computed from the height of a building, the cleanliness of a street, the makeup of a newspaper, the form of a popular novel; nor even from the curriculum of a university or the vigor of a campaign against graft. It is a problem, like that of the cubic contents of the eternities, only for the higher mathematics of the gods.

The horripilant spectacle afforded by the earth when it was still a cosmic welter "without form and void," before it had evolved so much as a sheet of crested note paper, a silk hat, a cravat, or a trousers' crease, would have hopelessly shocked the delicate sensibilities of the *raffiné*, the dilettante, the snob, the critic whose ambition in life is to determine the difference betwixt tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum, — and yet this very cosmic welter was playing a part in the harmony of the spheres.

Only he who has been vouchsafed a revelation of "the glory of the imperfect" can find his account in such a spectacle as that which contemporary New York presents. Charles Lamb, who had received such a revelation (as his "Complaint on the Decay of Beggars" conclusively shows), tells somewhere of "standing in the motley Strand and weeping for fulness of joy at so much life." Lamb, we may be sure, would have loved and revered New York, because he loved and revered life. And he would have been right; for life, when all has been said, is an end in itself. What matter jarring notes, if jarring notes are vital throbs? Besides, who knows that the jarring notes are not part of a marvelous harmony whose secret is yet to be revealed?

The tardy apotheoses of Richard Wagner, Walt Whitman, and Claude Monet, have demonstrated that in music, poetry, and painting, the discords of one generation may be the harmonies of the next. What if it should be true of other things than music, poetry, and painting? What if it should be true all along the line? Why not take the broader view, when it is at least every whit as plausible as the narrower view?

But if to believe that the noisy, tumultuous New York of to-day is producing a harmony too subtle and complex for untrained ears to grasp puts too great a strain upon credulity, is it too much to believe that the present discord is a necessary preliminary to the harmony which is to ensue?

> "Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be prized?"

May it not be that the most wonderful orchestra the world has ever produced is tuning up its varied instruments for the richest and fullest symphony of all time?

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ROMANTICISM IN MUSIC

BY DANIEL GREGORY MASON

I

HISTORIANS of music are accustomed to speak of the first half or three quarters of the nineteenth century as the Romantic Period in music, and of those composers who immediately follow Beethoven — including Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Berlioz, Chopin, Liszt, and some others — as the Romantic Composers. The word romantic, as thus used, forms, no doubt, a convenient label; but if we attempt to explain its meaning we find ourselves involved in several difficulties. Were there, then, no romanticists before Schubert? Have no composers written romantically since 1870? Such questions, arising at once, lead us inevitably to the more general inquiry: What is Romanticism?

In the broadest sense in which the word "romanticism" can be used, the sense in which it is taken, for example, by Pater in the Postscript of his *Appreciations*, it seems to mean simply interest in novel and strange elements of artistic effect. "It is the addition of strangeness to beauty," says Pater, "that constitutes the romantic character in art; and the desire of beauty being a fixed element in every artistic organization, it is the addition of curiosity to this desire of beauty that constitutes the romantic temper." Romanticism is thus the innovating spirit, as opposed to the conserving spirit of classicism; romanticists appear in every age and school; and Stendhal is right in saying that "all good art was romantic in its day." It is interesting, in passing, to note the relation of this definition to the widely prevalent notion that romanticism is extravagant and lawless. To the mind wedded to tradition all novelty is extravagant; and since an artistic form is grasped only after considerable practice, all new forms necessarily appear formless at first. Hence, if we begin by saying that romantic art is novel and strange art, it requires only a little inertia or intolerance in our point of view to make us add that it is grotesque and irrational art, or, indeed, not art at all. Critics have often been known to arrive at this conclusion.

Suggestive as Pater's definition is, however, it is too vague and sweeping to carry us far in our quest. It does not explain why Monteverde, with his revolutionary dominant-seventh chords, or the Florentine composers of the early seventeenth century, with their unheard-of free recitative, were not quite as genuine romanticists as Schubert, with his whimsical modulation, and Schumann, with his harsh dissonances. We have still to ask why, instead of appending our label of "romantic" to the innovators of centuries earlier than the nineteenth, we confine it to that comparatively small group of men who immediately followed Beethoven.

The answer is to be found in the distinctness of the break that occurred in musical development at this time, the striking difference in type between the compositions of Beethoven and those of his successors. From Philipp Emanuel Bach up to Beethoven, the romanticism of each individual composer merely carried him a step forward in a well-established path; it prompted him to refine here, to pare away there, to expand this feature, to suppress that, in a scheme of art constantly maturing, but retaining always its essential character. With Beethoven, however, this particular scheme of art, of which the type is the sonata, with its high measure of formal beauty and its generalized expression, reached a degree

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of perfection beyond which it could not for the moment go. The romantic impulse of Beethoven's successors had to satisfy itself, therefore, in some other way than by heightening abstract æsthetic beauty or general expressiveness:[1] until new technical resources could be developed, the limit was reached in those directions Beethoven had himself, meanwhile, opened the door on an inviting vista of possibilities in a new field,—that of highly specialized, idiosyncratic, subjective expression. He had shown how music, with Mozart so serene, detached, and impersonal, could become a language of personal feeling, of individual passion, even of whim, fantasy, and humor. It was inevitable that those who came after him should seek their novelty, should satisfy their curiosity, along this new path of subjectivism and specialized expression. And as this music of the person, as we may call it, which now began to be written, was different not only in degree but in kind from the objective art which prepared the way for it, it is natural that in looking back upon so striking a departure we should give it a special name, such as Romanticism.

As for the other line of demarcation, which separates the romantic period from what we call the modern, — that is purely arbitrary. "Modern" is a convenient name for us to give to those tendencies from which we have not yet got far enough away to view them in large masses and to describe them disinterestedly. As the blur of too close a vision extends back for us to 1870 or thereabout, we find it wise to let our romantic period, about which we can theorize and form hypotheses, end there for the present. But it already seems clear that the prevalent tendency, even in contemporary music, is still the personal and subjective one that distinguished the early romantic period. Probably our grandchildren will extend that period from Beethoven's later works to those of some composer yet unborn. And thus we have, in studying the romantic composers, the added interest that we are in a very real sense studying ourselves.

[1] It is true that the romantic composers found much scope for their ingenuity in the exploitation of the enlarged and perfected orchestra which nineteenth-century mechanical genius put into their hands. One reason for the richness of color of their music is this purely material advantage they had over earlier composers. But the mechanical development of instruments, and the richness of sensuous effect it brought with it, though they doubtless reacted on the character of this music, were, after all, incidental rather than essential to it. *Romanticism is not a technique or a medium*, but an attitude toward expression.

II

Difficult to make, and dangerous when made, as are sweeping generalizations about so many-sided a matter as the expressive character of whole schools or eras of art, there seem to be generic differences between classical and romantic expression which we can hardly avoid remarking, and of which it is worth while to attempt a tentative definition, especially if we premise that it is to be suggestive rather than absolute. The constant generality of classical expression, and the objectivity of attitude which it indicates in the worker, cannot but strike the modern student, especially if he contrasts them with the exactly opposite features of contemporary art. The classical masters aim not at particularity and minuteness of expression, but at the congruous setting forth of certain broad types of feeling. They are jealous of proportion, vigilant to maintain the balance of the whole work, rigorous in the exclusion of any single feature that might through undue prominence distort or mar its outlines. Their attitude toward their work is detached, impersonal, disinterested; a purely craftsmanlike attitude, at the furthest pole from the passionate subjectivity of our modern "tone-poets." J. S. Bach, for example, the sovereign spirit of this school, is always concerned primarily with the plastic problem of weaving his wonderful tonal patterns; we feel that what these

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patterns turn out to express, even though it be of great, and, indeed, often of supreme, poignancy, is in his mind quite a secondary matter. The preludes and fugues of the "Well-tempered Clavichord" are monuments of abstract beauty, rather than messages, pleas, or illustrations. And even when this emotional burden is so weighty as in the B-flat minor Prelude or the B-minor Fugue of the first book, it still remains general and, as it were, communal. Bach is not relieving his private mind; he is acting as a public spokesman, as a trustee of the emotion of a race or nation. This gives his utterance a scope, a dignity, a nobility, that cannot be accounted for by his merely personal character.

Haydn and Mozart illustrate the same attitude in a different department of music. Their symphonies and quartets are almost as impersonal as his preludes and fugues. The substance of all Haydn's best work is the folk-music of the Croatians, a branch of the Slavic race; its gayety, elasticity, and ingenuousness are Slavic rather than merely Haydnish. It is true that he idealizes the music of his people, as a gifted individual will always idealize any popular art he touches; but he remains true to his source, and accurately representative of it, just as the finest tree contains only those elements which it can draw from the soil in which it grows. Mozart, more personal than Haydn, shares with him the aloofness, the reticence, of classicism. What could be more Greek, more celestially remote, than the G-minor Symphony, or the Quintet in the same key? What could be less a detailed biography of a hero, more an ideal sublimation of his essential character, than the "Jupiter Symphony?" And even in such a deeply emotional conception as the introduction to the C-major Quartet, can we label any specific emotion? can we point to the measures and say, "Here is grief; here is disappointment; here is unrequited love"?

In Beethoven we become conscious of a gradually changing ideal of expression. There are still themes, movements, entire works, in which the dominant impulse is the architectonic zeal of classicism; and there is the evidence of the sketch-books that this passionate individualist could subject himself to endless discipline in the quest of pure plastic beauty. But there are other things, such as the third, fifth, and ninth symphonies, the "Egmont" and "Coriolanus" overtures, the slow movement of the G-major Concerto (that profoundly pathetic dialogue between destiny and the human heart), and the later quartets, in which a novel particularity and subjectivity of utterance make themselves felt. In such works the self-forgetful artist, having his vicarious life only in the serene beauty of his creations, disappears, and Ludwig van Beethoven, bursting with a thousand emotions that must out, steps into his place and commands our attention, nobly egotistic, magnificently individual. And then there is the "Pastoral Symphony," in which he turns landscape painter, and with minutest details of bird-notes and shepherds' songs and peasants' dances delineates the external objects, as well as celebrates the inner spirit, of the countryside. These things mark the birth of romanticism.

For romanticism is, in essence, just this modern subjectivity and individualism, just this shifting of the emphasis from abstract beauty, with its undifferentiated expressiveness, to personal communication, minute interest in the uttermost detail, impassioned insistence on each emotion for itself rather than as a subordinate member in an articulate organism, and, in extreme cases, to concrete objects, persons, and scenes in the extra-musical world. Musicians since Beethoven have inclined to exploit more and more that aspect of their art which is analogous to language, even when this means neglect of the other aspect, the nearest analogue of which is to be found in sculpture, architecture, and decorative painting. The modern watchword has come to be initiative rather than obedience, origi-

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nality rather than skill, individuality rather than truth to universal human nature. It is, after all, one impulse, the impulse toward specialization, that runs through all the various manifestations of the romantic spirit, and may be traced alike in the lyricism of Schubert, the fanciful whimsicality of Schumann, the picturesqueness of Mendelssohn, the introspection of Chopin, and the realism of Berlioz and Liszt.

In Schubert, the first of the out-and-out romanticists, and the eldest of them all in point of time (his birth-date falls in the eighteenth century), we find a curious grafting of a new spirit on an old stem. Brought up on the quartets and symphonies of Haydn and Mozart, making his first studies in boyishly literal imitation of them, he acquired the letter of the classical idiom as none of the others, save Mendelssohn, ever did. His works in sonata-form written up to 1816 might well have emanated from Esterhaz or Salzburg; the C-major Symphony, so far as general plan is concerned, would have done no discredit to Beethoven. Yet the spirit of Schubert is always lyrical. It was fated from his birth that he should write songs, for his was a typically sentimental temperament; and when he planned a symphony, he instinctively conceived it as a series of songs for instruments, somewhat more extended and developed than those intended for a voice, but hardly different in kind. As a naturalist can reconstruct in fancy an extinct animal from a fossil jawbone, a musical historian might piece out a fair conception of what romanticism is, in the dearth of other evidence, from a study of "Erlkönig," or "Ständchen," or "Am Meer;" and the ideas he might thus form would be extended rather than altered by acquaintance with the "Unfinished Symphony" or the D-minor Quartet. The lyrical Schubert contrasts always with the heroic and impersonal Bach or Beethoven, much as Tennyson contrasts with Shakespeare, or Theocritus with Sophocles.

Schumann adds to the lyrical ardor of Schubert insatiable youthful enthusiasm, whimsicality, a richly poetic fancy, and a touch of mysticism. His songs are even more personal than Schubert's, and his piano pieces, especially the early ones, bristle with eccentricity. The particularity, minute detail, and personal connotation of the "Abegg Variations," the "Davidsbündlertanze," the "Papillons," the "Carnaval," the "Kreisleriana," are almost grotesque. He confides to us, through this music, his friendships, his flirtations, his courtship, his critical sympathies, his artistic creed, his literary devotions. Never was music so circumstantial, so autobiographic. In later years, when he had passed out of the enchanted circle of youthful egotism, and was striving for a more universal speech, his point of view became not essentially less personal, but only less wayward. Till the last his art is vividly self-conscious, — that is his charm and his limitation. No one has so touchingly voiced the aspirations of the imprisoned soul, no one has put meditation and introspection into tones, as he has done in the Adagio of the C-major Symphony, the "Funeral March" of the Quintet, the F-sharp major Romance for piano.

If Schumann sounds, as no other can, the whole gamut of feeling of a sensitive modern soul, Mendelssohn, quite dissimilar in temperament, correct, reserved, dispassionate, is nevertheless also romantic by virtue of his picturesqueness, his keen sense for the pageantry of life, his delicate skill as an illustrator of nature and of imaginative literature. His "Songs without Words" reveal a strain of mild lyricism, but he is never intimate or reckless, he never wholly reveals himself. His discreet objectivity is far removed from the frankly subjective enthusiasms of Schubert and Schumann. He was, in fact, by tradition, training, and native taste, a classicist; the exhibition of deep feeling was distasteful to his fastidious reticence; and he is thus emotionally less characteristic of his period than any of his contemporaries. But, for all that, he

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shows unmistakably in the felicity of his tone-painting the modern interest in picturesque detail, in the concrete circumstance, the significant particular. Illustration rather than abstract beauty, — that is one of the special interests of the new school. No one has cultivated it more happily than the composer of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, the "Hebrides Overture," and the "Scotch" and "Italian" Symphonies.

Chopin presents an even more singular instance than Schumann of what introspection can make of a composer, of how resolute self-communion can individualize his work until its intense personal savor keeps little to remind us of other music. All Chopin's tastes were so aristocratic that the exclusiveness of his style seems a matter of course, and was probably to his mind a supreme merit. And if it debarred him from some musical experiences, if it made his music sound better in a drawing-room than in a concert-hall, it certainly gave it a marvelous delicacy, finesse, originality, and fragile beauty. It is, so to speak, valetudinarian music, and preserves its pure white complexion only by never venturing into the full sunlight. Here, then, is another differentiation in musical style, a fresh departure from the classic norm, due to the exacting taste of the mental aristocrat, the carefully self-bounded dreamer and sybarite.

Markedly specialized as the expression is, however, in Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, and Chopin, and strikingly contrasted as it is with the serene generality of the classical music, the two schools, after all, differ rather in the degree of emphasis they lay on the various elements of effect, than in kind. Both, we feel, are using the same means, though to such different ends. But with Berlioz and Liszt we pass into a new world, in which not only emphasis and intention, but the actual materials and the fundamental principles of art have undergone a change. These men have pushed the romantic concreteness even beyond the range of sentiments and emotions, to invade that of facts and events. They are no longer satisfied with the minutiæ of feeling; they must depict for us the external appearance of the people who feel, give us not only heroes, but these heroes' coats, with the exact number of buttons and the proper cut according to the fashion of the particular decade. If Schumann and his fellows are the sentimental novelists of music, the Thackerays and the George Eliots, here are the naturalists, the scientific analysts, the "realists" with microscope and scalpel in hand, the Zolas and the Gorkys.

This insistence on the letter is quite instinctive with Berlioz. In the first place he was a Frenchman; and the French have a genius for the concrete, and in music have shown their bias by approaching it always from the dramatic, histrionic point of view. Opera is the norm of music to the Frenchman. For him music originates in the opera-house, quite as inevitably as for the German it originates in the concert-room. Berlioz's "symphonies" therefore took, as a matter of course, the form of operas, with the characters and action suppressed or relegated to the imagination.

In the second place, in Berlioz's personal temperament, to a degree unusual even in his countrymen, the active impulses preponderated over the contemplative; he conceived a work of art in terms not of emotion, but of action; and his musical thinking was a sort of narration in tones. He accordingly wrote, with ingenuous spontaneity, in a style that was, from the German standpoint, revolutionary, unprecedented, iconoclastic, — in a style the essence of which was its matter-of-fact realism. His "Symphonie Fantastique," which Mr. Hadow well describes as "Berlioz in quintessence," sets forth the adventures of a hero (whose identity with the composer is obvious) in five movements or acts, and with the most sedulous particularity. We first see him struggling with love, tormented by jealousy, consoled by religion; then in a

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ballroom, pausing in the midst of the dance to muse on his beloved; then in the country, listening to idyllic shepherds, and hearing the summer thunder. . . . He dreams that he has murdered the beloved, that he is to be beheaded at the guillotine; he is surrounded by witches, his mistress has herself become a witch, the *Dies Irae* clangs its knell of death across the wild chaos of the dance.

Now in all this the striking point is the concreteness of the imagery, the plenitude of detail, the narrative and descriptive literalness of the treatment — and above all the subordination of the music to a merely symbolic function. Berlioz here brings into prominence for the first time the device, so frequent in later operatic and programmistic music, of treating his themes or motives as symbols of his characters, associated with these by a purely arbitrary but nevertheless effective bond. When we hear the melody we are expected to think of the character, and all the changes rung on it are prompted not by the desire for musical development, but by psychological considerations connected with the dramatic action. Thus, for example, in this symphony the motive known as *l'idée fixe* represents the beloved; its fragmentary appearances in the second, third, and fourth movements tell us that the thought of her is passing through the hero's mind; and in the last movement, when she endues the horrid form of a witch, we hear a distorted, grotesque version of it sardonically whistled by the piccolo. Highly characteristic of Berlioz is this use of melodies, so dearly valued in classic music for themselves alone, as mere counters for telling off the incidents in the plot, or cues for the entrances of the *dramatis personæ*.

Liszt, a man of keener musical perception than Berlioz, placed himself also, in obedience to his strong dramatic sense, on the same artistic platform. In such a work as the "Faust Symphony" we discern a more musical nature producing practically the same kind of music. There is the same narrative and descriptive intention; the three movements take their names from the chief characters in the action, Faust, Gretchen, and Mephistopheles; and though the second is more general in expression than Berlioz ever is, the other two are good examples of his method. There is also the same machinery of leading motives and their manipulation according to the requirements of symbolism, even to the parodying of the Faust themes in the "Mephistopheles" section. In the symphonic poem, "Les Préludes," however (and in the "Dante Symphony" and other compositions), Liszt shows his German blood in a treatment more imaginative, the actuating subjects being often not persons and events, but emotional and mental states. But the fact that many of the transformations of the themes are, from the musical standpoint, travesties, justified only by their psychological intention, shows that the attitude even here is still that of the dramatist, not that of the abstract musician. The art, in a word, is still representative, not presentative and self-sufficing. Again, the representative function of music for Liszt is shown by his tendency to approach composition indirectly, and through extraneous interests of his many-sided mind, instead of with the classic single-mindedness: his pieces are suggested to him by natural scenery, historical characters, philosophic abstractions, poems, novels, and even statues and pictures.

In all these ways and degrees we see exemplified the inclination of the nineteenth-century composers to seek a more and more definite, particular, and concrete type of expression. Subjective shades and nuances take the place of the broad ground-colors of classicism; music comes to have so personal a flavor that it is as impossible to confound a piece of Chopin's with one of Schumann's as it is difficult, by internal evidence alone, to say whether Mozart or Haydn is the author of an unfamiliar symphony; ultimately, insistence on special emotions opens the way to absorption in what is

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even more special — individual characters, events, and situations — and on the heels of the lyrical treads the realistic. The artistic stream thus reverses the habit of natural streams; as it gets farther and farther from its source it subdivides and subdivides itself again, until it is no longer a single large body, but a multitude of isolated brooks and rivulets. Our contemporary music, unlike the classical, is not the expression of a single social consciousness, but rather a heterogeneous aggregate of the utterances of many individuals. What is most captivating about it is the sensitive fidelity with which it reflects its composers' idiosyncrasies.

III

All things human, however, have their price; and romanticism is no exception to the rule. The composers of the romantic period, in becoming more particular, grew in the same proportion less universal; in bowing to the inexorable evolutionary force that makes each modern man a specialist, they inevitably sacrificed something of the breadth, the catholicity, the magnanimity, of the old time. It is doubtless a sense of some such loss as this, dogging like a shadow all our gains, that takes us back periodically to a new appreciation of the classics. There is often a feeling of relief, of freer breathing and ampler leisure, as when we leave the confusion of the city for the large peace of the country, in turning from the modern complexities to the old simplicities, and forgetting that there is any music but Bach's. The reasons for this contrast between the two schools must, of course, lie deeply hidden in the psychology of æsthetics, but a clue to them, at least, may be found near at hand, in the conditions of life, the everyday environments, of the two groups of artists.

It has often been remarked that the composers of the nineteenth century have been men of more cultivation, of greater intellectual elasticity and resulting breadth of interest, than their predecessors. Palestrina, Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, even Beethoven, concentrating their whole minds on music, were far less curious as to other human pursuits than their later brethren. The six composers we are studying are impressive instances of the modern many-sidedness of mind. At least three of them, Schumann, Berlioz, and Liszt, were skilled journalists and men of letters: Schumann with the finely judicial, fancifully conceived sketches of his *New Journal of Music*, Berlioz with his brilliant, fantastically humorous feuilletons, and Liszt with his propaganda, in book and pamphlet, of Wagner, Chopin, and other contemporaries. (Fancy Bach interrupting his steady stream of cantatas to write an exposition of the genius of Handel!) Schumann was, moreover, something of a poet, and Mendelssohn was one of the most voluminous and picturesque of letter-writers. Chopin was as versed in social as in musical graces, and Liszt was — what was he not? — a courtier, a Lovelace, a man of the world, and an abbé. Schubert alone, of them all the eldest and the nearest to classical traditions, was a composer pure and simple.

The versatility of these men was no accident or freak of coincidence; it was the effective trait that made their work so profusely allusive, so vividly minute, — in short, so romantic. And, what is more to our present purpose, it was the underlying cause of a defect which is quite as symptomatic of romanticism as its merits. So various a mental activity must needs lack something in depth; if attention is spread wide it must be spread thin; thought given to avocations must be borrowed from the vocation. We should expect to find, accordingly, division of energy resulting, here as elsewhere, in a lack of concentration, a failure of power; and herein we are not disappointed. With the possible exception of Mendelssohn, no one of our six composers can compare, simply as a handicraftsman, with Bach or Mozart. Schubert was so little a contrapuntist that he had just engaged lessons when death

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interrupted his brief career. Schumann and Chopin, in their youth, gave innumerable hours that should have counted for systematic routine to the fanciful improvisation so seductive to poetic temperaments. Berlioz kicked down all the fences in his coltish days, and ever after looked askance at the artistic harness. Liszt, for all his diabolical cleverness, remained the slave of mannerisms, and became a dupe of his own rhetorical style.

Now there is doubtless in all this waywardness something that strikes in us a chord such as vibrates in sympathy with the small boy who, regardless of barbed wire, invades the orchard and carries off the delectable green apples. It is a fine thing to be young; it is glorious to be free. But sober second thought relentlessly follows: we know that apples must be sent to market in due course, and that that exciting green fruit is, after all, indigestible and unripe; and we know equally that musicians must undergo their apprenticeship, and that all art executed without adequate technical mastery is crude. The crudity of the art of our musical orchard-robbers becomes at once evident when we compare a single melody, or an entire movement, of Schubert or his successors, with one by Mozart or Beethoven.

The single melody is the molecule of music, the smallest element in it that cannot be subdivided without loss of character. Every great melody has an indefinable distinction, a sort of personal flavor or individuality, which we may discern, but cannot analyze. It has also, however, an organic quality, depending upon both the unity and the variety of its phraseology, that we can to a certain extent study and define. Assuming, to start with, the subtle distinction without which it would sink into the commonplace, we can compare and contrast it with other melodies in respect of its organic quality, its simultaneous presentation of unity and variety, — in a word, its plastic beauty. Such a melody as the second theme of the first movement of Mozart's G-minor Quintet for example, gains a wonderful charm from the complexity, and at the same time the final simplicity, of its phrase-structure. The several musical figures, or motives, of which it is composed, follow each other without the least impression of crass mechanical dovetailing; yet one feels, as they proceed, such a sense of logical progression, of orderly sequence, that the final cadence seems like an audible "Q. E. D." Contrasted with such dexterous phrase-weaving as this, many of Schubert's and Schumann's tunes, with their literal repetitions of short phrases, their set thesis and antithesis, seem bald and trite. It is hardly fair to take extreme cases, but they best bring out the point. Schubert's "Drang in die Ferne," ten consecutive measures of which repeat literally the same rhythm, and the theme in Schumann's "Abegg Variations," in which a single phrase recurs sixteen times, will make it almost painfully evident. This tendency to rhythmic monotony, to an unvaried sing-song reiteration of phrase, besets constantly these two composers, too often takes Chopin in its grasp, and in Mendelssohn is aggravated by an inclination to stay in one key, page after page, until our heads droop with drowsiness. Berlioz, on the other hand, errs in the opposite direction. Variety, with him, degenerates into a chaotic miscellaneousness, and what should be an agreeably diversified landscape becomes a pathless jungle. In both cases there is a failure of the constructive faculty, due to a lack of mental coördination and concentration. The price paid for interesting detail is monotony or instability in the organism.

Similar weaknesses reveal themselves when we pass from considering the elemental melodies to survey the ways in which they are built up into larger sections and whole movements,—when we pass, that is, from form to structure.[1]

[1] Properly speaking, "form" refers to the molecular constitution of music, to the ways in which relations of pitch and rhythm are

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None of the romantic composers attained a breadth, diversity, and solidity of construction in any wise comparable to Beethoven's. Schubert was intellectually too indolent, if not too indifferent, to attempt intricate syntheses of his materials, but relied instead on their primitive charm to justify endless repetitions. Schumann, less tolerant of platitude, and gifted with more intense, if hardly more disciplined, imagination, resorted to constant kaleidoscopic change, resulting in those "mosaic forms" which are related to true cyclic forms much as a panorama is related to a picture. Mendelssohn was naturally a better master of construction, but the knots he ties are somewhat loose, and inclined to ravel out. Chopin, a born miniaturist, obviously fails to make his sonatas and concertos anything but chance bundles of lyrical pieces. As for Berlioz and Liszt, they frankly faced their dilemma, and had the shrewdness to disclaim the desire to do that for which they wanted the faculty. They fell back on the "poetic forms," and let their works pile up without internal coherence, held together only by the thread of the story they were illustrating.

For this failure to work out the highest degree of plastic beauty possible to them, the romanticists frequently have to pay in a serious loss of power. Keenly interesting as are the details of their work, the whole impression is apt to lack fusion, clearness, integrity. Not without terrible risks may the musician neglect form, since form is itself, for him perhaps more than for any of his brother artists in other mediums, a fundamental means of expression. Of this matter popular thought is inclined to take a superficial view; it is fond of confusing vital form with dry formalism, of speaking contemptuously of formal analysis as the pedantic dissection of lovely melodies, the plucking and counting of the petals of the flowers of art, and of reiterating *ad nauseam* its irritating half-truth, "Music is the language of the emotions."

Popular thought would do well to pause and consider; to ask itself whether language, too, has not its form, without which it is unintelligible; to inquire how much of the expressive power of a lovely melody would remain were its pitch and time relations (that is, its form) materially altered; how long we could be inspired by the most exciting rhythms, were they ceaselessly reiterated without relief; and how eloquent we should find even the most moving symphony, were it written all in one key, or in several keys that had no relation to one another. Such considerations soon suggest the truth, which impresses us the more, the more deeply we study music, that there is a general expressiveness underlying all particular expressions, a fundamental beauty by which all special beauties are nourished as flowers are nourished by the soil; a symmetry and orderly organization that can no more be dispensed with in music without crippling its eloquence than a normal regularity of the features can be dispensed with in the human face without distorting it into absurdity or debasing it into ugliness. Without its pervasive presence, all special features, however amusing or superficially appealing, fail to inspire or charm. They become as wild flowers plucked to languish indoors, as seaweeds taken from their natural setting of liquid coolness. Or again, the particular expressions of music may be compared to the strings of an instrument, of which the sounding-board is plastic beauty: without its sympathetic reinforcement the strings, strike them as we may, give forth a scarcely audible murmur; with it there is clear and powerful sonority. So the most ingenious music is dull and dead if it lack the vitality of organic form; but if it be beautiful it will make its way to the heart.

manipulated in melody and harmony; "structure" to the molar constitution of music, the subsequent grouping of the melodies into complete pieces. The difference between a sonata, a fugue, and a nocturne is a difference of structure; the difference between a good melody and a bad one is a difference of form.

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IV

A slightly different angle of approach to this whole problem of musical expression is afforded by psychological analysis. Here again, as we might expect, modern theory, the learned as well as the popular, is somewhat biased by the prominence in modern practice of certain special features of effect. The psychologists dwell with a pardonable partiality of vision on the means of special expression; to complete their theories the reader has often to add for himself a consideration of the psychology of form. An article by M. Edmond Goblot, entitled "La Musique Descriptive," [1] is interesting, like others of its kind, both for what it explains and for what it ignores.

M. Goblot classifies expressive music under three headings, to which he gives the names of *la musique émotive*, *la musique descriptive*, and *la musique imitative*. His first rubric is somewhat vague, a sort of ragbag into which he stuffs "*toute musique qui provoque l'émotion sans aucun intermédiaire conscient.*" The other two are not only more precise, but serve to call attention to devices which have become very prominent in romantic, and especially in modern realistic, music. "Imitative" music, by reproducing literally sounds heard in the extra-musical world of nature, suggests to the listener the objects and events associated with them. Examples are the bird-notes in Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," the thunder in Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique," the bleating of sheep in Strauss' "Don Quixote," the striking of the clock and the wailing of the baby in his "Symphonia Domestica." "Descriptive" music suggests actions and events by means of analogies, chiefly of movement and of utterance, between the music and the object, and is, of course, far commoner than the more literal and narrowly circumscribed imitation. Beethoven is descriptive when he represents the even flowing of the brook, in the "Pastoral Symphony," by rippling figures in eighth-notes, or when, in the bass recitatives of the Ninth Symphony, he suggests the impassioned utterance of an imaginary protagonist; Mendelssohn describes in his "Hebrides Overture" the heaving of the ocean, and in his "Midsummer Night's Dream" the dancing of fairies; Saint-Saëns reproduces in "Le Rouet d'Omphale" the very whirr of the spinning-wheel, and Wagner in his fire-music the ceaseless lapping of flames.

Such devices as these certainly occupy a prominent place in modern music. Almost every composer of the later nineteenth century has taken his fling at this sort of sketching from nature. One cannot resist, nevertheless, the suspicion that M. Goblot attaches too great an importance to what is, after all, a casual and desultory element in most compositions, and that he inclines to lay on the narrow shoulders of imitation and description a greater burden of explanation than they can carry. Beethoven's birds and brooks are attractive features in a great work; Saint-Saëns' spinning-wheel makes a charming arabesque on a harmony of solid musicianship; but what are we to say to M. Goblot's assertion that a passage cited from Alexandre George, modulating upward by whole steps, is emphatically expressive because it "reminds us of a person reiterating, with growing exaltation, the same authoritative or impassioned affirmation, and each time advancing a step, in an attitude of menace or defiance?" Can we accept as unquestioningly as he does a series of thirteen consecutive fifths, descriptive of sunrise, on the ground that it "wounds our ears as the light of the sun wounds our eyes?" And listen to his comment on Schubert's "Trout," that long-suffering denizen of Teutonic waters: "En courant sur son lit de pierres, elle se creuse de plis profonds, se hérisse de crêtes saillantes, et ces plis et ces crêtes se croisent obliquement en miroitant." Schubert's fat shoulders, we suspect, would have shaken or

[1] *La Revue Philosophique*, vol. LII.

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shrugged, could he have read this ingenious commentary on his work.

If such finical transcription of natural sights and sounds is the aim of music, why do we prefer Beethoven's thunder, which clings cravenly to the diatonic scale, to Berlioz's, so much more realistic in its daring dissonance? Why do we not forthwith turn about-face on the road our art has so long been traveling, and forsake musical intervals, those quite artificial figments, for the noises which surround us everywhere in the actual world? Noise is, indeed, the hidden goal toward which all description and imitation aspire; and sound could never have passed into music under their guidance, but only in quest of a far deeper, more subtle expressiveness. It is hard to believe that any sane listener would long continue to patronize music in which there was not something more truly satisfying than the lapping of brooks, the crashing of storm or battle, and the whirring of spinning-wheels or the creaking of windmills. If such were the case, we should have to admit sadly that music had fallen to the level to which dramatic art falls in the real-tank-and-practicable-sawmill melodrama, to which painting falls in those pictures from which we try to pluck the too tangible grape.

M. Goblot evidently realizes himself that there is a subtler appeal than that of description and imitation; for it is in order to account for it that he makes his separate heading of *la musique émotive*, by which he indicates all music which acts directly upon the emotions, without the aid of any recognition of external objects, any intellectual concepts, or, as he says, *aucun intermédiaire conscient*. The appeal he here has in mind is that of thousands of melodies which, without describing or imitating any concrete object, suggest vividly special states of feeling, by recalling to us, in veiled, modified, and idealized form, those gestures or cries we habitually make under the spur of such feelings. Since the spontaneous vocal expressions of strong emotion — wailing, crying, pleading, moaning, and the like — have all their characteristic cadences, which can be more or less accurately reproduced in a bit of melody, and since the natural bodily gesticulations can be similarly suggested by divers rhythmical movements, music has the power to induce a great variety of emotional states by what we may call direct contagion, without the intermediation of any mental images. It can act upon us like the infection of tears or laughter, to which we involuntarily succumb without asking for any reasons. And it certainly exercises this power much more constantly and steadily than it imitates or describes. Almost all lyrical melodies, such as Schumann's "Ich Grolle Nicht," with its persistently rising inflection of earnest protestation, or Chopin's "Funeral March," with its monotone of heavy grief, will be found on analysis to reëcho, in an idealized and transfigured form, the natural utterance of passion. This kind of expression, which has often been described, appeals to our subconscious associations rather than to those conscious processes of thought by which we follow realistic delineation. Operating at a deeper level in our natures, it is proportionately more potent and irresistible.

But is even this type of expression, more general and pervasive though it be than the types so interestingly studied by M. Goblot, — is even this type of expression universal, omnipresent, fundamental? Does it suffice to explain the overwhelming emotional appeal of an organ-fugue of Bach, for example, of which the impression seems to be vague, general, indefinable in specific terms, in the exact measure of its profundity? If *la musique émotive* works at a deeper level and upon a more subconscious element in our nature than *la musique imitative* and *la musique descriptive*, is there not still another kind of music, which we may perhaps best call simply *la musique belle*, which, addressing still deeper instincts, exercises an even more magical persuasiveness?

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The case of the Bach fugue forces us to the conclusion that there is indeed a kind of expression depending neither on the portrayal of natural objects, nor on the suggestion of such special feelings as joy and grief, but penetrating by a still deeper avenue to the primal springs of emotion. The more compelling the experience, it seems, the more is it idealized away from concrete references and provocations in the direction of abstract musical beauty. By presenting to us a perfect piece of form, a highly complex yet ultimately single organism of tones, it calls into full play our most fundamental perceptions; and this satisfying exercise of our faculties gives us a pervasive happiness, a diffused sense of efficient vitality, ineffably more delightful than any particularized emotion or isolated intellectual process. Perfection of form thus turns out to be the most indispensable of all the means of expression at the command of the composer.

Psychological analysis, carried to its legitimate end, verifies, we see, the conclusions of the naïve musical observer. All expression, for psychology, is the product of an association of two "terms" in the mind:[1] the first, that which is given by experience, the expressive object; the second, that system of thoughts and feelings at which the mind arrives through the associative act,—that which, as we say, is expressed. This being the case, it is evident that, other things being equal, that expression will be most potent, the first term of which most deeply stirs our instinctive subconscious life. When the first term is a basic activity of our minds, such as the perception of a beautiful form, the feelings to which it leads us will have a peculiar depth and amplitude. Our whole organism, like the sounding-board of the well-attuned instrument, will be set in vibration. When, on the other hand, the mental trigger pulled is only some special emotion, so that the stimulation is superficial or local, the impression will reverberate less far-reachingly; we shall be less profoundly moved. And when it is not even an emotion, however special, that starts off the train of thought, but the intellectual concept of some object or event, we shall likely be not so much moved as interested; our curiosity rather than our passions will respond; and we shall call the music bizarre, original, or striking, but hardly beautiful.

Something like the same gradation in the power of various appeals, according to their generality, is observable in ordinary life. To read a story of love, labyrinthine in minute detail, is a less seizing experience than to overhear the impassioned speech of some actual lover, even if we catch none of the words; and this in turn commoves us less than to feel in our own frames that boiling of the blood, that surging of the vitals, which is the raw material of love. Brisk exercise on a fine autumn day of sun and wind gives a richer happiness than is dreamed of in our philosophies. It communicates no particular ideas, but attunes our whole being so exquisitely that the fancies spring up spontaneously, So lovely music simply establishes in us a mood, leaving all the furniture of that mood to our imaginations. And this is why it is that artistic expression, as it becomes more minute and meticulously precise, is so apt to lose in persuasive power; and that the composer, if he understand his medium, must needs hesitate long before sacrificing the least degree of beauty, however interstitial and inconspicuous, to any isolated feature of interest, no matter how salient or seductive.

V

Perhaps it is not too much to hope that the foregoing analysis, incomplete and tentative as it is, affords us something like a rational basis for our instinctive attitudes toward the various types of music. Though its intention is to suggest rather than to dogmatize, it may by this time have fixed clearly in our minds certain fundamental principles of artistic effect; and by constant reference to these it may

[1] *Cf.* Santayana: *The Sense of Beauty*, p. 195.

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have established in us a measure of judicial impartiality and poise. Especially, it may have clarified our notions, likely to remain confused so long as they are unconscious, of the essential achievements of the romantic school, both in its lyrical and in its realistic phases, as well as of the peculiar drawbacks and limitations to which it is subject.

The abiding charm of the lyrical work of the romantic composers, typical of which are Schubert's songs, Schumann's novelettes and *Phantasiestücke*, and Chopin's nocturnes and preludes, lies in its intimateness, its strong personal flavor. It fascinates us by its impulsive self-revelation, its frankness, spontaneity, and enthusiasm. Its subjectivity and introspection, even when they are troubled or touched with sadness, stir a sympathetic chord in the self-conscious modern breast. To those moods which the classic reticence chills and repels, romantic music speaks with tender, caressing humanity. Even its limitations are then an added appeal ; for when we are too weary or dull to brace ourselves to the perception of impersonal beauty, the accent of private grief, aspiration, struggle, and disappointment seems better pitched to our capacity, and has a pathos we can understand. Schumann and Chopin are the best companions for hours of reverie and self-communion.

On the other hand, when those hours overtake us in which we realize the pathetic incompleteness of all merely personal life, in which we discern what fragmentary creatures we are, how little of truth we can ever see, and that under how flickering a light, then all living to ourselves alone is touched with the sense of vanity. Then every utterance of our petty private griefs, and even of our nobler, but still private, joys, seems like a breath dissipated in a universe; we find true existence, solid reality, only in an identification of our interests with those of all mankind. As ethics finds its escape from this sense of the vanity of individual living in social devotion, æsthetics finds it in the impersonality of classic art. Romanticism is sometimes silent, or speaks to unattending ears. We turn from all special expressions, touched as they are with human mortality and evanescence, to the eternal abstract beauty.

If lyrical music is unsatisfactory to these moods of highest vitality and severest demand, realistic music is exasperating, intolerable. When we have nothing better to do, it is amusing enough to note the ingenuity with which a composer can introduce the bray of an ass into his delicate tissue of tones, as Mendelssohn does in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" Overture, or make three bird-notes sound a harmonic triad, as Beethoven does in his "Pastoral Symphony." There is a fascinating technical problem involved in the suggestion of natural noises by musical tones; and when we are indifferent to such technical interests, we may still find diversion in following a series of tonal cues to the events of a familiar story. But when we crave the sublimity of music, when we long to feel once more the thrill of its transcendent beauty, how can we endure to be put off with the barking of a dog, the mewing of a cat, the galloping of a horse, or the crying of a baby? Most program music is incredibly trivial in intention, and gives an impression of maladaptation of means to ends, the former are so elaborate, the latter so paltry and mean. To elicit from a modern orchestra of a hundred instruments a feeble imitation of a battle seems, as some one has piquantly phrased it, "like using a steam hammer to kill a fly."

We read with impatience the annals of this school. John Mundy, an English composer of the seventeenth century, writes a "Fantasia on the Weather," in four parts: "Faire Weather; Lightning; Thunder; a Faire Day." Adam Krieger, in 1667, composes a four-part vocal fugue "entirely imitative of cats," on a chromatic subject set to the words "Miau, miau." Dussek produces a series of pieces entitled "The Sufferings of the Queen of France," some of which are :

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"The Queen's Imprisonment" (*largo*); "She reflects on her Former Greatness" (*mæstoso*); "Her Invocation to the Almighty just before her Death" (*devotamente*); "The Guillotine drops" (a *glissando* descending scale); "Apotheosis." We smile patronizingly over these first childish attempts of an art essentially childish. No longer satisfied with such innocent delineations of natural and political history, we must have autobiography, domesticity, and even metaphysics, translated into tones. But will posterity take a truly keener delight in our triumphs of realism than we do in the works of Mundy and Krieger? Already Mr. Arthur Symons, in his essay on Richard Strauss, cries in pardonable irritation: "If I cared more for literature than for music, I imagine that I might care greatly for Strauss. He offers me sound as literature. But I prefer to read my literature, and to hear nothing but music."

Were triviality the only sin of program music, we might leave it, without further ado, to the gradual oblivion which overtakes the jejune in art. But unfortunately, program music not merely bores the music-lover; it does him a positive injury, which criticism ought, so far as it can, to mitigate. By its false emphasis it distracts attention from what music can do supremely to what it can only botch and bungle, brings true masterpieces into discredit with hearers not sensitive or disciplined enough to appreciate them, and plunges the simple into a hopeless æsthetic quagmire. Pitiable is the frequency of such questions, on the lips of aspiring students, as "Ought I, when I listen to music, to have in mind a series of pictures, or a story?" To judge by the minuteness of its detail the art which, beyond all others, is great by virtue of indefinite suggestion, and inspires by appealing to faculties far below the level of intellectual consciousness, is to be sadly duped. "We forget," writes Vernon Lee, "that music is neither a symbol which can convey an abstract thought, nor a brute cry which can express an instinctive feeling; we wish to barter the power of leaving in the mind an indelible image of beauty for the miserable privilege of awakening the momentary recollection of one of nature's sounds, or the yet more miserable one of sending a momentary tremor through the body; we would rather compare than enjoy, and rather weep than admire."

The upshot of all this is that not even in enjoying the novel delights, the picturesque glimpses, the fancy-provoking allusiveness, which romanticism has introduced into music, should we give ourselves too unreservedly to what may be after all but a partial and limited pleasure. If these things make us indifferent to deeper beauties, they do us a disservice. If, however, we can keep, in spite of their seductions, our sense of proportion, our perception of relative values, we shall enjoy them in security. The romantic movement has undoubtedly led to a widening of our artistic sympathies, has enriched our music with new expressive possibilities and technical resources. It has been one of those periods of ebullience, corresponding perhaps in the consciousness of the race to the storm and stress of adolescence in the individual, which are bound to come so long as we are growing. We cannot fully maintain our poise at the very moment in which we are extending our field of experience; periods of conquest must alternate with periods of assimilation; and as in walking we constantly lose our balance in order to progress, so in mental life we willingly forego control until it can supervene on a broader consciousness.

The romantic composers, eagerly developing the expressive possibilities of music, may have forgotten sometimes in their enthusiasm the organic beauty without which music can never wholly satisfy, but nevertheless they enriched their art. The available resources of music are today more various than ever before. Not only have its mechanical facilities been wonderfully perfected by the ingenuity of the nineteenth century, but its poten-

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tialities for vivid and detailed expression have been permanently raised by the subjective intentness of the modern temperament. It remains for future composers to make a new synthesis of all these novel elements, and without sacrificing their vividness, to impose upon them the ultimate integrity of impression which at present they too often lack. A classical unity and beauty must supervene upon our romantic multiplicity and interesting confusion. Expression, without losing the minuteness that modern speculation has gained for it, must reëndue something of the classical serenity. We have had already one musician who, profiting by his heritage, has vied with Schumann in versatility and with Bach in intimacy, who has combined in his single mind something of the sensitive sympathy of the romanticists and the rugged power of the classicists. It may be that Brahms but points the way to a music of the future which will be as grand as it is vivid, as universal in scope as it is personal in accent and inspiration, and in which beauty of form and richness of expression will be reunited in perfect coöperation to one great artistic end.

THE SATYR'S CHILDREN

A FABLE

BY EDITH WYATT

An aged satyr, living in the space between two rocks in an old Roman road, called his children to him as he lay dying.

"Remember that you are growing older every hour," he said. "I have always felt that your life in these damp recesses was too narrow. You had better go out into the world."

Within a few minutes he closed his black eyelids and died.

On the next midnight, which happened also to be at the full of the moon, the other satyrs came out of the grassy sides of the road, and buried their old companion in the middle of the plain it bordered. Here through the long night they played mournfully on their pipes, moaned, and flung themselves on the ground in an abandonment of grief. At about five o'clock in the morning a light shower arose; and with the breaking of the rainy dawn, by a sudden change of mood, they all clattered back into the road-bed, splashing each other in the little puddles, and shrieking with laughter.

The two young orphaned satyrs, who could not run so fast as the others, were left scampering behind. "What is going to be done about those little devils?" a good-natured old grandmother called in a gruff voice over her dark shoulder.

"Father told us to go out into the world," screamed the smallest satyr.

"Ho-ho! Ho-ho! Stay where you are, then," several of the big goat-men shouted. A cock crew; and all the laughing faces and twitching hairy ears vanished into the ancient way. The two little human beasts stood, stamping and crying, out on the wet plain. With the light the road had become a compact surface. It was impossible for them to find a chink through which they might creep back into their loamy, comfortable past.

At last, after running about in a panic for some time, they sheltered themselves under a little clump of chestnut brush. Here they lay close together, trembling as you would tremble cast away in gathering darkness on some undreamed, bar-

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baric coast. So in the cool fall air they watched the strange light of day slowly dawning on them in an unknown country of civilization.

It rained until evening. Then the sky cleared in the darkness. The moon rose. The satyrs ran out, and picked and ate some late berries, wet and fresh, and chased each other over the plain. With the first faint tissue of morning light, they hid themselves again. In such wise they lived for nearly a week. On several occasions during this time three creatures passed, quite different from the fauns and satyrs and the forsaken gods and goddesses of their past existence under the plain and the wood through which the road ran. These three creatures were a student, a woodcutter, and his wife.

"Come, let's run out and snap at their fingers," whispered the little satyr girl. "Father told us to go out into the world."

"Oh, no, no," whispered the little satyr boy. "You know father may have been playing a trick on us."

So not one human being knew there were satyrs in the province till one still, bright afternoon, when the woodcutter's wife walked out over the plain with her knitting, and, in order to be in the shade, sat down close to the chestnut brush.

The little satyrs, almost breathless with terror, lay as still as death. The old woman's face, brown like a hard-baked biscuit, looked so fierce, her sabots looked so big, and her glittering knitting-needles looked so cruel. For ten terrible minutes there was not a motion over the whole plain but their quick, slight flitting. Not the shadow of a blade of grass quivered. At last the thread of the yarn fell tickling against the little satyr girl's ear; it twitched; the old woman saw the little hairy tip flick; she leaned around the bush, — and looked straight down into the eyes of the little human beasts.

The satyr girl sprang at her like a tiger, striking at her with her beautiful brown hands, and kicking at her with her white hoofs; and the satyr boy ran butting against her with his black head and white horns. The woodcutter's wife caught them both and held them fast in her arms, struggling with them and chuckling. They were too small to hurt her; and she stayed playing with them till the stars were all out, when she put them to sleep in her lap, and laid them back again under the brush.

The truth was that the woodcutter's wife, a rough, warm-hearted old woman, had a strong passion for all kinds of queer young creatures, funny, leggy calves, gawky colts, and round, clumsy babies. She was now ravished to the core of her nature by the young satyrs. She could scarcely wait to have them fast in her arms again, burrowing their heads against her shoulders, and biting at her fingers.

On the next morning she carried out to them a bowl of hot, salty, smoking porridge. After that she came every day to play with them, and to feed them. When the weather grew colder she gave them her woolly gray shawl, and an old dog-skin to cover themselves up with. But she said nothing about them to her husband, nor to the student, for fear they would think the little goat-children too queer, and would chase them away. However, when the equinoctial storms began to fall, the thought of the little satyrs shuddering in the wet brush nipped her like pincers. So she took from an old chest some clothes that had belonged to her own children, now grown up and gone away, and with these clothes she disguised the little satyrs. In smocks, with little caps pulled down over their horns and furry ears, in long stockings covering their graceful furry legs, and in sabots covering their hoofs, they looked just like little human beings, with unusually elusive, mocking faces.

Then the woodcutter's wife took them home, telling her husband they were two waifs she had found in the wood. At first he hated the idea of keeping them, and scolded about it constantly. But gradually he hated it less. Finally he liked it, and scolded only at intervals, for the sake of consistency. The student was delighted

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with his two new little fellow-lodgers. He at once named the little girl Faustina, because he first saw her dark eyes sparkling under the edge of her white cap across the table from him, when he happened to glance up from his favorite volume of Faust legends. The little boy he named Vulpes, on account of his slight resemblance to a fox.

The satyrs made no trouble for him, for the woodcutter, or for any one else. They ran in the wood and over the plain all day. Late at night they crept up by outside stairs to the bed the woodcutter's wife had made for them in the warm, dark loft, where no one could see them taking off their stockings. At school, it is true, they were late and irregular. But they learned their lessons very quickly, especially the ancient history and the mythology; though in these classes they always laughed and wriggled so and looked at each other with such meaning that the teacher would be obliged to make them sit on opposite sides of the room. With the other children of the neighborhood they seldom played.

So they fared in the world for a year. Then what was inevitable happened. Every one learned the truth about them. It was on a cold Saturday afternoon. They had joined the other children in an autumn search for nuts. These they chanced to find in plenty in a little copse between the cluster of cottages where they lived and the city where Wolf studied and the woodcutter sold his wood. A light, cold wind blew. It seemed to have caught up and to be twisting around near the copse a small rising whirlpool of thousands of dead leaves. The children, Faustina and Vulpes with the rest, rushed and rustled around in it, kicking their feet in the leaves and shouting, while the wind blew as cold as water in their mouths.

Then suddenly Faustina's cap blew off — and she did n't care. Her flood of hair tumbled loose and black over her shoulders, with her little snowy horns pointing up through it at the temples — and she did n't care. Her brown ankles and white, fleet hoofs leapt free from her heavy sabots and stockings, — and glad enough she was to kick them off, and to fly and to vault in the great airy funnel of leaves, reckless, in the exhilaration of that free instant, of whatever might come after. Not Vulpes, who had also lost his cap, nor any of the rest, could possibly keep up with her. She ran as fast as an antelope, with her cloud of dark hair streaming behind her, her white blouse and blue skirt rippling about her, and her little hoofs leaping and stepping like lightning, so that you could hardly tell when she was on the ground and when she was in the air. The wind blew faster and faster, and she whirled around and around, buoying herself in its sweep, like a swallow, to the very tops of the little tamarack trees: until at last the breeze died down, and, swaying and dancing lightly with the last flickering leaf, she sank breathless on the brown heap, her eyes sparkling with still delight. Then, raising her glance over the heads of the children, as she shook back her hair to gather it up again, she saw the eyes of Wolf and of the woodcutter fixed upon her with coldness and with astonishment.

In returning from the town they had reached the copse a few minutes after Faustina's cap blew off. A great weight of gloom seemed to fall from them on all the children, and most heavily on Faustina. She put on her shoes and stockings, without daring to lift her eyes from the ground. All thought of nutting was abandoned. The children walked home together in little separate groups, with their bags hanging very limp over their arms. They whispered apart from the satyrs, who followed, sad and bewildered, the silent steps of the woodcutter and Wolf. It is so painful to find that one has not pleased the taste of those whom one likes.

Inside the house the satyrs sat together miserably, on the floor, under the table; and the husband buried his face in his hands, while Wolf, walking the floor,

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poured out to the old mother an account of what had happened.

"See what you have brought us to," said the woodcutter. "No respectable people will ever look at us again. Such a thing has never happened to any one else we know. It is unheard of."

"I did n't think you would mind so much," said the old mother calmly. "The poor little things had nowhere to go; and how could I suppose Wolf would care? I thought he was pleased with unheard-of things, like stories about witchcraft, and Dr. Faustus, and his black poodle that was the devil."

"Dear me," said Wolf testily. "Those belong to the kind of quaint, romantic, unheard-of things that every one has known about and heard of. But who has ever had anything to do with goat-children? I would advise you to drown them."

"I am not going to drown them," said the old mother with placidity. "They are far too cunning and too good. As for their being partly goats, every one has something queer and fierce and like a beast in him. My husband has it when he breaks plates and scolds because he has to pay the rent he promised. Heaven knows I myself sometimes get up in the morning feeling as though I would like to bite out the eyes of the next person that spoke to me. And you are like that when you tell me to drown my nice children, who have never tried to hurt one hair of any one's head."

"Yes. Yes. She is right," said the woodcutter with a heavy groan. He was a morose and perverse man, but just. The little satyrs under the table butted their horns fast against each other, and the tears streamed over their faces.

Wolf now began to pile up his books and to fold up his gown to put into his ruck-sack. At last he exclaimed, in the gloomy silence,—

"You have no idea where those creatures came from in the very beginning, and you cannot tell what will become of them in the end."

"No," said the old mother quietly. "That cannot be known about any one."

Throughout the discussion she had been walking round the room, working and cooking. The little satyrs had crept away; and she now took their supper up to them in the warm, dark loft, where she hugged them and chuckled to them and told them not to mind. As the supper was very well cooked, both the men and the goat-children ate it up. Then they all went to bed in the comfort of the old mother's house, though very uneasy, — the satyrs because they had made so much bother, and the men because the little goat-children were so very queer.

The next day was stormy, cold, and miserable. Wolf was obliged to unpack his ruck-sack in order to take out what he needed in the house for the day; and after this it seemed undignified to pack everything up again; so that he did not set out at once.

After breakfast Christina, a neighbor, came in tears to talk to the woodcutter's wife, and to beg that the satyrs be sent away, because she feared having them so near her own children.

"Have they ever said or done anything that could harm your children?" asked the woodcutter gravely.

"No," said the neighbor, hesitating. "Oh, sir, I know it is a delicate thing to mention; but it does seem to me so fearfully peculiar for them to have goats' legs."

"Fearfully peculiar! A delicate thing to mention!" said the woodcutter, suddenly mimicking the unfortunate visitor in a niminy, squeaking voice of contempt. "My children," he added, with a sudden change of tone, "came as they are, hoof and hide, without disgrace from their old mother earth, — like you, like me, and every one. If your children are afraid, let them keep out of the way."

He picked up his pipe conclusively, and began smoking, while the neighbor crept out at the door. Throughout the discussion the old mother had been working about the room, burnishing the kettle and putting wood on the fire, quietly, but

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with a slightly jocose expression. Well, well, she knew that Christina was right in considering the children's horns and tails odd. Yet there they were, — after all, not more freakish than her husband's perversity, or many another fact of nature through which, during a long life, she had been sustained by a sense of fun, still but powerful.

Now that everybody knew the little satyrs were largely beasts, the fact seemed to make remarkably little difference. Even when Vulpes, as he went to the head of his class in school, tore off his cap, shrieked at the top of his lungs, kicked off his sabots, and danced round and round the schoolroom floor, no harm seemed to result from his behavior. Even when, as the children sang, Faustina's voice, wild and ecstatic, rose above all the others with a buoyant tone like cool pipes in a wood, and when strange light calls and cries answered from outdoors, — even then life continued unbroken in its course.

But as time went on another load of care bore heavily on the woodcutter. "What will become of our goat-children when we are gone? We can leave enough to take care of one, but never to take care of two," he would say to his wife. "And they will always be prevented from doing well for themselves while there are fools in the world like Christina, such as there will always be."

"Our goat-children are happy now," said the old mother reassuringly. "And for the future, — why, time takes every one through everything."

So the years went by. Wolf finished his studies at the university, packed his rucksack, and really went away at last, but only by the convenience of circumstance. The woodcutter and his wife aged, and Faustina and Vulpes grew into the flower of their youth.

At about this time it happened, one rainy morning in spring, while the satyrs were in school, that the woodcutter and his wife, working in their kitchen with the door open, heard pipes near them playing an air lovely beyond belief, — so lovely that they left their fagot-tying, and stood listening on the threshold. But the pipes' notes stopped then. They saw no one near except an old man in a dark cape, evidently the artist they had heard spoken of as walking sometimes through the village.

The rain ceased to fall as he approached the door, asking for a boy named Vulpes; and he refused to enter. "I have come to strike a bargain with you about that goat-boy," he said. "I wish to hire him as a model for a statue."

"Have you ever seen our Vulpes?" said the woodcutter. "After you have, you may not care to make a statue of him. I cannot conceal from you that he is as ugly as possible to be."

"No matter," said the old artist grandly. "It makes not a bit of difference to me whether some turn of creation that attracts me goes by the name of beautiful or of hideous. What I like may be the foaming swirl of a splendid cloud, or it may be the texture of an alley ash-heap crumbling to black velvet dust in a shadowed corner. From all that I have heard I think that dark, fantastic boy would make a fine statue."

"Just exactly as he is?" said the woodcutter."

"Just exactly as he is."

The woodcutter thought for a while. "You would not care to put in his ears, I suppose."

"Yes. I should be obliged to put in his ears."

Again the woodcutter considered. "Surely you would not wish his tail, though. That would be beneath such a grand art as sculpture."

"The tail I must have," said the visitor with decision.

After that there was silence for some minutes. "It could never be concealed from any one again," said the woodcutter, "that Vulpes is half a beast."

"Never."

"He would be known to every one for just exactly what he is," put in the

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old mother. "No better, and no worse."

"And what would you do for him in return?" asked the woodcutter.

"I would take the most responsible care of his entire future," said the artist quietly.

The woodcutter was silent with astonishment.

Just at that moment they saw the satyr youth, rough and shaggy, walking across the plain toward them.

"It is strange enough," said the woodcutter. "No one can tell how things will fall. We have always been anxious about our boy on account of the strangeness of his appearance; and now it seems to be the very thing in him that you admire, and that can provide honestly for him in the world."

"So you are willing I should make the statue?" said the artist. "And at last you will stand for the truth of nature. Enough! Enough! He is cared for forever." At that he gave a tremendous guffaw; and there, instead of the artist, stood a great god, half a goat and half a man, with horns and hairy ears wreathed with grape vine, and an oaten pipe in his hand.

At the first ecstatic notes he blew as he lifted it to his mouth, Vulpes leapt toward him in a transport of delight; and then, dancing and shrieking together, suddenly they disappeared from sight. Deep under the spring loam of the plain, fragrant with violets, wild hyacinth, and anemone, the notes of the pipes could be heard, fainter and fainter, and at last everything was still.

Some months after this it happened, one evening when the day had been warm, that the woodcutter was sitting with his wife near the door of their little dark summer kitchen, looking out at the wood and the plain all bathed in a great flood of moonlight. For long now another load of care had borne heavily on the good man. "What will become of my poor little Faustina when we are gone?" he said to his wife. "She will be all alone. Miseries will certainly, certainly come on her while there are fools in the world like Christina, such as there will always be."

And no words of sense could drive this worry from his mind. To-night, after his day of work, all was calm around him. His corduroy coat hung over the end of the bench. He had his pipe in his hand; and he tried to rest in the coolness and peace of the place. But he grew constantly more restless. While the torment of his anxiety for Faustina was nagging him most sharply, she appeared in the door. Her hair fell loose around her waist, and her little white hoofs shone in the moonlight. Never before had she looked so wild, so sweet.

Just as she had laughed on the days when she was hiding in the brush, she laughed now, and looked up at the old mother; and she kissed the woodcutter between his eyes. "It is a sin," she said, "to stay indoors on such a night. Besides, this has been Midsummer's Day. Come out with me to the edge of the wood," she whispered, "and I will show you something there."

And as she spoke, and as she stood there, all the ways of the manifold earth appeared to the woodcutter free and divine. Such a serenity breathed in the air about him, his every care had vanished. At that instant the odor of the pine bench, the dark wood and worn utensils of the familiar little kitchen,—every minute of his existence flying, flying past,—were as a miracle to him. His whole life there in the midst of creation was known to him to be a thing unaccountable as the flash of the Northern Lights in the sky, and as unreasonable a cause for care.

He rose. The little satyr girl ran ahead of him and the old mother to the familiar cluster of chestnuts; and here, sitting in the darkness of its shadow, they now watched her in her world, just as she had once watched them in theirs.

"Good-by. Good-by," she said, and she touched each one with a thrilling touch, and ran out into the plain. There they saw standing on the gray prairie a great white goddess with filleted hair,

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starry eyes, and a silver bow and quiver. Beside her a stag with glistening antlers listened, still as the sky, to the wide whispers of the open.

She raised her horn, and blew a call on it. An answering call sounded from the wood; and at the same instant there was a sound of thousands and thousands of hurrying feet and voices. It came nearer and nearer, and then the little Faustina was lost to the hidden watchers in the midst of a great concourse of women, young, strong, and beautiful, coming out of the recesses of the wood into the open. The moonlight fell on their bare shoulders hung with quivers, their straight ankles, the turn of their twisted hair, and their white-feathered arrows.

Diana, standing before the dark, rustling grove, received the obeisance of all. Again she raised her horn to blow on it a call clear and light; and then, with one swift step, still as the fall of snow, she had leapt from the little mound, and was running, running, running like the wind, with all her nymphs, and none so fleet as she, behind her.

Like a marble frieze now the speeding huntress and her virgins streamed past against the starry distance of the sky, around the plain, and back again to the forest. Last of all ran the little satyr girl, throwing out her arms to the wood before her, all black-silvered and murmuring in the cool light, the roll of the pillared tree-boles gleaming, the dark glades opening like some spacious hall prepared free and fresh for hours of delight.

Long, long, the woodcutter and his wife looked at the path of the procession after its faintest glimmer had vanished, and the last white flick of the little goat-girl's hoof had disappeared in the big, still wood. Then they knew that she had gone forever, and they rose from the little copse and went home in the moonlight.

"Do you know what that wood is to-night?" said the mother, "the old, old wood they all came out of and they all went back to? It is the Past — and Death itself."

"Yes," said the woodcutter with calm, "that will be her future. None I could plan would be so beautiful for her." And he worried no more.

PICTURES FOR THE TENEMENTS

BY ELIZABETH McCRACKEN

Not very long ago I gave to a little girl I know a copy of one of Fra Angelico's angels. Somewhat later I heard her, in the next room, discussing the picture with a small guest. "It 's a *nice* angel," she explained; "painted in Italy."

"Ye-es," the other child acquiesced; "but — do you *like* it?" she added, half fearfully, half defiantly.

The possessor of the angel appeared to hesitate. "I — s'pose so," she said at length; "I know it ought to be liked!"

In the tenements one meets with a larger freedom of speech. One finds, too, rather a greater independence of thought, and a very much more unrestricted liberty of feeling. However nice may be the pictures of angels given to the dwellers in tenement neighborhoods, those pictures are quite openly rejected if not unreservedly liked. Their owners have not been informed as to what angels ought, and ought not, to be liked. But they know which they do like, and do not like; and they know why. Moreover, they are not afraid to tell.

Once, at Christmas, I sent to a woman of the tenements who was a friend of

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mine, and who, I knew, had a fondness for pictures of winged children, a print of Raphael's Cherubs. "They 's real sweet," she said to me, when next we were together; "but there's lots prettier ones on the Christmas cards my boy has got from the Sunday School."

It was through this woman's younger sister that I came to see more clearly the place that what we have been solicitously trained to designate as the best pictures may take in the lives of people who must measure those pictures for themselves, unhelped, and unhindered, by traditionary standards of measurement. Going with her one day to help in the selection of her wedding dress, I noticed in the window of a picture shop we were passing an unusually fine photograph of La Gioconda, and involuntarily stopped to look at it. My companion, waiting for me, also contemplated the picture.

"Who is it?" she asked with some curiosity.

I told her a little about the Lady Lisa.

"What 's she smilin' at?" was the next question.

I spoke of the Renaissance in Italy. "She lived then," I supplemented.

"But why did it make her smile that way?" my companion pursued.

Whereupon, as we continued on our way, I quoted what Walter Pater had said about "the presence that thus rose so strangely beside the waters."

"I should think she would 'ave *cried*," my friend made comment. "I don't see why she *smiled!*"

"No one has ever quite seen," I found myself replying. "Every one has a favorite theory. A friend of mine says that it is because she never forgets that life is short; she does not weep, no matter what happens to herself, or to any one else, because she is remembering always that nothing happens for very long."

"But," objected my companion, "everybody knows we can't live forever! I don't see why the idea should 'ave struck the Lady Lisa as so uncommon funny! She must 'ave been an out o' the ordinary person."

My friend said nothing further that day concerning La Gioconda; but the memory of the first glimpse of the baffling face lingered with her, as it lingers with us all. She confided to me one evening that she did not care for the picture, but that she could not put it out of her mind. "I 'd like to look at it jes' till I found out why she is smilin'; and then never see it no more," she added.

"But why no more?" I queried. "She is so beautiful."

"I don't think her beautiful," was the reply; "she 's only int'restin'-looking; and she would n't be that, if people knowed why. I wish I could find out."

She was calling upon me. On the wall of the room was a small print of the picture. "Please take it!" I said.

When next I went to see her the picture was in a position of honor, over the middle of the mantel in the "best room" of her new home. On its right side hung a campaign portrait-poster of President Roosevelt; on the left a gaily lithographed Priscilla, cut from one of the *Youth's Companion's* current calendars. The only other picture in the room was a framed photograph of my friend and her husband, in wedding array.

Within the year a child, a little boy, was born to them. The baby, even while he was still very tiny, had a way, as he was held in his mother's arms, of resting his head against her breast and turning his eyes away from her face, that reminded me of the child in the lap of the Madonna of the Chair. I mentioned this to my friend; and one day I gave her a photograph of the picture. She received it with far more pleasure than that with which she had accepted La Gioconda; but she did not put it in the place of Leonardo's picture, nor, indeed, bring it into any especially close proximity. She fastened it to a narrow bit of wall between two windows; beneath it was a photograph of her baby, taken by me on the day of his christening.

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There were, when we met, so many other things to discuss that the woman did not speak, for a long time, of either of the two pictures; and I supposed that they had come to be regarded by her in a purely decorative light.

But one night, before he had lived quite a year, her little son died. The morning of the day after the funeral I sat with the bereaved mother in the "best room," so lately given over to such pitiful uses. Glancing about to assure myself that its former order had been quite restored, I noticed that the Mona Lisa was no longer over the mantel, nor in any other place in the room. Where she had been, the Madonna of the Chair now was. My friend, as if replying to my unspoken question, said quickly: "Nobody else did that! I did it myself!" She grasped my hand; holding it closely, she continued, "Yesterday, after they took my baby away, an' I got back home, an' my husband, bein' awful tired, was sleepin', I came in here, 'cause the baby, he 'd been in here. An' that lady in the picture, she smiled and smiled! Her smilin' had int'rested me before; I had n't never liked it, but I 'd sorter liked wonderin' 'bout it. But last night it did n't int'rest me none! She could n't 'ave been tender-hearted; or she 'd 'ave knowed that there 's nothin' to smile at in learnin' things don't last very long — same as me 'avin' my baby did n't! I wished she' d stop smilin'; but, knowin' she could n't, I stopped lookin' at her, and looked at the other picture you gave me, 'cause o' your sayin' my baby made you think o' the baby in it. An' the lady in that, it seemed as if she would 'ave knowed, bein' here, how I was feelin', — which the smilin' one would n't 'ave. The more I looked at her, the more I thought so. It seemed as if she 'd even, bein' here, 'ave let me hold her baby a little while, mine bein' gone. So I took down the smilin' picture, and put the other one up there."

She lifted her head, and gazed at me, wondering if I understood. "I could n't 'ave done dif'rent," she said simply.

"No; and there was no reason why you should have," I agreed.

She had transferred the Mona Lisa, she told me, to an acquaintance in the tenement above, an older woman. "You don't mind, do you?" my friend inquired. "My upstairs neighbor, she used to come in here, and look at it. She took real comfort out o' it; so I went up this mornin' and gave it to her. I 'm glad if anybody can find it comfortin'! You don't mind my givin' it away, do you?" she repeated.

I assured her that I did not. Afterward, when the "upstairs neighbor" questioned me similarly, I made her the same assurance. "Whoever wants the picture ought to have it," I added.

"I have always wanted it, ever since I first seen it downstairs," the woman confessed. "I like her smilin'! I don't think it 's 'cause she ain't got no sorrow for anybody or anythin' that she smiles; I think it 's 'cause she *has*, and has got grit, too. It heartens me up surprisin', to look at her!"

An artist to whom I recounted both these incidents granted them, not without reluctance, a certain significance, but urged me not to imagine for an instant that they contained any elements whatsoever of artistic criticism. "A picture cannot properly be viewed in any such semi-literary, semi-didactic light. The important thing about it is, not what it means, but how it is done!" he pronounced.

In the tenements, however, I found the reverse of this proposition to be true. What a picture might mean, and not at all how it was done, proved, almost invariably, to be the important thing about it. A literary or a didactic light, or that commingled literary and didactic light respecting which my artistic friend had expressed himself at once so unfavorably and so uncompromisingly, seemed, in nearly every instance, to be just the light in which a picture could be — if not with most propriety, certainly with most distinctness — beheld.

During a winter, several years ago, at

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the college settlement in which I was especially interested, it chanced that I had charge of a considerable number of "sight-seeing" parties. One of these, composed of girls of from fifteen to seventeen years of age, I guided one afternoon through the rooms and corridors of the Museum of Fine Arts. The time at our disposal being so short, and the list of things to be seen so long, I made but few comments, and these of the smallest, upon any of those things.

A number of the girls came subsequently to the settlement to ask for further information concerning various pictures, and statues, and curios, that had aroused in them, severally, a particular interest. One girl desired to hear more about Greek vases. "I got much pleasure from them," she exclaimed; "the shape of them, I liked it much, and the pictures on them!"

I told her somewhat regarding Greek vases; and then, when she asked me to tell her still more, I read aloud Keats's Ode.

"Oh," she said happily, as I closed the book, "I like that! It 's exactly as lovely as the vases!"

She wished to copy the lines; so I lent her the volume. The next morning, on her way to the factory in which she was employed, she called to see me. The settlement family was at breakfast. I overheard the protectively inclined maid-servant at the door mentioning my name, and this fact, in rather a prohibitive tone of voice; and hastened into the hall.

"Who is it?" I inquired.

"It is I," replied the girl, as the servant allowed her to enter; "that would give you again your book, and ask if that pot of basil, it is this one? What I would say," noting my bewilderment, she elucidated, "is, is the Isabella in the picture in the Museum the one in the poem within your book?"

When I replied in the affirmative, my caller's regret that she had not sooner been made aware of Isabella's pathetic story was as frank as it was keen. "Why did n't you tell us?" she sighed. "I wish you had! I got but little of enjoyment from the picture; if the story I had known, much would I have got! So strange is it, so sweet, so sad!"

I seized the first opportunity to make reparation, by inviting her a second time to visit the Museum with me, as a member of my very next party; upon which occasion, she lingered long, gazing absorbedly at Mr. Alexander's painting.

On the other hand, another girl, who, before she heard the weird tale, had been decidedly attracted to the picture, after she had listened to it declared herself to be quite undesirous of looking at The Pot of Basil ever again. "I would n't have admired it in the beginning," she explained quaintly, "if I'd known it had such a haunted-house kind of story to it."

Another friend of mine in the tenements, a woman of middle age, became disaffected with Leonardo da Vinci's portrait of Beatrice d'Este, when, to her dismay, she learned that the young duchess was not "the most gentle lady" of the *Vita Nuova*. She had made acquaintance with the picture through a photograph of it, exhibited in a shop window that she passed twice daily, on her way to and from the restaurant kitchen in which she was employed as cook. A salesman in the shop, of whom she had been emboldened to inquire regarding the original, had, to be sure, answered, "An Italian lady of olden times, named Beatrice."

Seeing a copy of the portrait in *The Most Illustrious Ladies of the Italian Renaissance*, which I, going to call upon her, had carried with me to read in the trolley car, she would have greeted it as a picture of Dante's Beatrice. "Why, I thought there was only but one!" she sighed, after hearing my explanation.

Her interest in Dante and his Beatrice had sprung directly from the curiosity that had been awakened in her mind by a print of Mr. John Elliott's picture of Dante, that she saw by chance one day in the house of another of my friends.

"What is his name?" she asked me,

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her eyes bent upon the picture. "He looks like a lot had happened to him."

At her urgency, I related, from time to time as we met, no small part of all that had happened to that "youth of the Alighieri." My friend presently tired of my references to the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, and even to the city of Florence; but she remained insatiable in her eagerness to listen to the smallest fact or legend concerning Beatrice. Though she gave up, after the first canto, an attempt to peruse Dr. Cary's version of the *Divina Commedia*, she read the *Vita Nuova*, in Professor Norton's translation, with rare delight.

I had duly given her the Beata Beatrix, telling her that it was an "imaginary portrait." Some one had sent me a magazine containing reproductions of the famous contemporaneous portraits of Dante; this, too, I presented to my friend. These she preferred to Mr. Elliott's and to Rossetti's pictures of the poet. "Maybe they ain't good likenesses of him," she declared; "but anyway, the people who did 'em had *seen* him! They had *him* to go by, in paintin' 'em!"

Because the creator of the Beata Beatrix had not had her to go by, the woman seemed unable to accept the picture, even as an "imaginary portrait," very seriously. For this reason she was the more disappointed to discover that, though the painter who had done the portrait of Beatrice d'Este had seen that lady frequently, Dante had never seen her at all.

"An' I'll never know how she looked?" she queried plaintively.

"I hardly think," I ventured, "that the outward appearance of Beatrice was what so interested Dante."

"It must ha' been," my friend rejoined. "She never talked to him; she never did nothing for him. He just saw her! That was all. It must ha' been the way she looked that mattered to him. I ain't speakin' o' the color o' her eyes an' hair, or anything o' that kind," the woman explained; "I'm speakin' o' her *expression*. If only I know'd what it was!"

"There are persons," I suggested conservatively; "who think that it was quite as much because Dante was a wonderful man as because Beatrice was a wonderful woman that she inspired his poetry."

"Was n't there a lot o' other wonderful women livin' then?" my friend demanded. "I'd only like to know," she added more mildly, "why he chose her, out o' them all!"

I could but reply that only that was exactly what we all should like to know.

A paragraph in the *Vita Nuova* brought her into the happy way of another story of a poet and his love. One evening, calling upon me at the settlement, she suddenly inquired, "Where is that picture o' an angel that Dante, he drawed?"

"It is lost!" I replied.

"What a pity!" the woman exclaimed regretfully. "I have been wishin' I could see it."

The settlement family were perfervidly studying Browning that winter. Books of his poems and dramas were scattered somewhat profusely about the house. I found a volume belonging to me, and read aloud a portion of "One Word More." Then, another visitor interrupting me, I said to my friend; "I will gladly lend you the book, if you care to finish the poem."

She accepted my offer with alacrity. The next day I met her on the street. "Who was E. B. B.?" she asked abruptly. "The piece 'bout Dante's angel was wrote to her," she annotated.

Her pleasure, upon hearing, was lovely to see. "He was powerful fond o' her, was n't he?" she observed. "Did she think as much o' him?" she added anxiously.

By way of reassurance, I gave her the *Sonnets from the Portuguese*. Also, I lent her that one of my volumes of Browning's works containing "By the Fire-Side." It contained, too, "The Guardian Angel;" and had for a frontispiece a reproduction of Guercino's picture. The picture led my friend to read the poem. I had already given her, in response to her half-wistful, half-eager inquiries as to "how Mr. and

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Mrs. Brownin' looked," first, a small picture of the poet's wife, and later an accompanying one of the poet. When she came to return my books, she said: "I like the poetry; I read more'n you told me 'bout. One was 'bout the angel on the front page. It's nice to think o' them two, Mr. and Mrs. Brownin', a-sittin' there in that church together, lookin' at it, same as he tells."

Some little time afterward I was so fortunate as to discover Guercino's angel among the Perry Prints. Without further delay I took it to my friend. She placed it beneath the pictures of the two who had sat together and looked at it in its own chapel. On the opposite wall were Dante and Beatrice.

"My pictures is good company," she once said to me; "I can think of a lot o' beautiful things that's true, when I look at 'em."

None of those things that she seemed to think about most were, or had ever been, hers. Her husband, whom, as well as her three children, she supported, was a drunkard. He was never kind, and often cruel, to his wife. But coarse and ugly as the realities of her life were, she had her ideals; and these were of an exquisite delicacy and loveliness.

One evening, to my discomposure, she spoke to me about the recently published *Love-Letters of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning*. "I saw the books of 'em on the table in the Public Library the other night when I was waitin' there to meet you."

"I suppose you read some of them?" I said noncommittally.

"I started to," the woman from the tenements replied; "but," she unexpectedly continued, "I did n't keep on. I could tell, after I'd read no more'n two or three of 'em, that they was private. How 'd they get round, for anybody happenin' along to see?" she questioned curiously.

The zestful spirit of the collector is not lacking in the picture-lovers of the tenements. The collections are made, and arranged, by subjects rather than by schools.

I know one woman who is interested in the acquisition of pictures of children. She possesses, among many others, reproductions of Sir Joshua Reynolds's Little Samuel, and Millais's Two Little Princes in the Tower, and Velasquez's Infanta Margarita, and Whistler's Little Rose, and the portrait of Longfellow's small daughters. A more sophisticated collector, to whom I quoted this partial list, said that, to his mind, it appeared not to be confined very closely within the limits of its subject.

A boy I know, an ardent maker of a collection, allowed himself even greater liberty in the admission of additions to his catalogue. One day, feasting his eyes upon a picture of the Bunker Hill monument that I had given him as a memento of a joyous pilgrimage he had made with me to the celebrated battleground, he ejaculated; "I'm awf'ly glad to have it, part-ways 'cause it was fun goin' where it is, and part-ways 'cause it's so tall. I like things as goes far up!" Therefore I very shortly sent him prints, respectively, of Giotto's Campanile and of the Leaning Tower. The inclination thus kindled, the boy began to amass tall pictures, — of other towers, and of churches with spires, and of columns, and of obelisks. Recently I encountered him on the street. "How lucky to meet you!" was his greeting. "I've jest got a new goin'-up-far picture! I tore it out of an old magazine I bought for two cents!" He held it before me. It was a reproduction of a sketch of the Flat-Iron Building.

"But," I demurred, "it is different from your others!"

"Dif'rent!" he reiterated. "Course it ain't a church, or a tower, or anything o' those kinds, same as my others; but it's high, same as them!"

Only a short time ago a girl who had seen on a coin-pin that I was wearing an enameled representation of St. George, advised me, after listening to the legend of that "most Christian knight," to col-

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lect "pictures of people who slew dragons." By way of practical encouragement she followed up her counsel by sending me a penny print of Guido Reni's St. Michael.

Another, an older woman, collects Madonnas, — chiefly as they appear in penny prints and on souvenir postal cards. She has three by Botticelli, and five by Raphael, and two by Murillo; and she has Bodenhausen's, and Holbein's, and Dagnan-Bouveret's, and many another. The last time I saw her she told me that she had a new one, which she had brought to show me. It was a photograph of Michael Angelo's Pietà.

Most of us number among our acquaintances at least one individual who, impelled by a real or fancied resemblance to the personage of some famous picture, has been photographed, or has had a child photographed, attired in the costume, and posturing after the manner, of that personage. In the tenements an identical impulse occasionally manifests itself. I once attracted a somewhat dense crowd of small boys and girls, by essaying, as she posed uncertainly on the steps of the settlement house, the photograph of a girl, as Queen Louise of Prussia. The picture was a familiar one in the neighborbood. To very nearly every person there it was known as the trademark of a particular brand of shoe. The girl had frequently been informed that she was strikingly like it, — as, in fact, she was. Finally, after having for a week devoted her spare hours to contriving the comparatively simple royal habiliments, she requested me to take her picture, in character.

A young mother, when, one warm July day, I arrived by appointment to photograph her two-year-old baby, put on the head of the child, whose customary summer headgear was a sunbonnet, a close cap she had just completed; and arranged in his restless little hands a battered tennis ball. "He's allus 'peared to me to favor in looks that Stuart baby in the settlement house sittin' room," she said gravely; "so I want him took like that."

Only the other day a little girl of twelve, to whom I had given several prints of Madame La Brun's pictures, petitioned the loan of my muff. "I showed my school teacher the pictures you gave me," she explained; "and a lady where my mother works, she's got a camera, and she said she'd take me, fixed up like one of the pictures my teacher said I had a look of!"

A young boy whom I knew detected a likeness, not between himself and the central figure of a picture, but between one pictured hero and another. He had seen, and been deeply impressed by, my treasured copy of Dürer's Knight, Death and Devil. "A brave man, a knight he did need to be, in old days," were his meditative words; "death being at hiss side; and a good man, the devil being at hiss back, — both so near!"

"Yes," I agreed.

The boy continued to gaze at the picture; but he said nothing more about it, and neither did I. Several months passed; and, though I saw the boy a number of times, he made no further mention of the picture, which, when I had shown it to him, I had said was a favorite of mine. I supposed he had forgotten it; but I found that I was mistaken.

He was painfully, though not seriously, hurt in a railway accident. Calling to see him, I noticed on the wall over his narrow cot a picture of Galahad the Deliverer, cut from a catalogue of the Copley Prints, which a friend of mine had, as I recollected, given to him.

"A knight haf I also," he said shyly, indicating the picture of the "haut prince," mounted upon his horse, his face set toward "a city that hight Sarras." The boy continued: "In the Library, I see first hiss picture. Like your knight, he doess ride; like yours, he hass a brave face, and a good. Death, I see it not near him, nor the devil. But, not being seen, near are they."

"They are never quite so far away as we would wish," I said, as he paused for a response.

"No," the boy went on earnestly;

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"they are not! This knight, ass yours, they follow. Like yours iss this picture. I keep it in my room to see often, that I not forget for me, ass for all, in and out of pictures, it iss that we need to be brave and good."

A girl, one of my dearest friends in the tenement, discerned rather a more subtle bond of similarity uniting, at least for her, two pictures. She had seen, and much admired, Bastien-Lepage's Jeanne d'Arc. I gave her a print of the picture; and, in reply to her query relative to the Maid of Orleans, lent her Mr. Lowell's history of Joan of Arc, which she read with enthusiasm.

One evening she brought to the settlement what she described as a Confession-Book; in which she soberly asked me to record my "true opinions." These opinions, as a cursory examination of the book revealed, were to take the form of answers, written in blank spaces provided for them, of such questions printed opposite as, "What is your favorite feminine name?" and "Who is your favorite poet?" and "Which is your favorite flower?"

Among the baits to catch "true opinions" was the inquiry, "Who are your favorite heroes in history?" The verb being plural, I filled in the blank space with several names. One was that of Savonarola. The owner of the Confession-Book instantly solicited an account of this hero, unknown to her. "I'd like to hear more about him," she exclaimed, when I had replied to her inquiries as fully as I might in the few moments at my immediate disposal.

Romola chanced to be in the house. I lent it to the girl. "This will tell you more," I said.

She read the novel with the most vivid interest. "Oh, if only I might have seen Savonarola!" was her exclamation. "How wonderful he was!"

My copy of Fra Bartolommeo's portrait of the monk so appealed to her that she searched the picture shops until she found another copy, which she bought. She pointed it out to me when next I called. It was beside the picture of Jeanne d'Arc.

"I put them together," she told me, "because they were alike."

"Alike!" I echoed.

"Why, yes," she rejoined; "don't you think so? They both saw visions, and heard voices speaking to them, and bidding them save their nations! And they both tried to do it; and both were burned at the stake, because of trying!"

It must be admitted that sometimes a book, coming between a picture and a spectator, totally eclipsed the picture. A young woman who, seeing a photograph of the Satyr of Praxiteles, had been incited by it to read *The Marble Faun*, received without great avidity my suggestion that she seek out the cast of the statue in the Museum of Fine Arts. "It did n't have as much to do with the people in the story as some other things!" she said, in extenuation of her indifference.

Nevertheless, one Sunday afternoon, — Sunday being her only free day, — she accompanied me to the Museum. Leaving her with the sculptures, I went up stairs, to look at the Botticelli Madonna. But I did not get so far; for, in an adjoining room, I saw, standing before the Slave Ship, a little girl whose mother, lately dead, had been a dear friend. Her father was with her. Recognizing me, they pointed to the painting, and simultaneously cried, "Ain't it queer!"

"What's the sense of a picture like that?" the man asked.

Not being quite bold enough to venture upon an answer, I lent him a volume of Ruskin. Somewhat to my amazement, he not only read it, but asked for "more books, if any, written by the same man."

He was a stone mason. So far as I was aware, he previously had read little outside of newspapers and the reports of trades-unions. "Does the Slave Ship interest you more, after reading what Ruskin says about the painter of it?" I inquired one evening, when he came to borrow a fifth volume of Ruskin's works.

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"No," he answered bluntly; "nothing could make me take interest in a picture that's so mixed up. I like things plain. It ain't for what he writes 'bout pictures I wants to read Ruskin; it's for what he writes 'bout work an' pay. He makes it plainer 'n the paintin' man he cracks up makes pictures," he added with a laugh.

To a girl who asked of me other tribute to the Medusa than that of Pater, I had, of course, given Shelley's poem. An older girl, whose imagination was stirred by Mr. Elihu Vedder's Cup of Death, received, perforce, the *Rubáiyát;* and a woman to whom the Blessed Damozel had appealed could not be denied an introduction to Dante Gabriel Rossetti in the rôle of a poet. But it has been my not infrequent experience among the people of tenement districts that, when a picture possesses no verbal prototype or reflection, they are apt to bestow one upon it.

One day, meeting in a trolley-car a boy, a former member of one of my clubs at the settlement, I removed the wrappings from a Japanese print which I had just purchased, in order that he might see my new acquisition. The picture was merely a study of deep brown shadows and thin gray lights. A tangle of grasses lay dark against a misty lake; here and there, from the narrow leaves, and out of the black sky, fireflies shone with a faint yellow brightness.

"I know why you got it," the boy informed me; "'t was on 'count of its being in *Hamlet*" —

"*Hamlet!*" I interposed.

"Yes," said my companion; "I remember where in it, too!" And, with triumphant pride, he quoted: —

> "The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
> And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire!"

An older boy with whom I had acquaintance descried, no less obviously, in some verses upon which he chanced, what he announced to me as "the words to Millet's Sower," a photograph of which I once sent him, in consequence of the pleasure he had taken in a little plaster bas-relief of it that he had seen at the settlement. I had lent him, in order that he might memorize "The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay," for declamatory purposes, a worn and much penciled volume of the *Songs of Three Centuries*, compiled by Whittier. When he came bringing the book, to make trial of his memory and his elocutionary power, in connection with the Deacon's Masterpiece, he said to me almost reproachfully "You did n't tell me the poem for my picture was there, in the book, too!"

"What poem?" I queried. "I don't recall one," I added apologetically.

"It's marked, with a ribbon," the boy observed; "but," he conceded generously, "I suppose you can't remember everything."

Opening the book, he read aloud, with genuine feeling, Mr. Gilder's lines: —

> A Sower went forth to sow,
> His eyes were wild with woe;
> He crushed the flowers beneath his feet,
> Nor smelt the perfume, warm and sweet,
> That prayed for pity everywhere.
> He came to a field that was harried
> By iron, and to heaven laid bare;
> He shook the seed that he carried
> O'er that brown and bladeless place.
> He shook it, as God shakes hail
> Over a doomed land,
> When lightnings interlace
> The sky and the earth, and his wand
> Of love is a thunder-flail.
> Thus did that Sower sow;
> His seed was human blood,
> And tears of women and men.
> And I, who near him stood,
> Said: When the crop comes, then
> There will be sobbing and sighing,
> Weeping and wailing and crying,
> And a woe that is worse than woe.
>
> It was an autumn day
> When next I went that way.
> And what, think you, did I see?
> What was it that I heard?
> The song of a sweet-voiced bird?
> Nay, — but the songs of many,
> Thrilled through with praising prayer.
> Of all those voices not any
> Were sad of memory:

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And a sea of sunlight flowed,
And a golden harvest glowed!
On my face I fell down there;
I hid my weeping eyes;
I said, O God, thou art wise!
And I thank thee, again and again,
For the Sower whose name is Pain.

One of my friends, to whom I narrated this occurrence, was inclined to be doubtful of the satisfaction such an alliance between the painting and the poem might furnish either the painter or the poet. "They were never intended to be joined together!" he irrevocably affirmed.

I repeated the remark to the boy of the tenements. "That makes no difference," he maintained, "if they belong together; and not hard is it to see they do!"

Easy it assuredly had been for him. Did not Emerson once say that half of what any of us at all see in a picture, only ourselves have put into it?

MY SHAKESPEARE PROGRESS

BY MARTHA BAKER DUNN

My acquaintance with Mr. William Shakespeare began at a comparatively early age. In my father's library there was a set of odd, ugly bookcases built against the wall, with paneled doors shutting each compartment in by itself, a privacy which, to my young imagination, was not without its charm. The books seemed thus to be divided into separate settlements, and one might knock at one particular door without bringing all the neighbors to peer from their windows.

In one of these settlements dwelt — and to this day continues to dwell — William Shakespeare, a Johnson and Steevens edition of him, in eight pasteboard-covered volumes; books light to the hand, of clear print, illustrated after a fashion which embodied all my early ideals of the necessities of the case, and which I still find endearing.

It was during a passage through the joys and sorrows of measles that my more familiar acquaintance with the Shakespeare family began. It is characteristic of a light-minded temperament to reckon most phases of life by their advantages rather than by their inconveniences; and if one must indulge in measles, one finds it well to realize that there are pleasures as well as pains to be wrested from this doubtful recreation: there was distinct joy in standing before the glass and watching one's self break out with rosy blotches which, before one's eyes, became one blotch; there was joy in finding one's self transformed from comparative insignificance to a position of importance in the family circle; there was joy above all other joys in seeing the library become a bedroom, and a massive bedstead with rolling head and footboards erected therein for one who had never before been chosen of the gods to occupy it in solitary grandeur.

There were evenings when the sister who wore her hair in puffs had engagements elsewhere, and the sister whose hair curled in her neck was studying silently in her corner; when the younger members of the family — after all, even from one's vantage point as invalid, one was forced to envy them — were playing paper dolls on the dining-room table; and the quiet of the family circle was broken only by my father's voice reading aloud some paragraph from his book or newspaper, or by my mother, who, never long silent, often announced, "I shall talk, whether anybody listens or not," and then proceeded to put this promise into execution.

On such evenings I amused myself by

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holding a bed of justice modeled after a picture which I had often studied in an old French History: "Bed of Justice held by Louis XV during the Regency." The bed I occupied seemed to me quite as stately a piece of furniture as that represented in the picture, and I felt myself just as capable of presiding at such a function as Louis XV could have been at the age of five years. At this august ceremony I summoned the persons who resided in the bookcases to appear, marshaling them methodically from their different compartments. I had a speaking acquaintance with a good many volumes of whose contents I knew little.

Zimmermann *On Solitude* and Edwards *On the Will* stepped down from one particular top shelf, hand in hand with Young's *Night Thoughts* and the works of John and Charles Wesley. From a dark corner, also high up in the world, came Eliza Wharton, the heroine of a melancholy tale which I was forbidden to read. Eliza went astray with a long *f*, and, notwithstanding I had stood at her bedside and seen her pass away in great agony, I had no slightest idea of the nature of her fault. Expurgated editions for the young are often a needless precaution. An innocent mind is its own best expurgator. There was, indeed, a gloom about Eliza which made her a far from agreeable companion, but I did not dream of adding to the mysterious woes she had already suffered by omitting her.

Mr. and Mrs. William Shakespeare and their six children belonged to a long row of gray books, bought in 1828. If one might judge by the recurring date written on the fly leaves of these volumes, 1828 was a year when the almanacs commanded "About this time begin to buy books." It is very probable that my acquaintance with the Shakespeare family might have, for some time longer, remained a mere cursory intercourse, had it not been for one of those evenings when my bed of justice became a bed of education. On such nights, outside the radiant line of light which penetrated my darkness, a blazing fire illumined the faces gathered around it. In my outer blackness the sound of its crackling came to me like the sound of music. I pictured it to myself as the very embodiment of desire. To be grown up, to sit in the circle of dignitaries, always to be privileged to listen to the conversation of "comp'ny," — that best comp'ny that really has something to say, that brings a message, — what could one ask more?

Now some one read aloud, — the latest speech in Congress, some new poem of Whittier, of Longfellow, Gail Hamilton's last essay. Sometimes it was one voice that came to me, sometimes another; sometimes I fell asleep in the midst of the reading; but there was one deep tone that always held me spellbound when it took up the strain. It was like a many-keyed instrument, this ever-varying voice, that could be full or soft, trumpet-clear or gentle as the summer night. Often I sat upright at the very sound of it, as if it called me, as I knew it had called others, — and one night the Voice read *Hamlet*.

My great bed that evening was lapped about with velvet blackness, and through the lighted line of the door-crevice came the silken voice, outlining upon the inky shadows the portrait of a "black velvet prince," for so Hamlet revealed himself to my childish mind. I was, indeed, only a child; I drank the story in, unformulating, uncriticising; yet it seems to me that even then it was not the wrecked and ruined Hamlet whose picture grew, vaguely enough, in my young thought, the Hamlet to whose poisoned spirit "this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, appeared no other thing than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors;" — I saw rather the splendid young prince that might have been,

> The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
> The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
> The observed of all observers.

That "serpentining" voice that read and shaped and interpreted seemed to hold all things in its compass; and out of its

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windings the reverse of the dark picture shone like a golden intaglio graven on a background of jet: Hamlet of the noble mind, —

"The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword," —

the loyal son, the lover, passionate, yet never "passion's slave," the Hamlet who, even while he gave, withheld, so that the questioning years have never yet plucked the heart out of his mystery.

I do not say that I, a mere child, realized all this. Wrapped in my blanket, sitting up in my dark bed and filled with a sense of tragedy and loss, I yet felt as if my childish lips had been touched by a draught of that wine of the gods that never ceases fusing and transfusing in mortal veins so long as life lasts. Many a time since that night the vision of that darkened library has brought back the splendid, tragic young Hamlet whose picture grew amidst its shadows, and there is magic for me still in the very name of Elsinore.

The *Tempest* was my next Shakespeare acquisition, and I read it in the spring, when the narrow brook in our garden surged into a torrent, and called all day and all night like the voice of the sea. I cannot say that, outside the matter of personal liking or disliking, there was to me in those days any great or small in the choice of literature. Plato's Dialogues, which I heard discussed in the family circle, *Lucy's Conversations* in the Abbott series of children's books, *The Lamplighter*, *Ida May*, the story of Dr. Kane's Arctic expedition, which I was devouring in my leisure moments, — I lumped them all together, and cheerfully supplemented them with Shakespearean tales.

I could not think the plots of these stories natural, but I did find them charmingly unnatural. Their author possessed a magic talisman which made all things not only possible, but probable. Shakespeare could always bring

"The time and the place
And the loved one all together."

In real life one finds many delightful backgrounds for events that do not materialize, but Shakespeare's scenes were never unpopulated; his characters met him halfway.

Here, for instance, was a beautiful isle of the sea, inhabited only by a banished Duke of magical powers, — Shakespeare always had a banished duke "up his sleeve," — the duke's lovely daughter, "made up of every creature's best," and a man-monster, unique even in Shakespeare creations. In an everyday sort of world the fair maiden might very probably have blushed unseen and wasted her sweetness on the island air, — in everyday life, but never as the heroine of one of the Bard of Avon's competent creations. It was the most inevitable thing in the order of things that a handy shipwreck should bring to these very shores all the persons whom the deposed duke would naturally care to meet, and that among them, preluded by the wild waves singing "Hail, the conquering hero comes!" should appear not merely the most beautiful prince that ever was seen, but *the* prince, the one and only gentleman born and predestined to set wrongs right; and in the midst of Prospero's hocus-pocusing, and Ariel's gentle spiriting, and the love-making of Ferdinand and Miranda, full of sweet and buoyant youth, all the characters gradually got into line, the deposed duke came to his own again, and even poor, monstrous Caliban saw a future of promise. What more in the way of a story could a child desire?

In the Shakespeare land of probable improbabilities all things worked together for good. If any fair-faced but restless maiden chose to go masquerading around the world in man's attire, no ill-judging interference was to be expected on the part of parents or guardians, nor did inconvenient suspicions as to the real sex of the disguised one awake in the minds of the spectators to spoil the climax. Viola, bearing Orsino's messages to Olivia, does not hesitate to sport with the occasion. "By the very fangs of malice," she assev-

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erates, "I swear I am not what I play;" yet no prodigality of hints would prevent the unquestioning Olivia from bestowing her affections upon the pretty youth. Julia, in page's dress, follows her lover in his travels, is daily in his presence, acts as his go-between in his courtship of Silvia, well knowing that Proteus would never be mean enough to recognize her until the appointed hour had struck. Portia, after settling her love affairs by the ingenious and fascinating device of the three caskets, slips on the robe of a doctor of laws and hurries off to Venice to save Antonio's life, entering immediately into court practice without protest or suspicion on the part of either plaintiff or defendant.

In fact, in all Shakespeare's "story plays," as I used to denominate them in those days of their first reading, the most delightful conditions existed. The pastimes of childhood which charmed one most were those which began with the magic words, "Let's Pretend," and Shakespeare was surely the prince of pretenders. One read his pages with delightful certainty that at the crucial moment things would balance up. Puck might be relied upon to happen around in season for the anointing of the eyes of the unseeing; all the resolved and stiff-necked bachelors would be cozened into happy wedlock; the reprehensible Leontes would find that Hermione had been kept for him on ice, in order that she might appear in the freshness of youth as a due reward for repentance.

The tragedies of Shakespeare, which I essayed next, did not especially appeal to my immature taste. Othello was, after all, only a blackamoor with a talent for smothering; the story of Lear wrung my heart; and the knocking on the gate in *Macbeth* made me tremble in my bed when I woke "in the dead waste and middle of the night." *Julius Cæsar* I found thrilling but sanguinary, so I turned to what I called "the Kings," and there found solid ground. These monarchs I associated in my mind with those depicted in Kings First and Second of scriptural origin, though I much preferred Shakespeare's sovereigns, on the whole, as less joined in recollection to sobriety and family prayers.

Now, for the first time, separate scenes and utterances began to write themselves into my memory, though perchance, even yet, I did not sufficiently discriminate between Falstaff enjoying "a last year's pippin, with a dish of Carraways" in Shallow's orchard, and Somerset and Warwick plucking the red rose and the white in the Temple garden.

John of Gaunt, "a prophet new-inspired," apostrophizing from his couch

> This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
> This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
> . . . . .
> This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,

spoke to unforgetting ears. Henry the Fifth's broken French wooing; Buckingham on the scaffold calling on

> All good people,
> You that thus far have come to pity me,
> Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me;

Queen Katharine's swan song, —

> When I am dead, good wench,
> Let me be used with honor.
> . . . . .
> Although unqueened, yet like
> A queen and daughter to a king, inter me; —

these, and others chosen by one knows not what process of random selection, shaped themselves for me into the eternal framework of things. But it was in the first part of *Henry IV* that I most delighted. Romeo was but a lover, Hamlet a prince of tragedy; but Harry Monmouth and Harry Percy revealed themselves as the very apotheosis of hot-hearted gallant youth.

> "The nimble-footed, madcap prince of Wales
> . . . that daffed the world aside,
> And bid it pass;"

and Hotspur Harry Percy assuring his Kate, —

> "when I am o' horseback, I will swear
> I love thee infinitely; — "

these were creatures of deeds, not words

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alone. "What can a poet do better," asks Theodore Roosevelt, "than sound the praises of a good fighter and a good lover?"

Now, too, there were incredible beginnings of war in our own land to make Shrewsbury, Agincourt, and the rest seem like nearer and more probable tales. On the "State grounds" at Augusta tents were clustering into white villages; school days were interrupted by the tramping feet of marching infantry or the resounding hoofs of long cavalry battalions, breaking into quiet recitation hours and scattering the old echoes of Homeric legends and Cæsar's wars.

These were the same gay young fellows that Shakespeare wrote about, —

> As full of spirit as the month of May,
> And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
> Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.

They filled the hours with new and unwonted emotions, emotions with which, in those early days, forebodings of death and disaster had little part. For myself, fortunately or unfortunately, — since this was the heroic chance of a lifetime, — none of my nearest and dearest steamed through the town in those long railway trains filled with blue-coated warriors, trains which I persistently ran away from school to gaze upon; so, held back by no personal feeling, I mixed the old wars with the new, and Walter Blunt dying for his king, Harry Monmouth lamenting over Hotspur slain, —

> "This earth that bears thee dead
> Bears not alive so stout a gentleman," —

wove themselves into my thought with the story of Ellsworth giving his life for the flag and Theodore Winthrop perishing in the zenith of manly promise.

After I had grown to womanhood I gained a new association to join with my old childish memories of Harry Monmouth and Harry Percy. Among the numerous wanderers on the face of the earth who have at various times come to my doors, there chanced along one summer evening a dark-faced Southern boy fleeing from an uncongenial home and from the consequences of a student brawl. A crude and ill-balanced creature one found him, full of undeveloped possibilities, yet wholly unreasoning, and worse than untrained. He was willing to work at the most menial occupation, to tear his unused hands with pick and shovel, if need be, that he might be indebted to no one for the poor living he gained; but by reason of his hot temper, hot prejudices, and hot impulses, he continually ran counter to those who sacrificed most to help his need. For some weeks I served as a sort of mother confessor to this untamed wanderer, the only person to whom he condescended to pour out all his woes. He came to me alike for the healing of his spirit and his undergarments, to tell the tale of the waning of his patience and his stock of cigarettes. Most of all he came for books, for this poor waif was an omnivorous reader. The only fragment of a library which he himself possessed was a ragged copy of Shakespeare's *Henry IV*, and Hotspur Percy was his cherished hero.

One bright evening I was summoned from a table full of guests to meet my *protégé*, and we sat down on a garden seat in the green angle of turf by the back door, — for his lofty spirit forbade front entrances to one engaged in menial toil, — while he brought his history up to date. On the preceding day it seemed that work and money had both failed, and since he would not cheat the poor woman with whom he lodged — though she would gladly have trusted him — out of any portion of her scanty emolument, he had betaken himself to the fields, and there spent the night upon the lap of earth. He told me of the spot he had chosen, an open meadow lying level under the stars, with hills rising all about it. And, waking in the coolness of the early morning to find himself shivering on his dewy bed, he had chosen to forget his discomforts by fighting the battle of Shrewsbury over again, with new results, for this time it was Harry Percy who triumphed.

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"It warmed me up so that I forgot everything else," said this forlorn one, "just to think of licking old Bolingbroke."

I know the spot where this famous battle was refought, and I have never passed it since that day without a vision of a lonely wayfarer, a poor youth not without his own chivalries, sitting huddled in that green hollow of the world to watch Harry Monmouth and Harry Percy ride over the hills of dawn.

It was as a seminary student that I was introduced to Shakespeare's sonnets, though, indeed, no such treasure-trove was included in the published curriculum. In that halcyon time the joy which created the evening and the morning into a new day found its keynote in the billet which one's table-opposite handed one each morning at the foot of the dining-room stairs; and the buoyant young man who lent me his company at mealtimes was a person of many resources. He loved poetry only less than he loved mischief, and he found in it not only a possession to joy in and assimilate, but also a polished weapon for use. In that pretty game of compliment which we played with one another, he never spoiled the idyl by holding back anything that seemed necessary to render the illusion artistically perfect; and there was a period when fragments of Shakespeare's sonnets alternated with Mrs. Browning's in giving these morning missives point.

"I only give you the tag ends of the Shakespeare sonnets, and ought not to use those," wrote this precocious commentator, "because Mrs. Browning's are so much more *respectable;* but when you read the Shakespeare love story — four or five years from now; don't do it sooner — you 'll tumble into the abyss of its fascination just as I have. And may I be there to see!"

When, in later years, I did fall under the charm of the sonnets, I think their fascination was intensified because the dark thread of Shakespeare's love and mystery — the strength in weakness and weakness in strength — was brightened by another inwoven thread, — the tender memory of one, no longer a "fool of time," whose grave was already green.

But that infinitely sad and human world of the sonnets never marred the splendid sanity of the world of the dramas. There is an ever-recurring tendency in human nature which is aptly illustrated in the reply given the other day by a young acquaintance of my own who had been overtaken in a fault.

"No," he asserted stoutly, when questioned concerning his personal responsibility in the matter, "I don't blame it on myself. I blame it onto God!"

Shakespeare saw life in large, and wrote as he saw. He never "blamed it onto God." His pages are full of the inexorable sequence of cause and effect, and the swift march of deeds points the moral of individual responsibility. If things were "rotten in Denmark," it was because the fathers had eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth were set on edge; if Macbeth trembled at the knocking at the gate, it was because conscience doth make cowards of us all; if Wolsey, that had

> "once trod the ways of glory,
> And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,"

fell from his high estate, it was because he had forgotten to be just, and fear not. The ghosts that haunted Bosworth Field were of Richard's own creating; and Regan and Goneril, desperately dead, reap but their inevitable due, when

> "This judgment of the heavens that makes us tremble,
> Touches us not with pity."

In short, Shakespeare's message is the message of a robust manhood and womanhood: Brace up, pay for what you have, do good if you wish to get good; good or bad, shoulder the burden of your moral responsibility, and never forget that cowardice is the most fatal and most futile crime in the calendar of crimes.

> "Cowards die many times before their deaths;
> The valiant never taste of death but once."

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TO A CHILD JUST AWAKENED

BY CAROLINE STERN

What thro' the night hours hast thou seen?
Within what spirit world hast been? —
That thou, last eve a bit of clay,
A little satyr worn with play,
The tender scorn of one and all,
A rosy little animal,
Shouldst wake at morn a thing divine,
A mystic who has crossed the line
Into the world unseen? There lies
Its awe in thy wide-lidded eyes.

A RELISH OF KEATS

BY BRADFORD TORREY

In all the writing of genius, which is a power that possesses its so-called possessor rather than is possessed by him, there is much that seems like accident. Many things — all the best ones, it might not be too much to say — are contributed by the pen rather than by the man. The man had never thought of them: it was no more within his intention to write them than to write another Hamlet; and suddenly there they are before him on the paper. The handwriting is his, but as to where the words came from he can tell hardly more than his most illiterate neighbor. From No-Man's-Land, if you please to say so.

Keats was proudly conscious of this mystery. There is nothing, indeed, upon which he, or any poet, could half so reasonably felicitate himself. His divinest verses, he knew it and owned it, were traced for him "by the magic hand of chance." A great thing, a power almost omnipotent, is this that we call by that convenient, ignorance-disguising name. It made not only Keats's verses, but Keats himself. Otherwise how explain him? — son of a stable-keeper, a play-loving, belligerent, unstudious boy, a surgeon's apprentice at fifteen, dead at twenty-six, and before that — and henceforth — one of the chief glories of England, a poet, "with Shakespeare."

He himself suspected nothing of his gift, so far as appears, till he was eighteen. Then he read the *Fairy Queen*, fell under its enchantment, and immediately, or very soon, minding an inward call, began trying his own hand at verses. At first they were no more than verses, "neither precocious nor particularly promising," says Mr. Colvin; things that a man takes a certain pleasure in doing, —

> "There is a pleasure in poetic pains
> Which only poets know," —

and finds, it may be, a certain kind of profit in doing, but sees to be of no value as soon as they are done

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At twenty the vein began to show the gold. He assayed the shining particles, for by this time he had been reading Shakespeare and Milton, and knew a line of poetry when he saw it,[1] and, like the man in the parable, he did not hesitate. He knew what he wanted. He would sell all that he had and buy that field. "I begin," he said, in one of the earliest of his extant letters, "I begin to fix my eye upon one horizon." He would be a poet, because he must. He would not be a surgeon, because he must not. He had done well in his studies, we are told, and was in good repute at the hospital, whither by this time he had gone; but a voice was speaking within him, and there was never an hour but he heard it. "The other day, during the lecture," he said, "there came a sunbeam into the room, and with it a whole troop of creatures floating in the ray; and I was off with them to Oberon and fairy-land." "My last operation," he tells another correspondent, "was the opening of a man's temporal artery. I did it with the utmost nicety, but reflecting on what passed through my mind at the time, my dexterity seemed a miracle, and I never took up the lancet again."

It was a bold stroke, — no prudent adviser would have borne him out in it — to forsake everything else to be a poet. But never was a luckier one. He had but four or five years to live, and (a comfort indeed to think of!) he did not waste them in making ready to earn a living he was never to have. It was a plain case of losing one's life to find it.

Only four or five years, but with what a zest he lived them! Misgivings no doubt he had, enough and to spare. Now and then, to use his own words, he was pretty well "down in the mouth." "I have been in such a state of mind," he writes to Haydon, "as to read over my lines and hate them. I am one that 'gathers samphire, dreadful trade' — the Cliff of Poesy towers above me." He knew also the canker of pecuniary difficulty ("like a nettle leaf or two in your bed," his own expression is); and then, when he was but beginning his work, there fell on him the stroke of a mortal disease, recognized as such from almost the first moment. But in spite of all, and through it all, what a fire he kept burning! How gloriously happy he often was! He hungered and thirsted after beauty, and he had the blessedness that rewards such a craving. For blessedness (and that is the best of it) consists perfectly with a low estate and all manner of outward misfortune. It can do without gold, and even without health. As for resting in comforts and toys, easiness and fine clothes, a great aim, if it does nothing else for a man, will at least save him from that pitch of vulgarity. A great aim is of itself a great part of the true riches. As Keats said, having found it out early, "our prime objects are a refuge as well as a passion."

Such delight as the right men must always take in some of his letters! — especially, perhaps, some of the earlier ones, written in the period of his first fervors as a reader. He had never been a bookish boy (and no very serious harm done, it may be — for himself, at any rate, he was no believer in precocity), and now, when he fell all at once upon the great poets, it was as if he had been born again. What a relish he has! How he smacks his lips over a line of Shakespeare, — who "has left nothing to say about nothing or anything." Here was a poet who read the works of poets. Possibly if he had lived to be old, he might have changed his practice in this regard, finding his own works sufficient, as other elderly poets have before now been charged with doing. As it is, his raptures make one think again and again of Hazlitt's outburst, "The greatest pleasure in life is that of reading, while we are young;" which, if it does not

[1] How largely he profited by his study of Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and other poets, especially in the enrichment of his vocabulary, is shown by M. E. de Sélincourt in the notes and appendices to his recent admirable edition of Keats's Poems. The subject is interesting, and is treated in the most painstaking manner.

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hit the white, is at least well within the outer circle.[1]

His method was unblushingly epicurean. Like a bee in a field of flowers, he was always stopping to suck the sweetness of a line. For that very purpose he was there. The happy boy! He had found out what books were made for. For a second time, nay, rather, for the first time, he had learned to read. A great discovery! — old as the hills and new as the morning. But new or old, a great discovery. For an intellectual youth, there is none to match it, as there is no schoolmaster to teach it. And with what a gusto he describes the process! You would think he had found Aladdin's lamp. His fancy cannot see it from sides enough; as a child dances about a new toy, and can never be done with looking.

"I had an idea," he says, "that a man might pass a very pleasant life in this manner. Let him on a certain day read a certain page of full poesy or distilled prose, and let him wander with it, and muse upon it, and reflect from it, and bring home to it, and prophesy upon it, and dream upon it: until it becomes stale. But when will it do so? Never. When man has arrived at a certain ripeness in intellect any one grand and spiritual passage serves him as a starting-post towards all 'the two-and-thirty palaces.' How happy is such a voyage of conception, what delicious diligent indolence! A doze upon a sofa does not hinder it, and a nap upon clover engenders ethereal finger-pointings; the prattle of a child gives it wings, and the converse of middle-age a strength to beat them; a strain of music conducts to 'an odd angle of the Isle,' and when the leaves whisper it puts a girdle round the earth."

This he calls a "sparing touch of noble books." It is too much to be expected, of course, that readers in general, whose idea of intellectual delights is of a new novel every other day, should be contented with a method so parsimonious. If this is what you call epicureanism, they might say, pray count us among the Stoics. And for all that, as applied to Keats's own practice, "epicurean" was the right word.

What he would have been at forty or fifty there is no telling. For the present he was not much concerned with whole poems as works of great constructive art. He was of an age to be (what Edward FitzGerald is said to have always been) "more of a connoisseur than a critic, a taster of fragrant essences, an inhaler of subtle aromas." He loved beauty as at that stage he mostly found it (as the bee finds sweetness), in the individual flower, thinking far more of that than of the plant's symmetrical structure, or the composition of the landscape. In this particular he resembled Lamb, who, if he called himself "an author by fits," was no less truly a reader by fits. "I can vehemently applaud," he said, with characteristic half-true self-depreciation, "or perversely stickle, at *parts;* but I cannot grasp at a whole."

It was an admission of defect — he meant it so; but it is no slander to say that lovers of poetry are in general of substantially the same mind. Their taste is selective. They love short poems, or the beauties of long ones. Many of them have confessed as much, and many others could do no less were they called into the box. Lowell, whose standing as a critic nobody questions, though some may be bold enough, or "perverse" enough, now the man is dead, to rule him out of the class of poets, bids us remember how few long poems will bear consecutive reading. "For my part," he says, "I know of but one, — the Odyssey." And Samuel Johnson, who, great critic or not, had "a good deal of literature," told Boswell "that from his earliest years he loved to read poetry, but hardly ever read any poem to an end."

[1] At this very time, by the bye, Hazlitt was lecturing, and Keats, after hearing him, reports to his brother (February 14, 1818), "Hazlitt's last lecture was on Thomson, Cowper, and Crabbe. He praised Thomson and Cowper, but he gave Crabbe an unmerciful licking."

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The boy Keats, then, was not so utterly out of the way, at all events he was not without the support of good company, in taking for his own the motto of Ariel, —

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I."

And a good time he had of it; reading and idling, reading and writing, not too much in a hurry, no busier than a bee, following his bent, finding Shakespeare and the *Paradise Lost* every day greater wonders to him; looking upon fine phrases like a lover; more and more convinced that "fine writing, next to fine doing, is the top thing in the world."

"Next to fine doing," he said, — and meant it; for his life and his own doings chimed with the word. Nor does the word, even as a verbal confession of faith, stand alone. On the testimony of his friends, and on the testimony of his letters, Keats was no selfish weakling, no puny luxuriator in his own emotions, no mere hectic taster and maker of phrases. He worshiped beauty; he was born a poet, and rightly enough he followed his genius; but he was born also affectionate and generous; in his nature there was much of that glorious something which we call chivalry; and he knew as well as all the preachers could tell him that in any true assize high conduct must always bear away the palm. No more than the apostle of old had he any "poor vanity that works of genius were the first things. No! for that sort of probity and disinterestedness which such men as Bailey possess does hold and grasp the tiptop of any spiritual honors that can be paid to anything in this world." Truly said, of this world or any other; for many things may be great, but the greatest of all is charity.

It might almost have been expected that genius so sudden in its flowering, so amazingly exceptional, as Keats's, one of the wonders of human history, would be attended by some strain of disease, some taint, more or less pronounced, of mental or moral unsoundness. It is the more to be rejoiced in, therefore, that his nature, mental, moral, and physical (except for the tuberculosis which he doubtless contracted from his mother, over whom, in her last illness, he, a boy of fifteen, watched with all a son's and daughter's faithfulness), was to all appearance eminently sane and normal. As a boy, undersized though he was, he would always be fighting (which is normal, surely), and as a man he showed habitually, with one distressing exception, a manly, self-respecting spirit.

The single exception has to do with his passion for Fanny Brawne, concerning which it may be enough to say that when a man is head over ears in love with a pretty girl, or a girl whom he thinks pretty, and is by her, or by some perversity of Fate, put off, he is *never* sane. The letters that Keats wrote to his inamorata may have been, as his friendly critic says, "the letters of a surgeon's apprentice." For ourselves we will take the critic's word for it. We have never read them (in our opinion it was indecent or worse to print them), nor should we feel sure of our ability to tell in what respect the love letters of a young doctor might be expected to differ from those of a young schoolmaster or of a young duke of the realm. To be crazy is to be crazy. Enough to say that they were not the letters of the poet Keats. Alas, alas! What a tragedy is human life! What a weak and silly thing is the human heart! A man sees a girl's face, and behold, he is no longer a reasonable being; his peace of mind is gone, his work hindered, his day shortened, his fame tarnished, his name a laughing-stock. It is that which hath been, and it is that which shall be. As was said of old, so one may feel like saying still, "A man hath no preëminence above a beast; for all is vanity."

And for all that, considering Keats's genius, its early development and its miraculous quality, and comparing him with men of his own kind, we must account him on the whole a man surprisingly well-balanced and sane. Call the roll of his famous poetic contemporaries, and few of them will be found saner. Good

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Archdeacon Bailey, who had abundant opportunity to know, said that common sense was "a conspicuous part of his character." Of how many of the others would it ever have occurred to any one to say the like?

He seems not to have been either crotchety or boastful, though he believed in aiming high and made no scruple of professing, in so many words, that he "would rather fail than not be among the greatest." Born fighter that he was, born, too, of the *genus irritabile vatum* ("when I have any little vexation," he once wrote, with Lamb-like exaggeration, "it grows in five minutes into a theme for Sophocles"), he loved peace, and in the Biblical phrase pursued it, for which Mr. Arnold, it is pleasant to see, awards him full credit; but he was not to be trodden upon, he held the popular judgment of poetry in something like contempt (as all poets do, it is to be presumed), and he would not be crowded too hard even by the chiefest of his brethren. The most thorough-going Wordsworthian must read with amusement, if not with temptations to applause, the few clever sentences in which the youthful aspirant for poetic honors, in one of his letters, hits off some of that great man's foibles. He has no thought of denying Wordsworth's grandeur, he declares; but not for the sake of a few fine imaginative or domestic passages will he "be bullied into a certain philosophy engendered in the whims of an egoist." "Every man," he goes on, "has his speculations, but every man does not brood and peacock over them till he makes a false coinage and deceives himself. . . . We hate poetry that has a palpable design upon us, and, if we do not agree, seems to put its hand into its breeches pocket. Poetry should be great and unobtrusive, a thing which enters into one's soul, and does not startle it or amaze it with itself — but with its subject. How beautiful are the retired flowers! — how would they lose their beauty were they to throng into the highway, crying out, 'Admire me, I am a violet! Dote upon me, I am a primrose!'"

To another correspondent he expresses a fear that Wordsworth has gone away from town "rather huffed" about something or other, the nature of which does not precisely appear; but adds that he ought not to expect but that every man of worth should be "as proud as himself;" a remark concerning which we are bound to acknowledge, sound Wordsworthians as within reason we esteem ourselves, that we rather like the sound of it.

An artist cannot well be without some of the defects — or what more steady-going, lower-flying people are wont to account the defects — that go naturally, if not of necessity, with the artistic temperament. For one thing, he must work more or less by fits and starts. Poems are not to be made — unless it be by a Southey — as a shoemaker makes shoes, so many strokes to the minute. It is a wonder how much Keats accomplished in his few years, and this even if we take no reckoning of his experiments and failures; but there were times, of course, when he could do nothing, and then, equally of course, he could invent the prettiest kind of excuses for himself, excuses that were themselves hardly less than works of genius. At such a minute he would say, for instance, "Neither Poetry, nor Ambition, nor Love have any alertness of countenance as they pass by me; they seem rather like figures on a Greek vase." Or, if the beauty of the morning operated upon a sense of idleness, he would declare it "more noble to sit like Jove than to fly like Mercury." "Let us open our leaves like a flower," he would say, "and be passive and receptive; budding patiently under the eye of Apollo and taking hints from every noble insect that favors us with a visit. . . . I have not read any books — the Morning said I was right — I had no idea but of the Morning, and the Thrush said I was right — seeming to say,

"'O fret not after knowledge — I have none,
And yet my song comes native with the warmth.
O fret not after knowledge — I have none,
And yet the Evening listens.'"

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Not that he was ever foolish enough to despise knowledge, or trust overmuch to impulses "from a vernal wood," as if a poet could subsist on inspiration. A few weeks after the date of the letter just quoted, a letter which he himself qualified before he was done as "a mere sophistication," we find him renouncing a proposed pleasure trip. There is but one thing to prevent his going, he tells his correspondent. "I know nothing," he says, "I have read nothing, and I mean to follow Solomon's directions, 'Get learning, get understanding.' I find earlier days are gone by — I find that I can have no enjoyment in the world but continual drinking of knowledge. . . . There is but one way for me. The road lies through application, study, and thought. I will pursue it."

But as we count it fortunate that he had already had the courage to forsake everything else for the pursuit of poetry, so we must be thankful that now, feeling his educational deficiencies, he did not do what nine professors out of ten, had he had the ill-fortune to consult them, would — very properly, no doubt — have advised him to do; that is to say, cease production for the time being and devote himself to study. That would have been a loss irreparable. His sun was so soon to go down! A mercy it was that he made hay while it shone.

For much of the hay that he made was as good as the sun ever shone on. That it was a short season's crop may pass unsaid. It is not within the possibilities of human nature, however miraculously endowed, to be mature at twenty-five. Enough, surely, if at that age a man has done a good bit of work of the rarest, divinest quality, — work that, within its range and scope, the greatest and ripest genius could never dream of bettering. That is Keats's glory. So much as that one need not be either a poet or a critic to affirm; the critics and poets have agreed to affirm it for us. If Tennyson said, as reported, that "Keats, with his high spiritual vision, would have been, if he had lived, the greatest of us all; there is something magical and of the innermost soul of poetry in almost everything which he wrote;" and if Arnold put him, in two words, "with Shakespeare," why, then, for the present, at least, the case is judged, and we who are neither poets nor critics, but only tasters and relishers, can have no call to argue it.

So much being admitted, however, it is not to be assumed that here is an end of things. One may still like to talk a little. Hearing him praised, one may still say,

> "'T is so, 't is true,'
> And to the most of praise add something more."

Life would be a dull affair for the smaller men if comment and side remark were forever debarred as soon as the bigwigs had settled the main contention.

Leaving on one side, then, the odes and other pieces which by universal consent are perfect, or as nearly so as consists with human frailty,[1] let us content ourselves with intimating the profit which readers of a proper youthfulness and other needful, not over critical, qualifications may derive from some of the other and longer poems, which by the same common consent, as well as by the acknowledgment of the man who wrote them, are in every sense imperfect.

Indeed, there are few things in Keats's letters more interesting in themselves, or more characteristic of their author, than his apologies for these same longer pieces, especially for *Endymion*.

"Why endeavor after a long poem?" he has heard some one ask. And this is his answer: —

"Do not the lovers of poetry like to have a little region to wander in, where

[1] We speak thus without forgetting that an American poet once wrote (what a reputable American periodical printed) a revised version of one of the odes, just to show how easily Keats could be improved upon. The good man might have been, though we believe he was not, brother to the one of whom we have all heard, who declared his opinion that there were n't ten men in Boston who could have written Shakespeare's plays.

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they may pick and choose, and in which the images are so numerous that many are forgotten and found new in a second reading; which may be food for a week's stroll in the summer? Do not they like this better than what they can read through before Mrs. Williams comes downstairs? a morning work at most."

Evidently his "lovers of poetry" are of the tribe of those whose practice we have heard him describing as "a sparing touch of noble books;" lovers rather than critics or students; browsers and ruminators; not determined upon devouring whole forests, or even entire trees, but content with getting here and there the goodness of a leaf or the sweetness of a blossom. He foresees that *Endymion* is doomed to be in one way a failure; he knows that his mind at present, in its nonage, is "like a pack of scattered cards." The words are his own. Yet he confides that there will be poetry in his long poem, and that the right spirits will find it. And so they do. He has touched their disposition to a nicety. They love to "wander in it." They may never have tried very hard to follow the story; they may not care to read any special student's supposed discoveries as to just how this part of the action is related to that or the other. But they like the poetry. They never read the poem, or read *in* it, without finding some. They do not wish it shorter, nor are they conscious of any very sharp regret that it is not better. Wisely or unwisely, they accept it as it is, and are thankful that the young man wrote it, and, having written it, took nobody's advice against printing it. If they read *in* it, as we say, why, that is mostly what they do with the *Fairy Queen* and *Paradise Lost*. It may be the fault of the poem, or it may be the fault of the reader; or it may be nobody's fault.

In the case of *Endymion*, indeed, it requires no exceptional acumen to perceive that the work hangs feebly together, that its construction, its architectonic, if that be the word, is defective past all mending. "Utterly incoherent" is Mr. Arnold's dictum, and for ourselves we have no inclination to dispute him. Our fault or the poet's, we have always found it so. But like Mr. Arnold, we feel the breath of genius blowing through it, and therefore, as we say, we find in it not infrequently an hour of good reading.

Such reading, it has sometimes seemed to us (and the poet's apology, now we think of it, comes to much the same thing), is like walking in a forest, where we cannot see the wood for the trees. All about us they stand, dwindling away and away as we look, till, whichever way we turn, there is no looking farther. Above our heads is a canopy of interlacing branches,

> "overwove
> By many a summer's silent fingering,"

through which, densely as it is woven, steals here and there a sunbeam to play upon the carpet underneath. In such a place we know little and care less whither we may be going. Standing still is a good progress. Not a step but something offers itself, — a flower, a bed of moss, a trailing berry-covered vine, a tuft of ferns. A brook talks to us, a bird sings to us, a vista invites us, a leafy spray, as we brush against it, whispers of beauty and the summer. These, and trifles like these, are what we could specify. All of them together do not make the forest, yet the least of them is not only part of the forest, but is what it is because of the forest. The soul of the forest speaks through it. How incomparably significant becomes of a sudden every common sound. If two branches but rub together, we must stop and listen. If a thrush whistles, we could stand forever to hear it. Not a sight or sound of them all would mean the same, or anything like the same, if it were encountered in the open and by itself. It is the old lesson. The sparrow's note must come from the alder bough, the shell must be seen on the beach with the tide rippling over it.

And the magical verse, if it is to exercise its full charm, must be found, not in a book of extracts, nor as a fragment, but at home in its native surroundings. It must

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have been born in the poem, and we must discover it there. The poem which has made the verse must also have put us into the mood to receive it. How often have all readers found this true by its opposite. How often a line quoted is a line from which the glory seems to have departed, a line *dépaysé!* — as the tree, the bird, the leaf, if we see them in the open country and in the mood of the open country, can never be the same as if we saw them in the forest and in the mood which the forest induces.

We think, then, that the poet's plea is sound; that his long poem, whatever its shortcomings, is abundantly justified as a good place to wander about in; that there is poetry (one of the rare things of the world) in it which never would have been produced elsewhere, and which, now that it has been produced, can only be appreciated when read, as scientific men say, *in situ*. To transfer its beauties to a commonplace book would be like putting roses into a herbarium, or, more justly, perhaps, like setting a seashell on a parlor mantel.

In the long poem, too, as in the forest, though we were near forgetting to speak of it, there is always the chance of finding something unexpected; a line, an epithet, an image, that seems to have come into being since we were last here. Every perusal is thus a kind of voyage of discovery. It is as if the season had changed. New flowers have blossomed, new birds have come from the South, and the wood is a new place.

In all the work of genius, as we began by saying, there is no small part that seems to come from almost anywhere rather than from the mind and intention of the writer. And the more genius, we must believe, the more of this appearance of what is known (or unknown) as inspiration. Yet in the case of Keats, a man of genius all compact, one has only to read his letters to see (and glad we must be to see it) that, for all his youthfulness and comparatively slight acquaintance with books, he was pretty well aware of himself, having withal a kind of philosophy of life and many shrewd ideas concerning the poetic art. His gift was no external, detachable thing, an influence of which he could give no account, and over which he had no control, like, shall we say, the inscrutable, uncanny, unrelated mathematical faculty of a Zerah Colburn, a thing by itself, significant of no general capacity on the part of its possessor. The man *himself* was a genius.

And being such, he was safest when he followed his own leadings. When he humbled himself to write what he hoped men would pay for, as, under pressure of his brother's and sister's need, he persuaded himself he might do ("the very corn which is now so beautiful, as if it had only took to ripening yesterday, is for the market; so, why should I be delicate?"), he was mostly wasting his time. "I have great hope of success," he writes, "because I make use of my judgment more deliberately than I have yet done." It was a vain dependence. "Live and learn," says the proverb. And, prose men or poets, the brightest must mind the lesson. But Keats, alas, could not live. He was "born for death," and was already marked. His work, the best of it, was already finished. Racked and broken, devoured by the very madness of passion and wasting away with incurable disease, his tale henceforth is pure tragedy. If his passion was a weakness, — and no doubt it was, — to colder-blooded men a state of mind incredible, and to Pharisees and fools a thing to mock at, — so let us call it, and there be done. It was past cure, so much is certain. Here and there in his letters there are still gleams of brightness, sad touches of pleasantry. To his sister, about whose health he is continually in a fever, lest she should be going as his mother and his brother Tom have gone (and he himself far on the road), he is always a little improved, always making the most of the doctor's words of encouragement; but between times, to some other correspondent, he shows for a moment the plague that is consuming his

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life. It is heartbreaking to hear him. "If I had any chance of recovery this passion would kill me." He cannot name the one of whom he is night and day thinking. "I am afraid to write to her — to receive a letter from her — to see her handwriting would break my heart." Even to see her name written would be more than he could bear. "Oh, Brown, I have coals of fire in my breast. It surprises me that the human heart is capable of containing and bearing so much misery."

And strange it is how cruel a price a man can be made to pay for what, at the worst, is only a piece of natural foolishness.

> Well and wisely said the Greek,
> Be thou faithful, but not fond;
> To the altar's foot thy fellow seek, —
> The Furies wait beyond.

Never man found this truer than Keats.

There is but one letter more, — dated a month later, and addressed to the same friend. This time the dying man knows that he is taking leave, though he still quotes a doctor's soothing diagnosis. He is bringing his philosophy to bear, he says; if he recovers, he will do thus and so; but if not, all his faults will be forgiven. And then: "Write to George [his brother] as soon as you receive this, and tell him how I am, as far as you can guess; and also a note to my sister, who walks about my imagination like a ghost, she is so like Tom. I can scarcely bid you good-bye, even in a letter. I always made an awkward bow. God bless you!"

How wasteful is Nature! Once or twice in an age, one man out of millions, she brings forth a poet; and then, while his powers are still budding, she sends on them a sudden blight, and anon cuts him down. Wasteful, we say. But who can tell? Perhaps she also, like the rest of us, is doing what she can, and, like the rest of us, is disappointed when she fails.

THE FORCIBLE COLLECTION OF INTERNATIONAL DEBTS

BY JOHN H. LATANÉ

I

THE internal disorders common to certain South and Central American republics, of which Venezuela and Santo Domingo have recently afforded typical examples, have always been a fruitful source of embarrassment to the United States. During such disorders, these countries, by their disregard of international obligations, frequently lay themselves open to European intervention. The result is that foreigners have fallen into the habit of appealing to their governments for the redress of grievances, real or alleged; and certain of the European powers have shown a disposition in recent years to intervene in Latin America on very slight grounds of provocation.

Claims of citizens of one country against the government of another may arise in several ways. They may be based, in the first place, on injury to person, such as cruel or inhuman treatment, false imprisonment, or mob violence. Where such injuries are real, — whether committed directly, by the officers or authorized agents of the government, or indirectly, by the failure of the government to afford protection, — and where legal remedy is denied, it is the right and duty of the state whose citizens have suffered, to come to their assistance and to demand redress.

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A second class of claims arises from the destruction or confiscation of the property of resident aliens. The property may be taken for military purposes as a matter of necessity; it may be destroyed in the ordinary course of military operations; it may be taken by forced loans; or it may be pillaged by the military or by mobs. Cases of this kind present innumerable difficulties and in turbulent countries are of constant recurrence. The general rule of international law applying to such cases is that resident aliens are entitled to no greater exemption or protection than citizens. This is a principle that the nations of Europe too often fail to remember in their dealings with Latin-American states. The alien must exhaust every means of redress which the courts of the country afford before appealing to his government to interfere in his behalf. In cases of denial of justice or of flagrant injustice, his government should intervene diplomatically with the object of securing a settlement of the claim by negotiation or arbitration. When the ordinary means of diplomacy fail, either the case is dropped or the state whose subject has suffered may, in its discretion, resort to forcible intervention.

There is a third and distinct class of claims, however, with which we are especially concerned in this paper, and in regard to which the practice of states is not so well settled. I refer to claims based on breach of contract. Such claims are referred to usually as "pecuniary" claims, and the contracts on which they are based may be government bonds, charters, or concessions for the construction of railroads or other works of internal improvement, the guaranty of dividends on investments, or contracts for military supplies furnished to the government. This class of claims has not, as a rule, received the attention of writers on international law, for the reason that states have usually drawn a sharp distinction between contractual and other claims.

The policy of England with regard to the claims of its citizens against foreign governments was made the subject of a circular dispatch by Lord Palmerston in January, 1848. In this dispatch, which has been much quoted, he held that every state had the perfect right to take up, as a matter of diplomatic negotiation, any well founded complaint which any of its subjects might prefer against the government of another country; that the government of Great Britain had always considered it undesirable that British subjects should invest their capital in loans to foreign governments, instead of employing it in profitable undertakings at home; and that with a view to discouraging hazardous loans to foreign governments, the British government had hitherto thought it best to abstain from taking up as international questions complaints made by British subjects against foreign states. These principles of policy, as laid down by Lord Palmerston, were reaffirmed by Lord Salisbury in 1880.

The policy of the United States in regard to contractual claims, which, as outlined in a long list of dispatches from the days of John Quincy Adams down, is in full accord with the principle set forth in Lord Palmerston's dispatch, is well summarized in a dispatch of Mr. Bayard, dated June 24, 1885: —

"1. All that our Government undertakes, when the claim is merely contractual, is to interpose its good offices; in other words, to ask the attention of the foreign sovereign to the claim; and this is only done when the claim is one susceptible of strong and clear proof.

"2. If the sovereign appealed to denies the validity of the claim or refuses its payment, the matter drops, since it is not consistent with the dignity of the United States to press, after such a refusal or denial, a contractual claim for the repudiation of which there is by the law of nations no redress."

II

The first serious case of intervention in the affairs of an American state for the forcible collection of debts was that of

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the governments of England, France, and Spain in Mexico in 1861. The political character which this intervention rapidly assumed, and the exciting episodes of Maximilian's career, have obscured the fact that the alliance of the three powers above named, like the late Anglo-German alliance against Venezuela, was in reality a debt-collecting agency organized in the interest of bondholders. Yet such was the case, although the ostensible grounds of intervention included claims of indemnity for injury to the persons and property of the subjects of the intervening powers. The British and Spanish claims had been recognized by the Mexican government and arrangements had been made by which the debts were to be paid off by a percentage on import duties at certain designated custom-houses. The French claims, however, were of a decidedly questionable character. During Miramon's administration in Mexico, arrangements had been made through the agency of Jecker, a Swiss banker, by which $750,000 were to be raised through an issue of $15,000,000 of bonds. These bonds fell into the hands of Jecker's French creditors and were pressed by the French government, which thus demanded the repayment of twenty times the original sum advanced. A claim was also made for $12,000,000 for torts on French subjects.

When the Liberal Party came into power again in 1860, they were unable to meet the situation, and showed a disposition to question the obligatory force of engagements entered into by their various revolutionary predecessors. In July, 1861, President Juarez brought matters to a crisis by the publication of a decree declaring the suspension for two years of all payments on the foreign loans. This act led to the London Convention of October, 1861, and to the joint intervention in Mexico of the three powers concerned.

So great was the uneasiness occasioned in the United States by the determination of the powers to intervene in Mexico, and so strong was the desire to ward off the threatened danger to republican institutions on this continent, that Mr. Seward authorized the negotiation of a treaty with Mexico, providing for the assumption by the United States of interest on the Mexican debt at three per cent for a term of five years. By way of security the United States proposed a mortgage upon all public lands and mineral rights in the Mexican states of Lower California, Chihuahua, Sonora, and Sinaloa. Against such an arrangement France and England both protested, and while the negotiations for the treaty were still in progress, the United States Senate passed a resolution "that it is not advisable to negotiate a treaty that will require the United States to assume any portion of the principal or interest of the debt of Mexico, or that will require the concurrence of European powers." Not long after the occupation of Mexican territory by the allied forces, England and Spain became convinced of the duplicity and ulterior designs of the French government and ordered the withdrawal of their forces and agents from Mexican territory. The subsequent career of France in Mexico was wholly of a political nature, and her schemes were ultimately doomed to failure. As a debt-collecting agency, the alliance of 1861 against Mexico was not a success.

The intervention of England and Germany in Venezuela in 1902 presented many points in common with the action of the powers in Mexico nearly half a century ago, though there were some striking points of difference and the outcome was wholly different. The claims were of the same general character in both cases. In the case of Germany, though the facts were somewhat obscured, the real purpose of the intervention was to collect claims which originated in contract between German subjects and the government of Venezuela. One claim was for the recovery of interest seven years in arrears on five per cent

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bonds, for which Venezuelan customs were pledged as security. Another was for seven per cent dividends guaranteed by the Venezuelan government on the capital stock of a railroad built by German subjects at a cost of nearly $20,000,000. There were still other claims amounting to about $400,000 for forced loans and military requisitions.

These claims were brought to the attention of the United States government by the German ambassador on December 11, 1901. Their dubious character, regarded from the standpoint of international law, led Germany to make a frank avowal of her intentions to the United States, and to secure for her action the acquiescence of that government. Her ambassador declared that the German Government had "no purpose or intention to make even the smallest acquisition of territory on the South American continent or the islands adjacent." This precaution was taken in order to prevent a subsequent assertion of the Monroe doctrine. In conclusion the German ambassador stated that his government had decided to "ask the Venezuelan government to make a declaration immediately, that it recognizes in principle the correctness of these demands, and is willing to accept the decision of a mixed commission, with the object of having them determined and assured in all their details." At the same time the British government demanded a settlement of claims for the destruction of property and for the ill treatment and imprisonment of British subjects in the recent civil wars, as well as a settlement of the foreign debt.

On December 16, 1901, Mr. Hay replied to the German note, thanking the German government for its voluntary and frank declaration, and stating that he did not consider it necessary to discuss the claims in question; but he called attention to the following reference to the Monroe doctrine in President Roosevelt's message of December 3, 1901: "This doctrine has nothing to do with the commercial relations of any American power, save that it in truth allows each of them to form such as it desires. In other words, it is really a guarantee of the commercial independence of the Americas. We do not ask under this doctrine for any exclusive commercial dealings with any other American state. We do not guarantee any state against punishment if it misconducts itself, provided that punishment does not take the form of the acquisition of territory by any non-American power."

A year later, after fruitless negotiations, the German government announced to the United States that it proposed, in conjunction with Great Britain and Italy, to establish a pacific blockade of Venezuelan harbors. The United States replied that it did not recognize a pacific blockade which adversely affected the rights of third parties as a valid proceeding. The powers then proposed to establish a "warlike blockade," but "without any declaration of war." This device was resorted to at the suggestion of the German government, in order to avoid a formal declaration of war, which could not be made without the consent of the Bundesrath. Meanwhile, Venezuela's gunboats had been seized and her ports blockaded, acts which Mr. Balfour admitted on the floor of the House of Commons constituted a state of war; and on December 20 a formal blockade was announced in accordance with the law of nations, which created a status of belligerency.

The hostilities thus commenced were brought to a close by the diplomatic intervention of the United States. In an agreement with the powers, Venezuela recognized the justice of a part of their claims and agreed to set aside thirty per cent of her customs receipts for their payment. The powers, on the other hand, agreed to submit their claims to the arbitration of mixed commissions. The situation was, however, further complicated by the demands of the blockading powers that the sums ascertained by the mixed commissions to be due them should be

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paid in full before anything was paid upon the claims of the peace powers. Venezuela insisted that all her creditors should be treated alike, and at the insistence of President Roosevelt, it was finally agreed that their demand for preferential treatment should be submitted to the Hague Court for arbitration.

During the summer of 1903 ten mixed commissions sat at Caracas to adjudicate upon the claims of as many nations against Venezuela. These commissions simply determined the amount of the claims in each case. The awards of these commissions are very instructive, as they show the injustice of resorting to measures of coercion for the collection of pecuniary claims which have not been submitted to arbitration. Belgian claimants demanded 14,921,805 bolivars and were awarded 10,898,643; British claimants demanded 14,743,572 and were awarded 9,401,267; German claimants demanded 7,376,685 and were awarded 2,091,908; Italian claimants demanded 39,844,258 and were awarded 2,975,906; Spanish claimants demanded 5,307,626, and were awarded 1,974,818; United States claimants demanded 81,410,952, and were awarded 2,313,711.

The decision of the Hague Court, which was rendered February 22, 1904, held that the three allied powers were entitled to preferential treatment; that Venezuela had recognized in principle the justice of their claims while she had not recognized in principle the justice of the claims of the pacific powers; that the neutral powers had profited to some extent by the operations of the allies, and that their rights remained for the future absolutely intact. This decision, emanating from a peace court, and indorsing the principle of armed coercion, was received with no small degree of criticism.

During the discussions on the Venezuelan situation that took place in Parliament in December, 1902, the members of the government repeatedly repudiated the charge of the opposition that they were engaged in a debt-collecting expedition, and tried to make it appear that they were protecting the lives and liberties of British subjects. Lord Cranborne declared: "I can frankly tell the House that it is not the claims of the bondholders that bulk largest in the estimation of the government. I do not believe the government would ever have taken the strong measures to which they have been driven if it had not been for the attacks by Venezuela upon the lives, the liberty, and the property of British subjects."

During the same discussion, Mr. Norman said: "This idea of the British fleet being employed to collect the debts of foreign bondholders is assuredly a mistaken one. It was said by Wellington once that the British army did not exist for the purpose of collecting certain debts. It is still more true of the British fleet that it does not exist for the purpose of collecting debts of bondholders. People who lend money to South American republics know what the security is and what they are likely to get in return, and they ought not to have the British fleet at their backs."

To this Mr. Balfour, the prime minister, replied: "I do not deny, in fact I freely admit, that bondholders may occupy an international position which may require international action; but I look upon such international action with the gravest doubt and suspicion, and I doubt whether we have in the past ever gone to war for the bondholders, for those of our countrymen who have lent money to a foreign government; and I confess that I should be very sorry to see that made a practice in this country."

In spite of disclaimers like the above, when we take into consideration the real character of the claims in question, we are forced to conclude that the action of Germany and England constituted a decided innovation in the practice of nations. That both powers were conscious of this fact seems apparent from their manifest endeavor to disguise the real character of the claims they were trying to collect. It is perfectly apparent to those who have

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followed closely the controversy that the foreign debt was the real question at issue and that intervention was undertaken in the interest of bondholders. But this is an age of world commerce and of financial transactions of world-wide scope; capital is no longer satisfied with the interest earned at home, but ever seeks new fields of investment in foreign lands. In South America, in South Africa, in Egypt, and in China we see the foreign construction of works of internal improvement and the foreign exploitation of internal resources. Commercial interest in many cases involves sooner or later political intervention. England's interest in the Suez Canal gives her a moral right in Egypt which the powers of Europe cannot gainsay. Temporary intervention in 1881 for the protection of her interests has assumed a character of permanent occupation. Russia's commercial exploitation of Manchuria led to a military occupation which was terminated only by the bloodiest war of modern times.

That states should collect the debts due their subjects in foreign lands seems but an incident of the rivalry of the nations for a world-wide extension of commerce. The states of Europe are encouraging their subjects to build up commercial and business interests in all parts of the world, and they cannot refuse to protect these interests. In recognition of these changes the United States acquiesced in the intervention of England and Germany in Venezuela in 1902, and President Roosevelt has declared upon several occasions that such action was not contrary to the Monroe doctrine.

Against President Roosevelt's interpretation of this doctrine, however, Signor Drago, Minister of Foreign Relations of the Argentine Republic, vigorously protested in a note dated December 29, 1902. This note contained a statement of the "Calvo doctrine," which takes its name from the celebrated Argentine publicist who died last May. In his well-known work on international law, Calvo contends that a state has no right to take up, even as a matter of diplomatic action, the pecuniary claims of its citizens against another state. This doctrine, which has received the indorsement of most of the Latin-American states, was so ably expounded in the note above referred to that it is now usually known as the "Drago doctrine." Signor Drago held, first, "that the capitalist who lends his money to a foreign state always takes into account the resources of the country and the probability, greater or less, that the obligations contracted will be fulfilled without delay. All governments thus enjoy different credit according to their degree of civilization and culture, and their conduct in business transactions," and these conditions are measured before making loans. Second, a fundamental principle of international law is the entity and equality of all states. Both the acknowledgment of the debt and the payment must be left to the nation concerned "without diminution of its inherent rights as a sovereign entity."

He said further: "As these are the sentiments of justice, loyalty, and honor which animate the Argentine people and have always inspired its policy, your excellency will understand that it has felt alarm at the knowledge that the failure of Venezuela to meet the payment of its public debt is given as one of the determining causes of the capture of its fleet, the bombardment of one of its ports, and the establishment of a rigorous blockade along its shores. If such proceedings were to be definitely adopted they would establish a precedent dangerous to the security and the peace of the nations of this part of America. The collection of loans by military means implies territorial occupation to make them effective, and territorial occupation signifies a suppression or subordination of the governments of the countries on which it is imposed."

III

Should forcible collection of international claims of a purely pecuniary origin

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be adopted as a general practice by the great powers, the means of coercion would have to be clearly defined, as well as the rights of third parties. Under present conditions, however, the forcible collection of such claims raises several questions of a very perplexing character.

The first consideration is one of equity between the repudiating and the coercing state. Intervention, such as that of Germany and England in Venezuela, coming in the midst of civil insurrection, endangers the very existence of the state, and the right to a continued existence is the most sacred of all sovereign rights. It is not always possible for a state to pay its debts, and of that fact the state itself is the sole judge. If foreign states are to be the judges whether a state is able to pay its debts or not, the very existence of that state is at the mercy of its creditors. The most that a foreigner has a right to expect is that his claims shall receive the same consideration as those of subjects.

The second consideration in interventions of this kind involves the claims of third parties. Intervening states are not usually the only ones holding claims against the debtor state, yet when a settlement is forced, the coercing states usually demand preferential treatment. In 1902 a committee of foreign bondholders of Guatemala in London invited the United States to join England, France, Germany, and other European powers in securing an adjustment. The United States replied that "While the government of the United States is indisposed to join in any collective act which might bear the aspect of coercive pressure upon Guatemala, this government would reserve for its citizens equal benefits with those which might be obtained for creditors of any other nationality in the adjustment of the Guatemalan foreign debt; and the United States minister to Guatemala will be instructed to advise the Guatemalan government of this attitude on the part of the United States." It appears that the representatives of England, France, Germany, and Belgium notified the Guatemalan government that if arrangements were not made to satisfy their respective creditors on a specific date, a man-of-war would take possession of each of the principal ports of that republic. To this ultimatum Guatemala yielded and promptly paid a large part of the foreign claims. It is needless to say that the claims of the United States, which had shown such friendly consideration, were not among those settled upon this occasion, and the United States felt called upon to remonstrate against this discrimination. The question of preferential treatment was later decided by the Hague Court in the Venezuelan case, already referred to, in favor of the powers who resorted to coercive measures, so that in future the United States will be at a distinct disadvantage if it continues to adhere to its policy of not coercing an American state.

A third and still more difficult problem is how far measures of coercion should be allowed to interfere with the rights of neutral states. This consideration raises the question as to the means to be employed in the act of coercion. The most effective measure falling short of war is "pacific blockade," but the United States does not recognize such a blockade as binding upon third parties. When the powers of Europe blockaded the Island of Crete in 1897, the United States declined to concede the right to establish such a blockade and reserved the consideration of all questions in any way affecting the commerce or interest of the United States. This position was in accordance with the views of the Institute of International Law, which, in 1887, endorsed the practice of pacific blockade under the following conditions: (1) Ships under foreign flags may enter freely, notwithstanding the blockade; (2) the pacific blockade must be declared and notified officially and be maintained by a sufficient force; (3) ships of the blockaded power may be sequestrated, but at the termination of the blockade must be restored, with cargo, to the owners, who

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are to have no claim for compensation. Such a blockade would, of course, be ineffective for the collection of debts, for the blockaded power could simply transfer its commerce to foreign flags. As we have already had occasion to notice, in the Venezuelan affair of 1902 the United States refused to recognize either a "pacific" or a "warlike" blockade, and England and Germany were compelled to resort to a regular blockade creating a status of belligerency. Such extreme measures are usually undesirable; for the status of belligerency seriously interferes with the commerce of belligerents, as well as with that of neutrals.

The only other effective measure of coercion seems to be the seizure of customhouses and the collection of dues; but such a step frequently leads to the permanent occupation of territory, which in the case of American states is in direct conflict with the Monroe doctrine. President Roosevelt's solution of this question is stated in his message of December 6, 1904: —

"Any country whose people conduct themselves well can count upon our hearty friendship. If a nation shows that it knows how to act with reasonable efficiency and decency in social and political matters, if it keeps order and pays its obligations, it need fear no interference from the United States. Chronic wrongdoing, or an impotence which results in a general loosening of the ties of civilized society, may in America, as elsewhere, ultimately require intervention by some civilized nation, and, in the western hemisphere, the adherence of the United States to the Monroe doctrine may force the United States, however reluctantly, in flagrant cases of such wrongdoing or impotence, to the exercise of an international police power."

The last clause of this message contains the principle upon which the President's Santo Domingan policy was based. We have here a bankrupt republic, hard pressed by its European creditors, appealing to the United States for protection. In the protocol concluded between Santo Domingo and the United States, February 4, 1905, it was provided that the United States government should guarantee the territorial integrity of the Dominican republic, take charge of its custom houses, administer its finances, and settle its obligations, foreign as well as domestic. In short, the Dominican republic was to be treated as a bankrupt corporation and the United States was to act as receiver. The Senate failed to ratify this agreement; but under a *modus vivendi* the president of Santo Domingo appointed a receiver of customs, named unofficially by President Roosevelt, who has since administered the affairs of the island, under the protection of the United States navy, in accordance with the original programme.

The President's solution of the difficulty, if it had been concurred in by the Senate, would have converted our navy into a debt-collecting agency for the powers of Europe, for the bankers of Europe would have found it profitable to buy up all doubtful claims, of whatever character, against American states and urge their governments to press for payment. The only escape from such a predicament would have been the establishment of a protectorate over all the weaker Latin-American states and the enforced adoption by them of a provision like the "Platt Amendment," by which Cuba has bound herself not to contract any foreign obligations the payment of which cannot be provided for by the ordinary revenues of the island.

Admitting President Roosevelt's major premise, that European powers have the right to collect by force the pecuniary claims of their subjects against American states, and his minor premise, that the only effective means of collecting such debts, namely, the seizure of customhouses, is contrary to the Monroe doctrine, his conclusion that the United States should act as the agent in such collection, is perfectly valid. The President was, however, in the opinion of

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many competent critics, at fault in his premises. In the first place, it may be seriously questioned, on grounds both of expediency and of public law, whether the United States should ever recognize a pecuniary claim which has not been submitted to adjudication; and, secondly, it is certain that the collection of port duties need not necessarily lead to the permanent occupation of territory.

It may be contended that the main difficulty is to get a Latin-American state to agree to arbitrate such claims; but a number of Latin-American states have already put themselves on record in this matter. At the Second International Conference of American States, held in the City of Mexico in 1901, a treaty was signed containing the following clause: "The high contracting parties agree to submit to arbitration all claims for pecuniary loss or damage which may be presented by their respective citizens, and which cannot be amicably adjusted through diplomatic channels, and when said claims are of sufficient importance to warrant the expenses of arbitration." It was further provided that all controversies of this character should be submitted to the Hague Court for arbitration, unless both parties should prefer that a special tribunal be organized. This treaty was signed by the representatives of the Argentine Republic, Bolivia, Colombia, Costa Rica, Chili, the Dominican Republic, Equador, Salvador, Guatemala, Hayti, Honduras, Mexico, Peru, Uruguay, and signed "ad referendum" by the representatives of the United States, Nicaragua, and Paraguay. It was ratified by Guatemala, April 25, 1902; by Peru, October 29, 1903; by Honduras, July 6, 1904; by the United States, January 25, 1905; and by Mexico, May 22, 1905.

In view of its great importance, the question is still being very generally agitated and has been given a prominent place on the programme of the Third International Conference of American States, which convened at Rio Janeiro, July 21, 1906. The programme of this conference shows as its fourth item, "A resolution recommending that the Second Peace Conference at The Hague be requested to consider whether, and, if at all, to what extent, the use of force for the collection of public debts is admissible." This subject is not one for the Peace Conference to determine, as the right of a state to resort to force when it considers its interests affected cannot be limited except by treaty.

It will be seen from the facts presented in the foregoing discussion that the question here stated is one of the most perplexing and troublesome in the whole range of modern diplomacy. International law, as at present recognized, furnishes no clear rules on the subject, and the opinions of states differ. There can be no solution of the question in the near future except through treaty agreements. The pecuniary claims convention adopted by the International American Conference of 1901 should therefore receive the most careful consideration of all the great powers.

Now that the United States has ratified this convention, we are under no obligation to countenance any measures of coercion for the collection of pecuniary claims against any American state which is willing to arbitrate. The adoption of such a policy by the United States would undoubtedly force the remaining American states sooner or later to announce their adherence to the convention. Such a solution seems the only feasible one, and there is no reason to doubt that it would be satisfactory and just, for experience has shown that a state rarely refuses to pay a claim which has been adjudicated.

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HIS COMRADE

BY CLARE BENEDICT

I

"To-night I have brought the chart," he said excitedly.

Miss Livermore smiled at the newcomer. "I am afraid I was stupid last evening?"

"Not stupid," he assured her, "the thing is very complicated."

It certainly looked so from the young man's preparations; he carried a package of notes, a long sharpened pencil, and, under his arm, a stiff pasteboard roll.

"This will make it clearer," he began; "it is roughly done, of course, still the color scheme is suggested, and the four-part symbolism —"

"Did you do it last night?" she asked.

"Yes, I did n't feel like sleeping after — our splendid talk," he said.

She brightened. "Does it really help to talk things over?"

Roscoe Manning surveyed her for an instant; she was a slender, gray-eyed woman with delicate hands and ears.

"It is everything," he replied, "to have a listener."

Mary Livermore returned his gaze solicitously. "You promised not to work at night, you know?"

"Ah, but I don't, except when the spirit moves me. When it does, the precious moment must be seized."

He drew his chair up to the table. The room was small, a kind of improvised parlor; in the corner there was a curtained alcove for the bed.

"Had n't you better sit a little nearer?"

The girl complied; his eagerness was infectious.

He spread the chart out feverishly as he spoke. "Can you hold one end?" he asked. "Now what is your first impression?" His eyes were on her.

"It is wonderful," she faltered, "especially the color scheme. How splendid it will be upon the stage!"

His face lit up.

"Yes, I thought so. You see the scenes as if by flashlight? But I will just run through them hurriedly — you can follow my pencil, can't you, on the chart?"

"Yes," she murmured, bending forward patiently, — how often she had listened to his résumés before! It had been her pleasure, though, — her one diversion after the hard day's work was done; they both worked hard, and so they prized their evenings, passed together since the time when he had first proposed the plan. Their meeting-place had always been Miss Livermore's room, because, being a woman, its mistress had made the most of its poor possibilities, concealing drawbacks and emphasizing good points, until, at least to Roscoe Manning, the bare, back bedroom seemed a paradise of cheer and comfort.

"Always keep in mind, please, that in my drama all the arts combine in one great whole — music, painting, architecture, dancing, the elements, the seasons, poetry in all its forms. This is the background out of which the human figures emerge and sing their life song, The Epic of Neurosis."

"Oh, do they sing?" she asked.

The man looked annoyed. "I did n't mean that literally," he said.

The girl drooped; of late he had been sharp with her, — or was it that she was growing dull? "The idea is such a vast one, I get confused sometimes in details."

She glanced at him a little wistfully; they had talked about the play for sixty nights.

"I love to hear," she went on hastily, "I am so proud that you will tell me; you

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said, I think, that no one knew except myself?"

Her wistful eyes still asked a question.

"No, I do not talk about it," he said, "but we digress. The first scene (I will sketch the whole impressionally, but you must always keep the main idea in mind) the first scene stands for youth, — green woods in spring, sweet breezes, flowers, dancing, lyrics, — the beginning of things."

"It will be a lovely scene," the girl put in, eager to retrieve her earlier blunder.

"It will be the simplest one," he said.

Again she felt that she had failed to understand him.

"The chief personages appear, the youthful lovers, unconscious as yet of their inheritance, though seized already by the restless longing — the desire for life, they call it. This is the one dark point in a scene otherwise quite charming, the sign of incipient neurosis in both boy and girl. On the chart I have tried to show an earthly paradise, where, but for the fatal nerve disease, my people might have lived in peace and joy, — you see that, don't you?"

"Yes," she murmured. What she did see was that his hands were shaking.

"The second scene," he continued eagerly, "represents summer, — the sea, love rhapsodies, — the color, blue, — the element, water, — the music, stormy, full of passion, — the setting, angry waves — a mighty ocean steamer, on board of which the same two people meet again, no longer boy and girl, but man and woman. Each has tasted life, and each has broken down under it. Each seeks recuperation; they find each other, — the jaded broker and the weary beauty — "

"Will people understand what comes between?" the girl asked timidly.

Manning frowned. "You forget, that is all explained in their interview; you liked that dialogue especially."

"Yes, I remember, it was magnificent; your dialogues are splendid. I think if we leaned back that we could hold the chart up so that we could see?"

They were sitting bolt upright on their stiff bedroom chairs. "I am quite comfortable," he said.

"The third scene, — autumn on a windy moorland, — color, brown, — element, earth — the return to nature; the same two people reappear; they are taking enforced rest after serious nervous breakdown; they are at an institution of some kind. This is the final phase before complete prostration: the music is elegiac, the setting mournful, the language weak and disconnected; passion is gone, ambition, love of action; their minds are torpid, their wills diseased, their faculties benumbed.

"It is splendid, having the chart," she murmured, "especially — "

"Especially for the last scene," he interrupted. "You have never had the final scene, you know?"

His comrade wavered. "You are going to keep that back a little?" she suggested.

"No," he cried, "I am going to tell it to you. I was afraid it might depress you; but to-night it won't, — we both feel sane and rested."

She braced herself obediently. "If it will help you," she began, and then she changed it. "I am eager to know the end," she said.

"Are you ready?" he asked. "Prepare yourself. I don't want you to be frightened."

She looked at him in sudden perturbation; his eyes were hard now, almost cruel. Her heart revolted, and then, seeing his strained anxiety, her tenderness returned again.

"I shan't be afraid," she said gently.

"Then look!"

She bent down nervously; a corner of the chart had been concealed hitherto by Manning's arm.

"What do you see?" he cried.

"Fire."

"What else?"

"Two figures dancing."

"And?"

"A room with grated windows!"

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"Ah!" he said.

The girl drew back. "You never told me it would end in that?"

"I thought you knew; what else could it end with?"

Mary Livermore rolled the chart up with decision. "I can't bear any more to-night."

Manning's eyes flashed; he rose abruptly. "I am sorry that I have tired you so," he said.

The girl sprang up and stood beside him; she only reached as high as his stooping shoulders. "Don't," she begged; "you know I did n't mean it that way! I was only nervous and — upset. Oh! won't you stay a minute? I — I — have something for you."

Politeness forced him to do as she desired; he waited gloomily while she sought the curtained recess. When she returned, she brought a small, flat parcel.

"I had an extra one," she explained, "auntie sent me several; she knew I hated cotton. If you are like me, you will sleep much better on a linen pillow case."

He took the parcel awkwardly; he was not used to presents; he had no womankind to give him any. "It is very sweet of you," he stammered. "I shall value it extremely."

She smiled. "You won't work to-night?" she urged.

"Only a little at the last scene — I feel just like it. Oh, by the way, here are the sheets to be re-typed at your convenience."

Mary Livermore took the loose pages from him. "You won't do that scene?" she begged, "not at night — you must not."

"Yes," he said, "I must!"

She tried again, although she knew it would be useless. "But people recover," she ventured, "even after serious breakdowns?"

"My people could n't recover; it would be an anti-climax. Besides, when once the boundary is overstepped — "

He looked at her, and a nameless terror held her speechless.

"Good-night," he said.

She put her hand out; he took it vaguely.

"To-morrow I will read you the last scene!"

II

The next day, however, the journalist was stretched upon his bed, incapable of moving; the landlady called in a doctor, who shook his head and promised to return at night. When he did return, he shook his head again and gave the landlady some directions, which she received unwillingly.

"He can't afford such things," she objected. "He is only a poor newspaper man."

"Well, he must be looked to, all the same. Has n't he a mother, or a sister?"

"As far as I know, not a blessed soul."

The doctor moved down the stairs; his time was very precious; the landlady in her alarm had summoned the nearest physician, who happened to be a famous specialist for nerves. At the first landing — Manning occupied a third-floor hall bedroom — the physician was intercepted by Mary Livermore.

"I have just heard that Mr. Manning is ill," she said.

The doctor paused, surveying the slight figure. "You are not a relative?"

"Oh no," she stammered, "just a friend."

"Ah, then I can tell you; the fact is I am extremely anxious about that young man. The landlady seems quite incompetent; he needs care, tact, devotion, patient nursing. She tells me that he has no woman belonging to him?"

At the doctor's first remark, his listener had turned faint and sick and giddy; but she made a resolute attempt to steady herself.

"No," she murmured, "he has no near relations; but," she added timidly, "I am his comrade — I might perhaps be able to help?"

The specialist again surveyed the fragile speaker. "H'm," he said, "it's not an easy job. Of course you know what is

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the matter with him? No one could be with him without discovering that!"

Mary's eyes were wide with fear, but the doctor did not notice.

"He has pronounced neurosis with certain madness coming, — certain, that is, unless he pulls up sharply; and he is in no state, poor chap, to do anything of the kind."

The woman staggered slightly, but the hall was dark and the doctor's thoughts were elsewhere.

"Yes," he went on, "if he had a mother, as I said, or a devoted sister, or better still a wife or sweetheart, — some one who would watch him ceaselessly and keep his mind off from that confounded play."

"The play?" she gasped.

"Yes, that is a bad symptom — a fixed idea; they often have them. He talked about the thing to me at once. He has probably been dwelling on it continually until he can't keep his thoughts for long on anything else. Well, that must be stopped; but how to do it?"

"Will you tell me how you think it might be managed if — he had a woman belonging to him?"

The doctor threw her a shrewd glance, after which his manner became more kindly.

"Well — when he recovers from this temporary breakdown, — he will recover from that in two days at most, — he should resume his work; that won't hurt him; it will keep his mind off from that pernicious play. Now come the evenings; he probably gets home about six-thirty?"

"Yes, sometimes later."

"Then something should be planned to fill the evening hours; the best thing would be a walk in this fine weather; the streets are lively, the air and exercise would do him worlds of good; or occasionally a music-hall, — not the theatre, that might recall his play; but a little cheerful music would n't be bad. When it rains, a game of cards, or even a ride round town on the electric car, — anything to keep him occupied. Above all, no work at night, — no brain excitement; it will be difficult, I know, for he is very obstinate, — nervous patients usually are, — nor can you deal with them by direct methods; that nearly always drives them into open war. And then he must be made to take more nourishment, — a glass of milk at Caswell's on his evening walk. That would help him more than anything, for he is exceedingly run down. Well, these are hasty suggestions; the main point, of course, is to keep his mind from that brain-killing play."

The girl had listened breathlessly. "Are you coming again?" she asked.

"No, I can't do anything; it rests with the nursing. Physically, as I said, he is temporarily used up, — mentally, he is very ill indeed."

These words hurt the girl like the sharp edge of iron.

"One thing more," she panted, for she saw he was impatient. "If his mind could be diverted, how long would it be before the — worst danger would be over?"

"Oh, supposing the best possible conditions — I should say two months. If he is n't worse by that time, but distinctly better, then the immediate danger would be past."

The girl drew a long breath. "Will you give me your address, please?"

The doctor gave her his card, after which he shook hands with her warmly.

"Don't forget," he said, "that sick nerves must be treated tenderly, — no abruptness, no prohibitions, no hint, above all, that the sufferer is not himself! All tact, all cheerfulness, incessant watching!"

She assented faintly.

"He is not brain-sick yet?" she faltered.

"Not about anything except his play, poor fellow. It is a case of madness for fame — 'Grössenwahn,' the Germans call it. Well, most sane people have it, too. Good-by, Miss — ?"

"Livermore," the girl answered in a low voice.

"All the same," the doctor thought, as

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he drove away in his victoria, "I wish the fellow had a mother to coddle him; that young woman is well-meaning, but the task is quite beyond her, — besides, she can't be with him, as a mother could."

Mary Livermore got upstairs and into her back bedroom; then she sank down on a chair and cried despairingly. After that she stumbled to her feet and paced the narrow chamber; she did not know how long she walked that floor. Suddenly she paused, and stood as if transfigured; her face, which had been haggard, looked almost happy. In a moment she sat down and proceeded to think out some complex problem; finally, by her tremulous sigh, she seemed to have succeeded.

"So help me God!" she whispered, and rose again. Her manner was no longer groping; she appeared to be inspired by some great, illuminating idea.

On the table there was a vase containing a few carnations; she had meant them as a surprise for Manning when he should, as usual, seek her room. She now pulled out the flowers, wiped them off, and clutched them firmly in her left hand; then she went out into the hall and stole upstairs to Manning's door; she knocked and heard his answer, then she turned the knob and entered the room. Her friend was lying on the bed; the gas was burning dimly. The girl advanced and laid the flowers on the quilt.

"I have come to bring you these and to beg you to get better!"

The man's wild eyes caught hers and held them. "I want to talk to you," he cried.

"Not now," she said. "The doctor does not wish it; he says that if you rest, you will be able to work again much sooner, — in two days, he thinks."

His face lit up. "I want to work."

She knew he meant the play and hastened to speak further. "Well, then you must do exactly as he says."

She lifted the untouched glass of milk and offered it to him.

He shook his head. "I can't, it chokes me."

"Then you can't work."

"Did the doctor say that?"

"He said that plenty of nourishment would bring you up sooner than anything else."

He raised the glass and drank down its contents slowly.

"There," he said, "that shows what will can do."

"Yes," she assented. "Now I must go; but I will come up every evening, until you are well enough to come to me. In the mean time, don't worry; I will see to everything, — all you have to do is to get well."

She smiled at him; the man's face quivered.

"If you could only stay! I can't keep my thoughts in order, I have such ugly fancies when I am alone."

"I know," she said, speaking very quietly; "I have them, too; that's why I want you to get well quickly. My evenings are so dreary when I'm alone!"

The man looked pleased. "Well, I will try," he said.

She took his hand and pressed it; the soft, warm contact seemed to comfort him.

III

"There," she cried, "I said you would be up again in two days."

Roscoe Manning greeted her rather languidly; the girl's eyes sought the chart and found it, protruding from beneath the young man's arm.

"Shan't we sit down?" she said. Her head was dizzy. "Do you notice anything different?" she went on.

He glanced about him. "It all looks very cheerful. May I clear the table off? There won't be room enough."

The woman flinched; she had bought a few cheap photographs and arranged them carefully where she thought they would attract his eye; in the centre of the table there was a vase of bright carnations. Mary herself was wearing her best gown.

"Don't you think," she urged, — her

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voice had a little quaver in it, — "that we had better look at the photographs to-night? You are not quite strong yet, — and the play is so exciting."

"The play is what will cure me," he replied. He drew his chair up to the table and began to push the pictures aside impatiently.

Mary watched him for an instant; her face was very white now.

"I am sorry — but I shall have to tell you."

"Tell me what?" he asked; but his eyes were on the table. He was planning how he could best remove the other things.

"The fact is — Oh — you must really pay attention!"

The sharpness of the cry made the man look up.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I have been to see your doctor!"

"Indeed!" he said. The subject did not seem to interest him; he was chafing at the unfortunate delay.

"He is a great nerve specialist," she continued desperately; "he told me something startling, — that I was extremely nervous, though I never knew it. He said I was neurotic in the highest degree."

Manning gave a start, then he looked at her more attentively.

"Nonsense," he said; "you have n't any nervous tendencies. I know enough about nerves to tell you that!"

"That 's what I thought, until the doctor frightened me; but you see of late I have been feeling very queer. I have n't talked of it, because there was no one to talk to; but when I told him the feelings — "

"What were the feelings?" her friend inquired, still rather listlessly.

"Oh, I can't describe them — but — they are very terrible — when I am alone I get beside myself. I — "

At that the girl broke down; the collapse was unexpected; Manning sprang up and stood above her. He had never seen her cry before.

"You must n't," he said, and touched her shoulder. The movement was uncertain, full of vague alarm.

"You must n't," he said again, this time more decidedly; he had put the chart down on a chair near by.

"I can't help it," she sobbed. She was trembling uncontrollably. The man surveyed her in increased alarm — what had she heard? what had the doctor told her?

He seated himself beside her and took her hands.

"You must tell me everything the doctor said to you — everything!"

"What good would that do?" she demanded passionately. "It would only make you wretched, too."

"Let me be the judge of that," he said.

She glanced at him sidewise; his eyes were anxious.

"He said I was on the eve of a bad nervous breakdown."

"What else?" he asked.

"Is n't that enough?" she cried.

"You must tell me everything," he insisted.

"He said that if I did n't get rid of this fixed idea of mine, he would n't answer for the consequences."

"What fixed idea?"

The girl looked stubborn. "I can't tell you."

"Oh yes, you can," he said.

"I can't," she panted; "don't ask me!"

"I do ask you, and you must tell me."

She raised her eyes to his; the pupils were dilated.

"I have known for some time," she whispered, "that I was the woman in your play!"

She paused, for Manning had started violently.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"You know it, too," she cried, "I see by your expression. Yes, I am that woman — I think as she does — I feel as she does — and — I shall end as she does!"

Manning dropped her hands, his own

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were shaking: his terrible responsibility turned him sick and cold.

"You are *not* my woman," he cried. "I know, because I made her — you are *not* my woman!"

His voice was husky; it was difficult for him to articulate his words.

"You are trying to put me off," she muttered, "but I know I am that woman!"

He laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"You must stop this," he said.

"I can't. You said she could n't stop things, — when once the boundary was overstepped."

She burst into tears again and pulled away from him, burying her head against the cushion of her chair.

Manning braced himself determinedly; the necessity for action had restored to him his shattered self-control.

"Sit up, please," he said. "Stop crying; I must know exactly what the doctor said."

To his intense relief, the girl obeyed him — at least, she sat up miserably and wiped her eyes.

"Now what did he advise?"

She laughed hysterically. "Just about everything that I could not do!"

"But what, — he must have told you something?"

"Well, first, he ordered Lakewood!"

Manning frowned.

"The fool! What else?"

"Oh, more air, more nourishment, more diversions, no thinking, no work at night, no mental worry — nice little easy remedies for me."

Manning brightened.

"Did n't he go into particulars? Try to remember everything!"

"Particulars?" she cried, "why, I should think so — he mapped out a month for me elaborately! He said that I must go out every pleasant evening and walk about the streets for a couple of hours; he said the streets were gay — that they would amuse me! He advised a glass of milk at Caswell's at the start; he said a little music would be good — or an evening auction. On rainy nights he suggested a game of cards with friends!"

She spoke sarcastically, but her friend listened eagerly.

"That doctor's not a fool," he cried; "you'd better try his treatment."

She stared at him.

"What! drag myself about the streets at night when I am tired? My evenings are the only time I have. Besides, do you think it would amuse me? What's the fun in wandering about alone?"

"You would n't be alone," he said. "I should go with you."

He rose abruptly and gathered his things together.

"I am going to undertake this case," he said; "but you must follow my directions. My first one is to get your hat and come with me this instant."

The girl's lips trembled.

"You would hate to have me break down in the street?"

"You won't break down! Now it's understood, Miss Mary, you are going to put yourself in my hands."

She slipped her hand into his without replying; her head was lowered.

"Ah!" he said, "I shall come back for you in two minutes."

When he returned, he found her waiting for him on the landing, and together they descended the dark stairs.

IV

That walk was the beginning, — many others followed; for seven weeks the treatment was maintained. At first it was an hour; afterwards the hour was doubled; it took a very bad night, indeed, to keep them in. To start with, they each drank a glass of milk at Caswell's, for Mary had refused to take her dose alone, and Manning had indulged her; it was strange how he enjoyed indulging her — except when a point of health was involved; then he insisted on obedience. It was strange how she enjoyed obeying him!

And so the haggard man and the white-

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faced woman walked about the town each night from eight till ten; and by degrees he grew less haggard and she less white-faced, though each watched the other with unflagging care.

Manning planned their expeditions elaborately. It was some time before he would consent to any variation in the routine, — a stroll along Broadway, a glance at the bright windows, a little cheerful talk, then home again.

One night, quite unexpectedly, he took her to a popular concert; they both enjoyed it hugely.

Once or twice the treatment was disturbed, though very slightly. Manning had, at these times, come home with the old harassed expression; and instantly the girl, too, had drooped. Seeing this, the man had always rallied, exerting himself to drive away the cloud.

And now June had arrived and the evenings were very sultry; but the friends enjoyed their walks as much as ever. One night, however, — it was just seven weeks after the original expedition, — Manning fancied that the girl was anxious to get home; he thought, too, that she said good-night a little hurriedly, — usually they had lingered at her door.

Fifteen minutes later, Manning had occasion to go downstairs again; he had left a book he wanted in the lower hall. He paused — what was that noise? It came from Mary's bedroom. He listened. Yes, it was unmistakable, — the steady tick-tack of her Remington.

He knocked; the sound ceased; Manning opened the door and entered. Mary Livermore was seated at her typewriting machine.

She rose precipitantly. "I never do it: this is the first time. They asked me at the office; it was only a matter of an hour's work."

"You promised not to do it."

"I know," she admitted. "But that was when I was so miserable; now I am entirely myself again."

"You are better," he corrected. "Who knows whether you are well yet? Besides, you promised."

She saw that he was hurt. "I won't do it again. I am sorry!"

Her eyes were penitent.

"Will you stop now," he asked, "and go to bed?"

She hesitated; she needed the extra money; there had been expenses which she could not well disclose to him.

"I must really finish this," she stammered.

Manning started forward and caught her hands up from the machine; then he caught her whole small person up and set her on her feet.

"I must have the right to know what you *are* doing, both by day and night," he cried.

At these words the hot blood mounted to her forehead; but she stood quite still where he had placed her.

"If you could care, — if you could only care!" he urged vehemently; "if you could only love me even half as much as I love you! I can't expect that you should feel as I do — but —"

"But I do feel so," she cried, and hid her face against him. The next instant he had clasped her to his heart.

When they could speak, — they had been murmuring to one another, — Manning took her face between his hands.

"You are much too rare for me," he said. "Don't think I do not know it, you little fragile lily. Now, when shall we be married?"

She laughed and blushed, and then grew strangely sober.

"I can't promise anything until I see the doctor."

"But why?"

"Because I must have his opinion. You said yourself that I was not entirely cured."

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed, "you are positively blooming; besides, I thought I was your doctor, now."

"So you are; but I want a consultation. If you and he agree — then —"

"You will marry me? But I intend to

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have you whatever he says, — don't you know that — don't you know that you belong to me, nerves and all?"

She gave him one long look. "Yes," she murmured, "I am yours whatever happens, whatever happens — always — to the end!"

He kissed her and she returned the kiss with tremulous solemnity.

"And now," he cried, "when can the man be seen?"

She smiled; Manning had always been impatient.

"We must make a special appointment," she began. "I will write and ask him to let us come some evening; he knows we can't get to him in the day. And, you will go in with me, won't you, and let him take a look at you? You've been all right, of course, since that little attack in April; still, for my sake?"

Manning smiled indulgently.

"Yes, I will go," he said. "Besides, I can explain things. You won't tell him that you need a permanent nurse!"

He stroked her soft brown hair; his fingers were not quite steady.

"We will have a little flat," he murmured. "I'm sure we can afford it, and you will make the place a little palace, with all your pretty touches. I know it from the way you've fixed this room! Your own home — think of it — our home together!"

She put her arms up and clung to him.

"I think I am too happy, dear," she said.

V

"Ah," the doctor cried, "good-evening, Mr. Manning. When last we met things were not so bright?"

He spoke facetiously. The three were standing in the doctor's small reception-room.

"Suppose we sit down," the specialist suggested. "Miss Livermore is, of course, my present patient; but I may consider you a kind of former one, may I not?"

Manning bowed; to him this seemed unnecessary, — a most unnecessary waste of time. Still if Mary preferred to begin with his small ailments, she must be allowed to have her way. So he answered the doctor's questions, though rather shortly. The girl listened anxiously. At last the doctor rose.

"That is all, I think, for you. Now, Miss Livermore, will you give me a few minutes? Will you come with me into my other room?"

Mary sprang up and so did Manning.

"But she has n't told you," the young man cried impulsively, — "she has n't told you why we are consulting you to-night! It is because she has agreed to marry me, — if you pronounce that she is well again. That is her idea, but I tell her that as I'm her under-doctor, my opinion ought to be sufficient — and my opinion is that the wedding should be next week!"

The doctor stared, but Mary answered quickly.

"Yes," she said, "he has been most strict with me; he has made me follow your rules exactly. Once I disobeyed, so now he does n't trust me; he wants to have me always under his eye!"

She broke off nervously, for she had caught the doctor's curious glances.

"I will do my best," the latter said, addressing Manning, "but I can see already that she looks immensely better in every way."

Manning beamed upon him. "Ah! what did I tell you?" he exclaimed.

When Miss Livermore and he were alone, the doctor began immediately.

"Really, I am greatly mystified. I did as your note requested, but you — my patient? And what have you done to him?"

"Done to him?" she cried, "Oh, surely you don't see anything?"

"See anything? Why, my dear young lady, he is cured!"

She flushed and then grew white; the long suspense was over, — the fear that had tormented her at night.

"Oh, are you sure? Could you judge?

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Is all danger past? He never talks about his play."

"But how, by all that's wonderful, was it accomplished?"

"Oh, I just twisted things. I said that *I* was on the eve of a nervous breakdown." She told him the whole story.

The doctor's eyes sparkled. "Magnificent — superb. My dear Miss Livermore, I have no words, — I feel like a schoolboy!"

"Something had to be done," she said simply, "and I was the only one to do it. But what I want to ask you is whether I can tell him? I can't bear to marry him until he knows."

The doctor shook his head.

"No, no, don't tell him, — not, at least, at present. You have made a brilliant cure; don't run the risk of spoiling it; if he should learn the truth, it might unsettle him. Let him think of you and watch over you — it is the best possible preventive. Good Heavens, if I could only get my other nervous patients to interest themselves in some one else's cure! Yes, let him nurse you; don't be too energetic; it does him good to consider you — his anxiety has made another man of him. And let me say, his case has made another woman of you!"

She smiled and then grew wistful. "So you think I ought not to tell him?"

"No, don't tell him, but marry him — God bless you! And," he added, smiling, "should you ever want a job — I doubt if you ever will, though — come to me and I will recommend you as my prize nurse for neurosis! Bless me, what a clever idea it was!"

VI

"What did he say?" Manning asked her, as the doctor's front door closed behind them.

"Oh, everything nice!"

Her elation was so apparent that her lover questioned confidently.

"That you are cured? that we can be married?"

"That I am cured — and that with care —"

"Care?" he interrupted. "Oh, you shall have that, don't you worry! But did he say the nerves were working as they should?"

"He said we could be married!"

"My little girl," he cried, "my little woman!"

"Yes," she said, "your woman!"

The words slipped out, but instantly she regretted them, for Manning turned towards her, in quick alarm.

"Not that," he murmured, "never that. But I wanted to tell you that — she — no longer exists. I could n't bear the sight of her, — so now we need n't think of her again."

Finally they reached their own dim street. Suddenly the man stooped and kissed the woman. She shrank a little, glancing round.

"Oh, no one can see, except the dear old streets," he cried. "Don't you love them? Think what they have done for us! I love even the ugly parts of them, — the rough pavement, the dirt, the dinginess! That 's why I want one of them, at least, to see our happiness! Don't tell me that streets can't see!"

She looked up at him admiringly.

"What pretty thoughts you have! Yes, I like the streets, especially this one; it was the first to welcome us, the last to greet us on our walks!"

"The last?" he echoed. "Are n't we going to walk when we are married? I had planned all sorts of expeditions; are n't you coming with me?"

"Yes," she answered, "always with you — always with you — wherever you wish to go!"

The man's eyes grew strangely dim; he mounted the steps in silence. At the top, he paused and looked behind.

"Dear old streets," he murmured, "between us we have cured this little girl!"

Mary leaned against him; her eyes, too, were shining.

"Dear old streets — God bless you!" she whispered under her breath.

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MORE'S SHELBURNE ESSAYS

BY GEORGE McLEAN HARPER

CRITICISM in our country at present is mainly either erudite or temperamental. The former kind can scarcely avoid the appearance, at least, of jejuneness; the latter incurs the risk of being mere appreciation, over-emphatic or otherwise remote from universality. There has been very remarkable work of both orders in the last few years. Neither kind, however, fills the large field of the professed literary critic. The special scholar who gives adequate literary form to a work of investigation and interpretation comes into this wider field only incidentally. So does the poet or novelist who indulges himself in a free expression of opinion about some piece of literature which has produced in him a peculiar reaction.

These excursions into the field of criticism on the part of men who are distinguished for learning and men whose principal activity is in the region of imaginative creation do not, however, suffice. There is a place still for the official critic, the writer whose function is that which Sainte-Beuve only late in life and with a certain degree of half-pleased resignation acknowledged his to be. Probably Lowell came as near being a great official critic as any one in America has been hitherto, though even he will appear to have been a critic only secondarily and incidentally, if we compare him with Sainte-Beuve. There is no question here of great constructive criticism, or, more properly, of prophecy coupled with the energy to make prophecy come true, which belonged to Lessing and Wordsworth. It is a question of interpretative criticism; and of this we have had in former generations no succession of masters to be compared with the dynasty who have ruled in France.

Several advantages and exemptions go to the making of such a critic. He must be learned. His literary knowledge must be, of course, exact and wide, including several, at least, of modern literatures, the main currents of mediæval literature, and, indispensably, classical literature. And he must, in his experience, have courted more than one muse. Every art and science, every branch of philosophy, upon which he has ever expended enthusiasm, will be a gain. There will be scars innumerable of old flames burnt into his heart. He will be capable of interpreting literature from the standpoint of one or more systems, though he may actually and for himself have realized the insufficiency or the excess of every system. System indeed, or complete accord with a philosophy of whatsoever kind, he will probably have eschewed. His partisanships will be rather memories than sources of expectation. Ordinarily, too, the official critic might reasonably be expected to stand free from any assumptions based upon his personal affiliations. He must remain at all costs morally detached. He will be more effective the less he insists. What he writes must wear the grace of perfect ease, of that spontaneous and familiar confidence which savors of unconcern. He is privileged to rise above his own learning and is not so subject to condemnation for minor inaccuracies and inconsistencies as is the professed specialist. Indeed, consistency, in so far as it may imply insensibility to novel facts or to fresh emotional impressions, is not, in fairness, to be demanded of an exclusively critical writer.

It may seem pedantic to begin a notice of Mr. Paul Elmer More's *Shelburne Essays*[1] by referring to standards so defin-

[1] *Shelburne Essays.* By PAUL ELMER MORE. Series I. II, III, and IV. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1904–1906.

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ite and exacting. But perhaps it will be admitted that this course is justified, first because Mr. More will readily appear, from the scope of his productions, to be qualified for consideration as a professed literary critic, and secondly, because the readers of these thirty-three essays will inevitably, for a while and until aided by reflection, be disposed to deny him the qualities of grace and detachment.

With but one or two exceptions the *Shelburne Essays* appeared originally in periodicals between 1899 and 1905. Many of them were conceived and in part elaborated during years when their author dwelt in solitude at Shelburne, in the White Mountains. The amount of purely self-determined reading which must have preceded their production bears witness to a degree of leisure which it would be hardly possible for an active intelligence to enjoy in the midst of ordinary pursuits. With amazing fertility, Mr. More continues to print once a month, in the New York *Evening Post*, articles of the same general quality. Some of his subjects in the three volumes that have thus far appeared were evidently chosen with complete freedom, in the days of retirement, and because he had a message to deliver; others were accepted because they came to him as a watcher of the stream of current publications, who seizes now and again upon a remarkable book. The range is wide. We have here remarks on English literature from Shakespeare to Kipling, including not only British and American work, but the revival of Irish epic: we have a somewhat technical discussion of the science of English verse, philosophical dissertations on the Greek oracles and the Greek idea of Nemesis, a study of Japanese religions, an essay on Sainte-Beuve, and a review of Tolstoi's theory of art.

It is soon apparent that Mr. More deals competently with all or nearly all of his topics; he writes on the basis of an uncommonly broad and serious general preparation, and after supplying himself specifically with the knowledge appropriate to each task. There was evidently in every instance a reason of affinity or antipathy which guided him in his choice; the essays are not, after all, a heterogeneous collection. And from this determining personal interest there accrues to all Mr. More's work an earnestness which lifts it out of the reach of certain dangers incident to ordinary reviewing. It never appears insincere. There is perhaps in these three volumes not a single line which bids for favor or popularity. His work is never trivial. There are few condescensions or concessions of any sort. The address is to no special audience, yet Mr. More assumes that his readers are worthy of his best. He makes a considerable demand upon our attention at times, for some of his arguments are elaborate and his point of view is often unusual. With a more intricate and pretentious style, and with a few passes of intellectual legerdemain, Mr. More could easily have made an appeal to the love of mystery and the flattering sense of being admitted to a recondite philosophy, for which the ears of a large public are always open. In many of the essays he does not even attempt to exercise a legitimate charm of style, and is content to expound his views clearly, on the principle that good wine needs no bush. In moments of increased seriousness the style is indeed not heightened, but lapses into a tone of insistence.

This trait is significant. It is an indication of what appears to be Mr. More's characteristic excess. When he originally printed these essays, in periodicals, the minds of readers who followed him assiduously had time to relax; we felt no sense of monotony, but rather a grateful admiration of his versatile powers. Now, however, when the full array is marshaled before us, we cannot help observing that rank upon rank wears the same uniform and follows in the same direction. The tread at times is heavy; its regularity is a little oppressive; and there is something vexatious in seeing these brilliant squadrons wheel at the same point in one fatal

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direction. Yet when we discover what this objective is, when we look back through the three volumes and re-read the passages which by their frequent iteration wearied us perhaps and made us think Mr. More was narrow in his conception of art, we shall confess that no generalization about human life could really be wider and more richly suggestive than his dominant idea, which reaches perfect expression in the last essay of all.

"Faith," he here says, "is that faculty of the will, mysterious in its source and inexplicable in its operation, which turns the desire of a man away from contemplating the fitful changes of the world toward an ideal, an empty dream it may be, or a shadow or a mere name, of peace in absolute changelessness." And art is nothing other than a mode of "contemplating the fitful changes of the world." He quotes with approval Joubert's *mot* that *l'illusion et la sagesse* are the essence of art, *sagesse* being interpreted to mean disillusion, or the deeper wisdom that remains when the puppets have been withdrawn, the purification we experience when our heated imaginations, after due exercise, repose in the pale, remorseless light and the lonely silence of a truth too austere for art to express.

Art, he teaches, deals chiefly with the most shadowy deceptions with which humanity appeases itself, — with the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life. Musicians, painters, and poets do but deck with flowers the devoted victim of perpetual change, do but beguile us to admire "this ever-shifting mirage of our worldly life." We may admit nonchalantly enough that art finds her favorite pigments in the iris of our dreams, but Mr. More asks us to lay aside our jaunty assurance and follow him on a journey which may make us blench. What if art herself be an illusion? To Plato she was suspect. Augustine stopped his ears to her voice as to a siren's call. Philosophers and ascetics, Greeks and Hindus, and almost the whole of ancient and mediæval Christianity have felt the cold touch of this doubt. It is no mere passing mood with Mr. More, but an indwelling, regulating master-thought, which dominates and in the end formalizes his conceptions of every subject, — the thought, almost the dogma, that art is but the dream of a dream. In many ways and places, here by implication, here again in a subtle argument, and here again in a flash of frank abandon, but never at all with petulance or with bravado, he manifests his conviction — or shall I say his suspicion — that beauty is impermanent and art deceptive.

"The haunting dread," he confesses, "will thrust itself on the mind, that in accepting, though it be but as a symbol, the beauty of the world, we remain the dupes of a smiling illusion. And something of this dread seems to rise to the surface now and again in the works of those who have penetrated most deeply into art and life."

For confirmation of this view he refers us to Oriental poetry and bids us hear the undertone of lament in Greek poetry and in Shakespeare. It is one of Mr. More's advantages that Hindu literature forms a portion of his background; but it is natural for us to be more easily convinced by citations from Sophocles and Shakespeare than by Vedic hymns. And it is true that Sophocles brought "the eternal note of sadness in." Flux and illusion, the dying cadence of a dream, deception, nothingness, — what else does the chorus sing in *Œdipus:* —

> Ah, race of mortal men,
> How as a thing of naught
> I count ye, though ye live;
> For who is there of men
> That more of blessing knows
> Than just a little while
> To seem to prosper well,
> And, having seemed, to fall?

And again: —

> Happiest beyond compare
> Never to taste of life;
> Happiest in order next,

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> Being born, with quickest speed
> Thither to turn again
> From whence we came.

That to Shakespeare the tangle of passions was "woven on a web of illusion," Mr. More infers from "the great moments when the curtain of disillusion falls." And no doubt there is a mood of Shakespeare when he turns with satiety and disappointment from the pageants of his imagination to some profounder truth, or, as Mr. More would have us believe, to bottomless despair. The most poignant of all Shakespeare's cries of disillusion is when Macbeth, in the ghastly awakening after the debauch of his superb imagination, rends the veil that masks both life and art, with the words: —

> Life 's but a walking shadow, a poor player
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
> And then is heard no more: it is a tale
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing.

No doubt this is one of Shakespeare's tragic moods; and both Sophocles and Æschylus touch this nadir too. But Æschylus, through the Chorus of *Agamemnon*, and surely in no shallow vein, protests against the doctrine of despair which was current even in his age. And though I would not imply that Mr. More makes an unfair use of the groans wrung from Shakespeare in a tragic mood, it should be remembered that to Shakespeare the tragic world was not the whole of life; and furthermore we can make a distinction between two ways in which he solves his tragic problems. There is, no doubt, the tragic blame for which he offers no palliation, the tragic crime which can never "trammel up the consequence," the sowing of seed merely evil, for which no mortal eye can foresee any other harvest than ten-fold wrong. What is left but broken loyalty and disheartening fear, when Macbeth has fought his course? But, on the other hand, from *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, *Lear*, and even *Othello*, we rise with a sense of clearing air, a sense that the clouds have lifted. Something hard breaks within us, and there is surcease of pain. It is not that guilt is an illusion; Shakespeare offers us no sentimental sop. But he gives us a glimpse of the larger frame of things in which each tragedy is held, a world into which he projects a hope of atonements and reconciliations unimaginable. If Romeo and Juliet perish, love still exists and has been vindicated by their death for love. If Lear holds the lifeless form of Cordelia in his dying arms, he has yet gained more than his kingdom and poor dignities in the knowledge that she loved him. Othello's is a bitterer case, and palliation of his fury is impossible; yet why do they stand side by side in our memories, not as victim and assassin, but inseparably united, "the gentle Lady married to the Moor?" There is in this type of Shakespearean tragedy — and it is the main type — a nobility in the heroes and heroines which nothing can debase, and sometimes after the most terrific catastrophes the final word is calm. It is the:

> "Good night, sweet prince,
> And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest"

of Horatio; and it is Antony's praise of Brutus: —

> "This was the noblest Roman of them all."

What abides in our spirits after reading *Romeo and Juliet* or *Lear* or even *Othello*, and still more distinctly after finishing a Greek trilogy with *Antigone* or the *Eumenides*, is not a sense of disillusion, a feeling that the world of phenomena affords no point which can be grasped and clung to; it is, on the contrary, a conviction, transcendent and inexplicable often enough, but none the less important, that even this welter of change keeps time to some normal rhythm, — an assurance of rest for one whom the storm of life

> "With peace and consolation hath dismissed,
> And calm of mind, all passion spent."

Of Dante, perhaps no less than of Sophocles and Shakespeare, it may be said that he "penetrated deeply into art

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and life;" yet I cannot think of any passage in the *Divine Comedy* that really strikes the jarring note of disenchantment. There are many lines in Dante on the perishability of human joy and the brevity of life; but nowhere else than in these very lines does poetry afford a more vivid, penetrating sense of reality. What disturbs the ascetic part of Dante's nature is precisely the inalienable and unchangeable qualities of things; he is not haunted by any doubt whether things *are*. Matter and form, phenomenon and conscious observer, past, present, and future, earth and the nine heavens, and finally God himself have for Dante intense and at times unwelcome and disquieting actuality. He, the greatest of all visionaries, is never a showman of phantoms. Of him Mr. More's statement is decidedly not true, namely that "no poet ever causes the hearts of his hearers to expand with the larger joy who does not lift the veil occasionally and destroy the illusion he is himself creating." It is almost impossible to take the *Divine Comedy* too seriously. It is so magnificently artificial that we may fail to observe that Dante himself, with calm assurance and unvarying earnestness, represents his journey through Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise as having really happened.

Mr. More's skepticism in regard to art is fundamental and systematic. It is not a playful fancy with him, and no one who has read the *Shelburne Essays* would think of charging him with using this fascinating philosophy as a device for making a systematic approach to his varied subject-matter, though it serves this purpose well, especially in the analysis of decadent literature, such as the poems of Mr. Arthur Symons and of Mr. Swinburne, and of certain sonnets of Shakespeare. It is of great use to him, also, when he comes to explain how " the jaunty optimism of Emerson" imposed on a strong-minded generation of Americans, not because it coincided with their experience, but because it was expressed with steadfast cheerfulness, not unaccompanied by something which only Mr. More's reminiscent piety keeps him from mentioning outright, namely, a touch of charlatanry.

Whether it appear only a mannerism, as perhaps it may to casual readers, and be therefore annoying to them, — or whether it be seriously appreciated, in which case it will awaken disquietude, — a sense of illusion in life and art is expressed throughout these essays. With what appears to be the intuition of fellow-feeling, Mr. More gropes among the heartstrings of Tolstoi, who has reached assurance of negation in questions where Mr. More only doubts. It is curious that here only, in the case of Tolstoi, Mr. More loses poise, making statements in the heat of his aversion which it is almost certain he will, in cooler moments, wish he had expunged. "It needs no more than a glance," he says, "at the rigid, glaring eyes of the old man to feel that the soul within him feeds on bitter and uncharitable thoughts, and it needs but a little familiarity with his later work in fiction to learn that the ground of his spirit is bitterness and denunciation and despair. It is natural that a writer of Tolstoi's gloomy convictions should deny the validity of beauty and should call the Greeks ignorant savages because they believed in beauty. His own later work shows an utter absence of the sense of beauty and joy."

Using again the leverage of his illusion-theory, he lifts into view with admirable ease two peculiarites of Carlyle, which he names, with memorable aptness and distinctness, "the outer sense of illusion, joined to an aggravated self-consciousness." " To the Hindus' belief in the illusion of life and in the mystic dominion of Works, he [Carlyle] added an emotional consciousness, foreign to their temper. This was an exaggerated and highly irritable sense of his individual personality." Here at least Mr. More's doctrine has borne good fruit, in this illuminating criticism of Carlyle.

By means of it he has also added to our

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stock of preconceptions — for in most cases we possess no other information — on Celtic literature and the Celtic spirit. What little most of us know on this subject we have accepted from Matthew Arnold, as he accepted his charming and all too harmonious view from Renan; and we have rested content with a smattering of jargon about "natural magic," only proving, whenever we attempted more consecutive analysis or any practical application of Renan's and Arnold's theory, how much in their picture is composed of the incommunicable quality of style. To imitate them was like taking a lovely medusa out of the water or crushing a dewy cobweb in one's hand. Mr. More tells us that besides the natural magic by which the Celtic imagination is enabled to feel at one with certain moods of sky and heath, there is the quick impatience and suspicion of the Celts, inviting them to comment poetically on the evanescence of beauty. This again is good critical service.

It may be doubted whether he has helped us to a true conception of Elizabethan sonnets and particularly of Shakespeare's. It is really too difficult to perceive anything Oriental in the Elizabethans. And skepticism as to the power of any man to find the right lock in Shakespeare's heart for the mysterious key of the sonnets is as good a touchstone in its way as Mr. More's illusion-theory.

In one of his playful passages — if indeed I be not over-fond in imagining it playful — Mr. More attributes to Nature herself the ghostly character which for him is worn by art. And why not, if art, as Dante fabled, is the child of nature? "Nature is feminine," says Mr. More, "and loves to shroud herself in illusions, as the Hindus taught in their books. For they called her Mâyâ, the very person and power of deception, whose sway over the beholder must end as soon as her mystery is penetrated." If, as Mr. More concludes, "it was the Hindu mysticism" of Carlyle "that rendered his doctrine utterly unavailing in the end to influence the current of public opinion," it is not difficult to understand why insistence on this enfeebling speculation should render the *Shelburne Essays* less effective than they would be if they were free from the burden of dogma. For, after all, literature chiefly lives because it imparts a sense of reality and joy, a sense that life is worth while, and furthermore, that the poet's presentment is a reproduction of the truth, and as such is itself vital. When Thackeray tells us his men and women are but puppets and says, "Here I sit, pulling the strings," we never quite believe him, and he did not intend that we should. Did we believe him, we should close the book.

It is in passages where he suffers from the obsession of his theory, instead of enjoying its usufruct, that Mr. More appears, as I have said, to be lacking in the qualities of detachment and grace. Most of the topics which have to be considered by a general literary critic are, happily, not capable of being treated in this high tragic way. And the critic is doomed to fall short of the highest usefulness who forcibly applies an inappropriate method or proves to be the servant of a system.

In his lively enjoyment of Sterne, Cowper, and Crabbe, there is evidence of an approaching reaction, in Mr. More, against his Orientalism, which has been for a while so stimulating and in the end so depressing. One of the advantages of eighteenth-century literature is that it inspires a secure sense of the reality of life. It sets before us a well-ordered scheme. God, Nature, and Society move in their respective spheres with distinct outline. We may indeed protest that in the eighteenth century conception God holds himself aloof from Society and Society lives apart from Nature; but at least there is the solid comfort of knowing what we have to deal with. The Romanticists introduced confusion, and it is not hard to imagine the sinking sensation of a settled disciple of Pope and Dr. Johnson when he came to read "Manfred" or "Alastor." I partly sympathize with a

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person who cannot breathe the thin air of Shelley. Pseudo-orientalism played a large part in the fusing together of subject and object, God and nature, which is the least satisfactory practice of English and American Romanticism; and it is no wonder that Mr. More, who apparently knows Oriental literature as Emerson never did, should revolt against his vague fluidity and facile optimism. He finds relief — and this speaks well for his taste — in the firmer, though less passionate and high-colored thought of the older period.

It is easy to assert that Shelley wrote poetry and Crabbe did not. But it would be comprehensible and a mark of a certain refinement of taste if Mr. More should prefer Crabbe. He writes about him with unusual zest, in one of his lightest and pleasantest essays; and though humor be still absent there is a substitute in his evident feeling of release. In like manner he turns from Emerson to Whittier, giving the impression that he enjoys the simple old-fashioned realist more than the apparently simple but actually complex mystic. For, as between them, it was not the Quaker who was the mystic. It is refreshing to read the passage, quoted with relish by Mr. More, in which Whittier criticises Baxter for his other-worldliness: "He had too little of humanity, he felt too little of the attraction of this world, and lived too exclusively in the spiritual and the unearthly." As the shadows fall upon us in this life, is it better to yield to the repeated suggestion that life is a dream, and endeavor to fix our hearts upon a hope of some future reality? Should we not rather sharpen our eyes to discern fresh colors and a better harmonized composition in the changed but still familiar landscape about us? This was a form of spiritual courage in the eighteenth century; it was fine and wise, and not mere shallowness, as some would have us think.

Mr. More is so free from cant and posture and undue self-consciousness that he lets himself obey frankly these impulses of reaction against his own general tendency. He relishes our literature of the eighteenth century, although it would be difficult to find a more positive and unspiritual phase of art in any age among the same people. And in this elasticity lies the most encouraging promise for his future career. There is something childlike and even winsome in the self-surrendering joy of this austere scholar, and his impulsiveness it is, if anything, that will break out of the *impasse* in which, I say with diffidence, I think his spirit has come to a stand.

This open-mindedness will restore the grace which attracted us in that early essay on "The Solitude of Nathaniel Hawthorne." Many readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* will recall the peculiar sense of personal charm communicated by a long passage in that article, which was first printed in this magazine in November, 1901. The passage began: "I remember, some time ago, when walking among the Alps, that I happened on a Sunday morning to stray into the little English church at Interlaken." The whole essay is an unusual blending of scholarly analysis with an intimate confession of personal experience, the former supporting the latter. Sympathetic divination by itself might have left us unpersuaded. Analytic search for the mystery of Hawthorne through his romances would certainly have appeared inept.

In the Second Series of the *Shelburne Essays* Mr. More, having lost the secret of persuasive grace, discusses Charles Lamb. The result does credit to the critic's independence, but betrays the fact that he has been wandering through dry places; for it would be difficult to form a wish less likely to be shared by those who appreciate that unique being, all fire, all air, all whimsy, and all gallantry and close-mouthed suffering, than this wish of Mr. More's: "How refreshing it would be if a little oftener this much-enduring man would lay aside his pose and speak out straight from the heart, if

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he could find confidence to lose his wit in the tragic emotions that must have waked with him by day and slept with him by night." Mr. More is grieved at Lamb's "persistent refusal to face, in words at least, the graver issues of life." Strange demand! Are there so many burning hearts who can consume their own smoke? May we not cherish this illusion, if no other, that Charles Lamb was a happy man and a sincere man? Among our many causes for gratitude to him, we have this above all, that he is not tragic, *in words at least*. Which of "the graver issues of life" are, then, more to be considered than how to be happy and make others happy, how to be gay without hollowness, how to attempt with success a little of that restorative service which nature, other than our poor human-nature, so freely and benignly dispenses? We are much deceived by names, and it is only because we are all the "lackeys of fine phrases" that we bestow on philosophers and preachers and philanthropists a more exalted regard as guides to right living than we give to any man, woman, or child who makes the heart leap up with innocent joy. But I am afraid I shall be thought to rank Charles Lamb with the organ-grinder at the street-corner, who fits so charmingly with the tender leaves of spring. To such lengths of opposition may one be driven by a dismal page of inappropriate dogmatism unlighted by a twinkle.

It remains to be seen whether this page of the *Shelburne Essays*, which has its fellow here and there, is due to the excess of a philosophizing spirit in Mr. More or to something more radical, — the absence of humor. He has proved possession of almost every other quality desirable in a critic; but the light touch, the graceful *sprezzatura*, which he himself praises, the humorous disdain which includes one's own pet theories among things which may be waved aside upon occasion — has he this quality, which in several well-known cases makes all the difference between a talented reviewer and a delightful author? He has at least something else which is not so very unlike it — an unaffected and sweet simplicity.

Somewhat too systematic for a great official critic, he has thus far, perhaps, been; let us, however, do justice to the integrity and coherency of his work. A writer is conditioned by his background. It is comparatively easy for a critic with a background of merely contemporary culture to form a consistent philosophy, or for one whose reading has been chiefly English. Considering the extent of Mr. More's studies, it will seem remarkable that he should entertain a harmonious view of life or art at all. When to this wide sweep of scholarly experience are applied the habit of seeking consistency and an instinct of frankness, we have a critic who is fit for even harder problems than those involved in the æsthetic exposition of literature.

The test comes in that final estimate of directions, that guess as to the point where certain lines will meet, in making which the critic acts as a religious teacher. There is a whole side of literary criticism which runs up directly into religion. Sainte-Beuve, in his own despite and partly just because he yielded only upon inner compulsion to this law of his nature as critic, is probably the fullest interpreter of the religious tendencies of France in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Mr. More comes late enough to know better than to decline his inevitable task. Every thoughtful reader of the *Shelburne Essays* must perceive that in them a nice adjustment of religious values is attempted, and an effort, not merely unconscious, is made, to answer the question, What is the religion of Europe and America to-day? Surely this question forces itself so pertinently upon no one else as upon the literary critic, under whose eyes pass the records of contemporary experience carefully selected and elaborately analyzed and synthesized. Surely no one else is better qualified to draw conclusions on this subject. But the validity of such conclusions increases in proportion to the

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breadth of the critic's view. Part of Sainte-Beuve's shrinking from this task was, as has been remarked, due to unwillingness to commit himself; he was sick at heart with the changes of opinion he had undergone; he was, however, incompletely equipped for it, and we see him endeavoring to make up the deficiency by studying English writers who represent particularly the extremes of religious thought under Protestant influence — Gibbon and Cowper, for example. But, after all, religion continued to present itself to him as it presents itself to most men of Latin race — in its relation, namely, to the contrast between the sensuous paganism and the ascetic Catholicism of Southern Europe: enjoyment of nature versus renunciation of nature.

It is of inestimable advantage to Mr. More, as an observer of the religious meaning of current literature, that his background includes Greek philosophy and the theosophic systems of India. He writes as a man who has at one time dwelt at home among the religious instincts and standards both of India and of ancient Greece, and yet as one who has emerged from both atmospheres. He has emerged too from New England transcendentalism, and without forfeiting his sensibility to religious impressions. It would not be surprising if he should surrender himself next — and from the point he now appears to have reached he could do it consistently — to the mediæval Catholic conviction that the visible universe exists merely to give to human souls an opportunity for renunciation in favor of a spiritual existence. The scope and fineness of Mr. More's religious perceptions at present will be disclosed to one who reads consecutively his essays on Lafcadio Hearn and on J. Henry Shorthouse. I do not remember to have seen anywhere a more suggestive remark on the Oxford Movement than Mr. More's observation that "this ecclesiastical battle, if paltry in abstract thought, was rich in human character and in a certain obstinate perception of the validity of traditional forms; it was at bottom a contest over the position of the Church in the intricate hierarchy of society, and pure religion was the least important factor under consideration." A mind which can roll at ease on the ground-swell of Buddhism and then dabble complacently and to some purpose in the shallows of the High Church controversy may be said to have scope at least.

Background, method, sensibility, and scope, — these primary qualifications of a general or official critic Mr. More certainly possesses. To him, if to any American in our generation, we may look for the exercise of a function which is important in proportion to the abundance of good contemporary writing. The intellectual centres in America are numerous and scattered. They are found in unexpected quarters. In none of them do the flames of common effort and mutual support burn high enough to lighten the darkness of isolation. In all of them are solitary minds, lacking the support, the comfort, the rebukes, the ridicule, the give and take of other minds, and either unconscious of this need or crying in vain to have it satisfied. There are wanting standards of taste and especially an accepted historical perspective which shall recall us at every moment to conscious connection with one another and with the men and women of past ages.

For three centuries France has never been without such standards and perspective. They have been kept distinct and prominent by Boileau, Voltaire, and Sainte-Beuve. In England, notwithstanding the national spirit of individualism, Dryden, Addison, Pope, Johnson, and Arnold have, much less successfully, to be sure, but still in a degree hitherto unmatched in America, kept alive the tradition of unity. Mr. More's essay on Sainte-Beuve, which is the most complete and substantial of his works, proves that he appreciates what criticism may be made to accomplish.

An official critic in America to-day and as far ahead as we can foresee, will have a

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more complex duty than Sainte-Beuve's. We have so few recognized superiorities; the complacent optimism of our people is so incorrigible; the genius of our literary aspirants is so erratic, diffuse, and recalcitrant; timidity and incompetence have so long sheltered themselves under the flabby amiability of our professed organs of literary review, — that the task of Mr. More, or whoever else shall undertake to discipline us, will be one of unparalleled usefulness and stupendous difficulty. But, rightly understood, nothing should be more welcome than such ministrations; for discipline is the cement of society, and without it we must suffer the consequences of isolation. And what are these but languor and sterility?

THE ORPHAN BRIGADE

BY N. S. SHALER

Eighteen hundred and sixty-one:
There in the echo of Sumter's gun
Marches the host of the Orphan Brigade,
Lit by their banners, in hopes best arrayed.
Five thousand strong, never legion hath borne
Might as this bears it forth in that morn:
Hastings and Cressy, Naseby, Dunbar,
Cowpens and Yorktown, Thousand Year's War,
Is writ on their hearts as onward afar
They shout to the roar of their drums.

Eighteen hundred and sixty-two:
Well have they paid to the earth its due.
Close up, steady! the half are yet here
And all of the might, for the living bear
The dead in their hearts over Shiloh's field —
Rich, O God, is thy harvest's yield!
Where faith swings the sickle, trust binds the sheaves,
To the roll of the surging drums.

Eighteen hundred and sixty-three:
Barring Sherman's march to the sea —
Shorn to a thousand; face to the foe
Back, ever back, but stubborn and slow.
Nineteen hundred wounds they take
In that service of Hell, yet the hills they shake
With the roar of their charge as onward they go
To the roll of their throbbing drums.

Eighteen hundred and sixty-four:
Their banners are tattered, and scarce twelve score,
Battered and wearied and seared and old,
Stay by the staves where the Orphans hold

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Firm as a rock when the surges break —
Shield of a land where men die for His sake,
For the sake of the brothers whom they have laid low,
To the roll of their muffled drums.

Eighteen hundred and sixty-five:
The Devil is dead and the Lord is alive,
In the earth that springs where the heroes sleep,
And in love new born where the stricken weep.
That legion hath marched past the setting of sun:
Beaten? nay, victors: the realms they have won
Are the hearts of men who forever shall hear
The throb of their far-off drums.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

CONCERNING HAT-TREES

It is well sometimes, when we are puffed up with our achievements as a race, — our conquest of the elements, our building of mighty bridges and lofty sky-scrapers, our invention of wireless telegraphy and horseless carriages and dirigible balloons, — to indulge in the chastening reflection that there are still some things we cannot achieve. We may reflect that the appleless Eden has not yet been discovered, or that the actor without vanity is yet unborn, or the treasonless Senate yet unassembled. My own method is to reflect that the ideal hat-tree has never been constructed.

At present I have no hat-tree, because I live in New York, and there is no room for one in the flat. This is the only advantage I know in living in New York. But occasionally I call at the homes of wealthy friends, who can afford real houses in this city of cliff dwellings, and again I come in contact with hat-trees. I was to take a walk with one of these friends the other day.

"Wait," he said, pausing in the hall, "till I get a pair of gloves." Stooping over, he pulled at the hat-tree drawer. First it stuck on one side; then it stuck on the other side; then it yielded altogether, without warning. My friend sat down on the floor, the ridiculously shallow drawer in his hand, between his feet a sorry array of the odds and ends of the outside toilet, — broken hat pins, old veils, buttons, winter gloves rolled into wads, old gloves, new gloves, gloves pulled off in a hurry with the fingers inside out, dirty white gloves belonging to his charming sister. I turned away, feeling that I gazed on a domestic exposure. My friend spoke softly to the drawer.

"Sh!" said I, "your family! Put the drawer back."

"I will not put it back," he said. "We would never get started. Let the —"

Again I cautioned him, and we set out on our walk leaving the litter on the floor; and as we tramped through the marvelous sky-scraper wilderness which is Manhattan, we talked of hat-trees, and the futility of human effort, and sighed for a new Carlyle to write the philosophy of the hat-tree drawer.

How well I remembered the hat-tree that sheltered my caps in youth, beneath the protecting foliage of the paternal greatcoat and the maternal bonnet! I did not always use it; the piano was more convenient, or the floor. But there it stood in

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the hall in all its black-walnut impressive ugliness, with side racks for umbrellas, and square, metal drip pans always full of the family rubbers. There was a mirror in the centre, so high I had to climb three stairs to see how uncle's hat fitted my small head. There were pegs up both sides; but, as is the way with hat-trees, only the top ones were useful; whatever was hung on them buried everything below. The only really safe place was the peak on top, just above the carved face of Minerva. Sometimes the paternal greatcoat lovingly carried off the maternal shawl of a morning, which would be found later somewhere between the door and the station. And this hat-tree also had a drawer, of course. There was the rub, indeed!

Summer or winter, wet or dry, that drawer always stuck. It had but one handle, — a ring in the middle. First one side would come out too far, and you would knock it back and pull again. Then the other side would come out too far, and you would knock that back. Then both sides, by diabolical agreement, would suddenly work as on greased ways, and you stood with an astonishingly shallow drawer dangling from your finger, its long-accumulated contents spread on the floor. The shock usually sent down two derbies and a bonnet to add to the confusion. When you had gathered up the litter and stuffed it back, wondering how so small a space ever held so much, the still harder task confronted you of putting the drawer in its grooves again. Sometimes you succeeded; more often you left it "for mother to do" — that depended on your temper and the time of your train. The drawer was a charnel-house of gloves and mittens and veils. When you cut your finger you were sent to it to get a "cot," and it had a peculiar smell of its own, the smell of the hat-tree drawer. A whiff of old gloves still brings that odor back to me, out of childhood, stirring memories of little garments worn long ago, of a great blue cape that was a pride to my father's heart and a wound to my mother's pride, — but most of all of lost temper and incipient profanity caused by the baulky drawer.

My friend's recollections but supplemented and reinforced my own. We called to mind other hat-trees in houses where we had visited, and one and all they were alike perverse, ridiculous, ill-adapted for their mission in life. We thought of various substitutes for the hat-tree, such as a pole with pegs in it, which tips over when the preponderance of weight is hung on one side; the cluster of pegs on a frame suspended from the wall like a picture, while a painted drain pipe courts umbrellas in a corner; a long, low table (only possible in a palatial hall) on which the garments are placed by the butler in assorted piles, so that you feel like asking him for a check; the settle, often disastrous to hats. We found none of them satisfactory, though they eliminate the perils of the drawer.

Only the wooden pegs which were driven in a horizontal row into the board walls of grandfather's back entry ever approximated the ideal. But such a reversion to primitive principles would now be considered out of the question. The problem of a satisfactory hat-tree, which baffled the genius of Chippendale, is still unsolved in Grand Rapids, and it probably will remain unsolved to the end of time, unless Eden should be found again, where the hat-tree is the least of the arboreal troubles.

MRS. HOWE AND HER COMMENTATOR

THE poem entitled *Rouge Gagne*, by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, has been pronounced by some critics to be her most original and powerful poem, after her *Battle Hymn;* and one of her oldest friends recently supplied a supplement to it on her late birthday. Both poems are here printed. It is to be remembered that in the game of "Rouge et Noir" the announcement by the dealer, "Rouge gagne" implies that the red wins, while

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the phrase "Donner de la couleur" means simply to follow suit and accept what comes.

ROUGE GAGNE

THE wheel is turned, the cards are laid;
The circle 's drawn, the bets are paid:
I stake my gold upon the red.

The rubies of the bosom mine,
The river of life, so swift divine,
In red all radiantly shine.

Upon the cards, like gouts of blood,
Lie dinted hearts, and diamonds good,
The red for faith and hardihood.

In red the sacred blushes start
On errand from a virgin heart,
To win its glorious counterpart.

The rose that makes the summer fair,
The velvet robe that sovereigns wear,
The red revealment could not spare.

And men who conquer deadly odds
By fields of ice, and raging floods,
Take the red passion from the gods.

Now Love is red, and Wisdom pale,
But human hearts are faint and frail
Till Love meets Love, and bids it hail.

I see the chasm, yawning dread;
I see the flaming arch o'erhead:
I stake my life upon the red.

LA COULEUR

"I stake my life upon the red!"
With hair still golden on her head,
Dame Julia of the Valley said.

But Time for her has plans not told,
And while her patient years unfold
They yield the white and not the gold.

Where Alpine summits loftiest lie,
The brown, the green, the red pass by,
And whitest top is next the sky.

And now with meeker garb bedight,
Dame Julia sings in loftier light,
"I stake my life upon the white!"

THE NEWSPAPER AS AN EDUCATOR

To an unæsthetic phase of my aunt's passion for cleanliness, I frankly attribute my present reputation for having an appalling store of useless knowledge. It was her custom to shroud those household articles that would not be the better for daily soap and water, in layers of newspaper. Newspapers protected the section of tinted wall behind the kitchen sink; newspapers protected the splasher that protected the wall behind my washstand. And it was my happy custom to forget the unpleasantness of the duties I was forced to perform in both spots by losing myself in the fascinating columns hung so conveniently before my eyes. Oft the stale journals told of nothing but the births, marriages, and other misfortunes of the world that lay within my farthest milestone. But I can remember, too, a learned article — the *Dial's*, I think — on the Napoleonic revival, that hung before my gaze for a week. I can say it now — word for word — to the first row of tacks that held it in place. I had washed the dishes, every meal, every day, with my eyes glued on it; and I read it through each washing time. The denominational weekly that kept the oilcloth covering of the kitchen table from stain gave me a biased but consistent view of church history. The upper and lower shelves of the range set forth, respectively, for two weeks, the "Tendency of Modern Philosophy" and the "Cause of the Democratic Disintegration."

When, later, by reason of my exceeding plainness of feature, I was sent to college to acquire that wisdom that is mistakenly supposed to atone for lack of beauty, my wasteful habit stood me well. For a month I had been tonguetied in the Latin class of a professor who made every fresh occasion of our ignorance on any topic the subject of a philippic against the home, school, and state. When, on a day, this terrible one broke into a lesson with a sneering question as to recent investigations on the sites of some ancient towns that inconsiderately turned up in the notes, I rose to a height, and delivered a review of the work of Flinders Petrie. The class was open-mouthed, and the professor pop-eyed with wonder. They

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had not seen me hang over the dishpan with Flinders neatly pinned round the soap-box that fronted my nose. That was but the first time. Equally startled was the botany instructor when I gave some expert information on the variations of the orchid, gathered from my bureau cover. In a literature class, with facts gleaned from the place on the cellar wall where the coalman might put his hand, I delivered an address on the Pre-Raphaelite movement, as shown in the works of Rossetti. The climax of my manifestations of endless knowledge came when I saved an awful dinner-table by conversing with a reformed missionary on the tribal ceremonies of some inner African races. He wondered even while he listened. I had not been sent to dust the leg of a paper-swathed piano for nothing. In spite of my mediocre lessons I became in the course of time a by-word and a Phi Beta Kappa, and — but I hate to write the word. For there are days when I fear that I shall never have use for the facts I have gleaned from the scratchable back of my mahogany chair, on "How to Plan the Trousseau." And to add to the store of my useless information, a gilt-framed ancestor disappeared for the summer behind a sheet that explains with distracting pictures, "What Baby Needs."

NATURE'S LADIES

A YOUNG woman remonstrated with her sister upon her choice of a costume in which she was to meet a stranger of importance. "Why do you wear a shirt-waist?" she asked. "Don't you want to look like a lady?"

"I'm a self-made lady," the sister replied. "I'm one of Nature's ladies."

Now the question as to whether Nature can turn out ladies as she is said to furnish gentlemen is one open to discussion. One will say that she does; that a feminine creature of good moral character, of gentle manners, of careful grammar, and irreproachable turnovers cannot help being a lady. This appears a broad-minded and reasonable statement; but there will be found dissenters.

"My daughter-in-law is a horror," complained a matron recently, "but I ought to be thankful I suppose, — she is a perfect lady." A perfect lady who is a horror seems a little of a paradox at first glance. But we have all met people — mostly young men perhaps — who assert that perfect ladies often fill them with a sensation which, from their description of it, may well be classified as a sort of horror. This would hardly be the effect of the simple feminine creature of our definition; and we must conclude that the horror produced in the young man's breast is akin to that feeling we all have when we see certain circus or vaudeville performers: they are like ourselves in the number and arrangement of their limbs and features; but they are doing things so alien to our familiar human tastes and powers, twisting themselves into such abnormal and difficult positions, that their resemblance to ourselves only makes them the more repellant and embarrassing.

This is perhaps an extreme illustration, and seems to throw a reproach on the other difficult (and admirable) art of being a lady, which should be far from the thoughtful mind. But it brings us to the point of view opposite to that of the simple definition with which we started.

This other view is that a lady is a product of education, — a creation of art, as a violinist is, as a fencer is; and that she could n't by any possibility be the result of unschooled genius, even assisted by a gentle voice and perfect turnovers. The practicing of a code till it becomes ingrained is expensive and laborious, like the high French polish of a piece of mahogany; but it gains that sense of security and calm which only ritual can give its devotees, and which a lady must have before she can gently overwhelm and crush her neighbor, as we know ladies sometimes have to do.

"I know what 's manners in Dubuque," coldly said a little lady of mine, when an

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elderly person from Brooklyn, not her mother, presumed to correct her. Until you lose faith in the manners of Dubuque, the Faubourg St. Germain can have no terrors for you.

There are then so many varieties of ladies, and ladies are, of their nature, so indefinite, elusive, and chameleonic, that we may study them more coolly perhaps by examining preserved specimens — the dear dead women of fiction.

Emma Woodhouse is very elegantly and delightfully a lady for art's sake. Her character may lack largeness, her habit of mind be intriguing, but her manner is never at fault. She is never too surprised, or too hurried, or too agitated, to keep her poise, to think "without a thud," and to express herself with decision and simple elegance. When Mrs. Elton invades the quiet of Highbury with her horses and carriages and family very much on her mind, Emma entertains her with dignity and poise, but recognizes her as "an insufferable woman" with the swiftness and sureness of an expert. She navigates the troubled waters of unsuccessful matchmaking, a false love affair, and (a much more trying test for a lady's manners) a real *affaire de cœur*, and arrives at the end of the volume serenely successful, and in love and charity with rival, rejected suitor, false lover, and betrothed. "Good God, this has been a most unfortunate mistake" is all the sharpest anguish can wring from her, and this is hardly a stronger expression than "Great Scott" would be on the lips of a young lady of to-day, for she employs it on several occasions, without great provocation.

Emma's technique is so finished, her polish so high, that she would be a safe and delightful addition to any small dinner party. She would feel, in countless vibrations, a kinship with the grand vague ladies of George Meredith, even the swimming and hill-climbing ones who must have been trying to live with. No inmate of the House of Mirth could exchange calls with her; but oh! the doors of King's Port would open to her at once. Mrs. St. Michael and Mrs. Weguelin St. Michael would be conquered at their first visit of curiosity. She would detect Hortense Rieppe as an insufferable woman indeed, and she would contrive to let her see it. She might have a little difficulty in pardoning the Ladies' Exchange, for her code would not admit of young ladies selling things across a counter; but she would ultimately swallow Lady Baltimore with grace, and admit that Eliza La Heu was a fully qualified member of the mystic order, and moreover a match for herself with the foils. There is a sweetness and a depth in John Mayrant's character that she would admire, while appreciating clearly that none of it was in her own, and she would entertain them agreeably at a house party at Hartfield (should they visit England), to which the sprightly Frank Churchill would be invited; and who would blame her if Mrs. Elton was not, or if "Lady Baltimore" was never mentioned at the Knightleys' dinners?

THE AUTOMOBILE AS A REST CURE

A great cry has gone up out of the land against the automobile as a disturber of the peace, a breaker of quiet and of bones, and an agent of unrest. Such is the habit of man when considering a new thing. He seizes upon the obvious and ignores the real significance of the object of his scrutiny. Even a writer in the Contributors' Club once voiced a protest. In this circle one would naturally look for maturer judgment and a more philosophic point of view; but he too seized upon the obvious, and carried away by the impulse of the moment, said much that he must remember now with shame and mortification. He said, "I, for one, cannot see that rational speed can exist at the expense of all the other pleasures of the road," and again, "I like traveling, and I like racing; but I do not care to be implicated in this disreputable debauch of hurry. Our love of haste has made real

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travel almost as rare as real correspondence."

But this was all two years ago. He is wiser now, I hope, and begins to realize the true mission of the automobile, and to understand that, instead of being a disturber of the peace, the automobile encourages the calm pleasures of repose and reflection. To be sure it is an occasional breaker of bones; but that is due alone to man's propensity to blunder. To realize how the automobile induces to quiet living and high thinking one has but to own one, or better still, to have a friend who owns one.

My friend Oliver is a substantial man of affairs, much engrossed in the duties and responsibilities of a successful professional career. Realizing the danger of "nerves," he purchased an automobile, and frequently invites me to accompany him on his trips into the country. I can never repay his kindness, for these trips have wrought in me a great change. I never knew before the pure delights of repose and contemplation.

I recall an afternoon in early May when I first realized the possibilities of the automobile as a rest cure. We spent the afternoon in the cool recesses of a half-deserted garage. The oil-soaked asphalt floor, the white beams overhead, the silent machines in quiet rows against the walls, made a picture of peace and tranquillity. The listless movements of the picturesque workmen as they talked their strange jargon in subdued undertones, and frequently rested from their labors, seemed in tune with the place and time. For three long hours Oliver and I sat and rested amid these ideal surroundings. We returned to our homes restored alike in mind and body.

Again, one breathless August afternoon Oliver and I were far afield close to Nature in the noonday of her maturest summer charms. That afternoon again we rested by the highway. We smoked and talked and waited. We observed every growing, flying, creeping, or swimming thing about us. We listened to the dry cicada in the treetop and grew wise in Nature's lore. We came to know each other as we never had before, and when our peaceful afternoon was ended, we returned to town through the summer twilight, slowly, with no undignified haste, in tow of a helpful friend who chanced our way.

Then there was that glorious autumn day when we roamed far from home, enticed by beautiful foliage and stimulating autumn air. I still remember the journey home. How quiet, and uneventful it all was! The machine, as if realizing its high mission, demanded frequent pauses and went only with gentle sighs of protestation. And when, amid the gathering darkness, we essayed to make haste, it uttered a final groan of anguish and remained immovable and mute. How thick the stars came out! How lovely the moonlight! How plaintive the whip-poor-will as we thought of far-off friends and dinners!

Since I have become the friend of an automobilist I am a changed man. I am calm and philosophic, a lover and observer of nature and my fellow-men. It is a mystery to me that enterprising manufacturers have so long failed to exploit the restorative qualities of their machines. But it will come before long, for in the minds of thinking men there begins to dawn a faint conception of the untold possibilities for good, in this restless age, of the automobile as a rest cure.

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